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Contents

VOLUME VI

No. 11. JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1916

The Spread of Federalization	William D. Parkinson	1
The Psychology of the Soldier	Michael A. E. White	16
Germany and American Preparedness	Edward B. Reed	30
The Joys of Being a Woman	Winifred Kirkland	44
The Professor of Pedagogy — Once More	Anonymous	58
Goethe and Eckermann	George Dunning Gribble	73
The Great Unscrambling of 1925	Mary Hamilton Hadley	91
What Do We Mean by Poetry?	Arthur W. Colton	99
Some Fallacies About Crime	Fabian Franklin	116
Educational Biases	Anonymous	132
Action, Reaction and the Scrambled Drama	Arthur Pollock	145
The Crime of Efficiency	Emily R. Boole	157
A Lusitania Victim Speaks?	Comments by the Editor	164

En Casserole: Our Quadrennial Upset — What, in Our Case, is in a Name? — Pacificist and Pacifist — As to Scraps of Paper — Denkmalitis — An Example — Patience Worth and the Ozark Dialect — Olympia in Transit — The Liquor Question — The Illiberal Liberal — Suffrage Sabotage — A Shameless Confession — To the Faithful 201

No. 12. OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1916

The Devil and the Deep Sea	The Editor	223
The Problem of Poverty		
I. By a Platonist	Paul Elmer More	231
II. By an Aristotelian	The Editor	245
Some Reflections on Literature for Ladies	Helen E. Haines	264
Peace by Force	Fred Perry Powers	269
Domestic Free Trade, and Organized Labor	Walter Gordon Merritt	276
The Philosophy of Terrorism	Benjamin Ives Gilman	294
Errata and Contingent Subjects	The Editor	306
England's Place in the Sun	Abbott Payson Usher	311
Tango-Time	Claude C. Washburn	322
In Praise of Nursery Lore	Chauncey B. Tinker	338
The Eternal Feminine	Mrs. S. P. Ravenel	348
The War and the Professor of Literature	Jefferson B. Fletcher	367
Popularity, Unpopularity, Impopularity	Edward F. Hayward	381
The Unmasking of a Fraud	Anonymous	390
More Hypnotism and Telepathy	Mrs. Carrie Conant Smith	406
Correspondence: Strong in the Faith — A Remonstrant		422

En Casserole: The Revival of Opéra Bouffe — Sex and the War — An Advance in Pedagogy — Keep your Aspirations Active — Puzzles in Punishment — Efficiency Saves an Essay a Year — The Ego in the Essay — Sprawling — The Saving Sense of the Ridiculous — An Outburst of Enthusiasm 426

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The Unpopular Review

No. 11 JULY—SEPTEMBER, 1916 Vol. VI

THE SPREAD OF FEDERALIZATION

THE introduction of the federal principle marked an epoch in the evolution of governmental organization. It was one of those superlatively great inventions of the past which now seem so simple that we take them as a matter of course, as we do the wheel in the mechanical world. It not only solved the problem of reconciling the two apparently incompatible but really reciprocal policies of local self-government and centralized power upon the national scale; but it seemed to afford promise of the progressive consolidation of the world. The application of the principle of immediate representative government within the units of mutual interests, and the union again of these into larger units for the conduct of their mutual affairs, still left the way open for ultimate combination upon the grandest scale of world interests. Having found the basal unit, which, like the cell of the bee, or the unit of Graham Bell's kite, was capable of lending strength to the combination without sacrificing its individuality, we were prepared for unlimited expansion. We dreamed of the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

At the present crisis, when the world is seeking some sane method of settling international difficulties, numerous schemes have been proposed for world organization upon this simple basis. Ready-made constitutions modeled upon the letter of the United States Constitution are offered while you wait. Meantime that Constitution is itself being strained and stretched to the limit of its elasticity, and in thoughtful minds there is no little

doubt as to whether the last word has been said of the federal plan, even upon its present scale. If we are to undertake organization upon a grander scale, we shall do well to inquire anew what are the essentials of a plan that shall combine union and liberty in the largest degree, over the largest area. Signs are multiplying that in our solicitude for local self-government we have laid too great stress upon locality, too little upon affairs of actually common interest. The interests which are restricted to locality, or whose administration can be confined within the limits of locality, are exceeding few and rapidly becoming fewer, and locality is no longer a really safe basis for the delimitation of interests fundamental enough to constitute factors in political organization.

The extraordinary widening of the community of interests brought about by the annihilation of space and time as obstacles to intercommunication, and the consequent breaking down of barriers once not only insuperable, but regarded as natural and providential, can hardly be met by any mere readjustment of boundary lines. For no human interest can permanently be confined within any fixed area; and scarcely two human interests are found to expand their areas alike. How futile seems the attempt to keep within the fossil boundaries of colonial farms or ancient footpaths, or even within the checkerboard lines of government surveys, the administration of modern highways, schools, libraries, water, sewage, gas and electric systems, the abolition of grade crossings, the protection of the public health, and the assessment of taxes for support of these unequal systems! One of the causes of the world war is the refusal of the interests of finance, commerce, transportation, and communication to be confined within territorial limits.

There is a drift, blind to be sure, but distinct and momentous, away from the moorings of locality, and along the channels of specialized interests irrespective of locality. This drift is viewed with alarm, but is it not in-

evitable? And if it is inevitable, it is reasonable to assume that public administration will be adjusted to the deep moving current more successfully by frankly recognizing the tendency than by ignoring or resisting it.

This expansion of interests was not wholly unforeseen by the founders of our dual government. The Constitution anticipated it in some degree, and provided for the subsequent taking over by the nation of certain interests long left, some of them still left, with the states. It gave the nation power to establish uniform naturalization and bankruptcy laws, to fix the standards of weights and measures and otherwise to regulate commerce between the states and with foreign nations, and to prescribe the discipline in accordance with which the states should train their militia. That the great importance of some of these provisions is only now coming to be appreciated is a testimony to the long foresight of the fathers.

But not only have those interests which were contemplated by the Constitution outgrown in many directions the widest latitude conceivable to its makers; the scope of the government itself is rapidly widening to include interests either absolutely new or once considered quite outside the province of government. From the building of post roads to the regulation, construction, and finally the operation of railroads is perhaps merely an expansion of a recognized function. But to invoke the interstate commerce clause for the restriction of the liquor traffic, the suppression of vice, the discouragement of child labor, or the protection of migrant birds, is plainly a subterfuge to extend the sweep of the government beyond the scope contemplated by the Constitution. The nation inspecting the meat supply and distributing cooking recipes, the state regulating hours of labor, and the municipality providing recreation facilities for the leisure thus enforced, illustrate the tendency to recognize new responsibilities, while the telephone, the automobile, the flying machine, and the moving picture are examples of

new interests that uninvited thrust responsibility upon the civil administration. The question is no longer the dual one between state rights and federal power, but a complex question of variously defined rights and responsibilities. Many new products are required of the political mechanism, as well as larger production on the old lines. As in the mechanical world the inventor who would combine the functions of two machines into one must first simplify both, must eliminate superfluous gearing, and must seek the most direct application of power to production; so in political organization, simplification of process must go hand in hand with any successful enlargement of function.

Amplification of the function of what we are pleased to call "The Government," is going on with startling rapidity, until any enterprise which concerns the welfare of a considerable portion of the constituency of a body politic is liable at any time to be taken in hand by the organization which directs the political affairs of that body. And however conservative we may be as regards this socialistic tendency, who is able to set any bounds beyond which he can confidently maintain that it will not, or even that it should not, in future go? The best that we can do is to see to it that the state or the municipality shall not assume new functions faster than ways are found to simplify procedure, lest in the complexity of machinery the force of public opinion be dissipated and baffled, instead of being focused and made effective.

This comes near being the chief problem of statesmanship, to see to it that simplification of process keeps pace with the assumption of new functions, that the diversified operations of the changed state or municipality shall not become so involved as to conflict nor so unrelated as to disrupt. The multiplying schemes of commission government are an index of the immediate demand for simplification, and many of them show an almost equal tendency to endow the municipality with new functions.

When monarchy gave place to democracy, it was natural on the one hand that many of the forms appropriate to the old system, but not to the new, should be retained; and on the other hand, that many precautions should be taken against reaction toward the old. We cling with curious tenacity to many circumlocutions which were originally devised to guard against the much dreaded reversion to despotism, and which must yet be eliminated before we are ready for further advance toward public management of what have hitherto been regarded as private interests. The ballot, for instance, theoretically the key to the system, has been inserted at so many points that it presents to the citizen the same difficulty that the typewriter keyboard does to the novice. He can't make it say what he means. The voter who attempts to make his wishes felt upon any question is confused with such a multitude of names and such a complexity of interests that he is unable to acquaint himself with what the names stand for, or to cast his influence in behalf of one policy which he favors, without danger that it will weigh more in favor of some other to which he is opposed. Control is really lodged with the alert manipulator who, learning to estimate the proclivities of the mass of voters, as the railroad schedule-maker estimates the movement of the mass of passengers to various destinations, adjusts trains, switches, signals and stops, in such way as to carry through the greatest possible number of his own schemes at the smallest possible concession to the demands of his patrons.

Thus the very safeguards established for the protection of the public interests are made to defeat the people's will, and to further the interests of the schemer.

On the other hand, quite outside the constitutional organization there have developed more direct methods of bringing to bear public sentiment, and there have sprung up in great diversity public-spirited organizations

of a purely voluntary order, exerting their influence directly upon the voter or upon the responsible officials. Good government clubs, boards of trade, civic leagues, societies for the promotion of various civic and social reforms, and the many professional organizations, all without constitutional power, and wholly dependent upon moral influence, are instruments often more potent for the enforcement of the people's will than the ballot itself. Indeed, when the people find themselves losing control, or unable by reason of some obsolete and obstructive constitutional organ to extend their control, or helpless in the face of some unforeseen development of art or industry or discovery or vagary, they seldom wait to seek correction of the wrong through amendment of the political organization, and instead of displacing the obstructive procedure, convert it into a mere register of the action it was devised to originate. Thus instead of doing away with the electoral college the public converts it into a puppet. Long before taking the election of senators from the legislature, the people of some of the states nominated, and forced their legislators to ratify. Instead of transferring to the state or nation the administration of interests which have outgrown the narrower boundaries to which their control was originally limited, resort is had to concerted action upon the part of the several states or municipalities whose boundaries have been thus outgrown. Witness the movement for uniform laws for divorce, child labor, methods of municipal accounting, commercial paper, and uniform systems of dealing with the insane and dependent. On a larger scale, the same tendency is illustrated by the postal union, international currency and banking, the Hague Conference, the Interparliamentary Union, the Pan-American Congress, the Red Cross.

More significant still is the policy of erecting anomalous bureaus, commissions, or districts, for the administration of interests which have arisen out of entirely new condi-

tions, and which, transcending the areas of the smaller political units, do not yet approach those of the next larger. Various public utility commissions for the administration of water, sewage, and park systems, serving metropolitan areas not coterminous with any political unit, are instances upon the smaller scale; the Inter-State Commerce Commission; the Philippine, Panama Canal, and Irrigation commissions, upon the larger. This tendency is not peculiar to our own country. It is characteristic of the age.

W. T. Stead, in his book bearing as its title the phrase just now so familiar, *The United States of Europe*, remarked the extraordinary degree to which, in Europe, the regulation of special interests that transcend national boundaries has been practically taken over by administrative organizations essentially international and also essentially governmental. He instanced Riverian Commissions, regulating and fostering the commerce of the great navigable rivers, the Bureau of Weights and Measures, the Bureau Géodétique, the International Railway Union, international telegraph agencies, the Postal Union already alluded to, and others.

These interlacings of the nations are not only becoming individually more influential but they are multiplying with great rapidity. Treaties too, formerly merely to deliminate respective rights, are taking on more and more the character of partnerships in the active conduct of affairs.

Our national administration also displays a tendency to readjustment of its lines of control from conformity with local boundaries to correspondence with radial paths of common interests. The increasingly representative character of the cabinet, and its growing power, are extremely significant. The cabinet is an anomalous body. The fiction is still kept up that the secretaries are mere advisers to the president, and their influence is still exercised in the name of the president. But the departments

are increasingly specialized and increasingly autonomous, and the creation of new departments goes on apace. The Senate meanwhile is coming to be regarded as more representative of certain great vested interests than of the states themselves. Certainly, and happily, its alignments are no longer sectional. And the National House of Representatives is confessedly no longer a deliberative body, representing populous areas, but a mere register of the action of sub-committees, dealing with, and largely representative of, great specialized and powerfully organized interests.

Does not all this mean that the functions of government have become too numerous, and its processes too intricate, to be carried on effectively upon geographical lines by the power of public sentiment applied merely at the ballot box; and that other alignments and other methods of expressing the public will are being brought into operation? It must be recognized that the great corporate interests themselves represent a considerable body of citizenship. The shareholders and operatives of the railways, or the telegraph and telephone, or the mines or factories, of themselves make up several bodies of people as large as the populations of our states, and perhaps not less worthy of representation in the government which regulates them. And, as benevolent and disinterested propagandists have found indirect methods of bending legislation to their ends, it is hardly to be expected that these greater bodies concerned with vast business interests, in the absence of any direct and recognized representation, will refrain from employing equally indirect methods. It is therefore quite natural that government of the people and for the people is sometimes more responsive to highly organized special interests than to disorganized and incoherent general interests.

The federal scheme simplified the processes of government by distributing them to several sets of officials representing more or less inclusive areas, the larger area

being presumed to signify a lessened community of interest. Distance was a barrier to interest. But the element of space has been dissolved by modern inventions that in themselves constitute vast and complex interests, in which the people are vitally concerned, and with which the public must deal. Instead of differentiation of interests by reason of space and distance, there has come about a differentiation by virtue of specialized knowledge and specialized service. The possible diversity between the interests of the several states or the several sections was never so clearly defined as the diversity between the interests of cotton, sugar, coal, oil, beef, leather, paper; between the interests of agriculture, mining, manufacturing, commerce, transportation, sanitation, education, labor, all of which are cross-woven over the widest political boundaries.

Nor did the total interests of which the several states were in the early days so jealous, compare, either in money value or in the degree to which they affected human welfare, with the many distinct and special interests which now command the attention of sub-committees of the National House of Representatives. And as the states reserved to themselves the right of self-government, so have these vast special interests retained in their hands the power of self-government. They even exercise to a large degree the functions of government over others. They control the economic destinies of individuals and communities in ways so vital, and often so subtle, as to seem like the mysterious workings of fate. It was never more necessary to the public welfare that the small state should be protected from encroachment by the larger, than it now is that certain of these greater or lesser interests shall not be encroached upon by others.

The great question is not that of public or private ownership. That question probably has far less bearing upon the ultimate solution of the problem of effective regulation than is assumed by partisans of either side.

The real question is whether the general political organization can ever regulate effectively the management of the great interests without the active participation in it of representatives of those interests. If they cannot be represented directly and lawfully, will they not inevitably be represented indirectly and unlawfully?

In the state of Victoria, Australia, the organized employees of the various branches of the public service had acquired, indirectly, such a degree of control over fiscal policies that the state determined to substitute direct representation for indirect. Accordingly the constitution was amended a dozen years ago to provide for its civil servants separate representation in both houses of parliament, and at the same time to forbid such employees to vote at any election of members of either house to be returned by any province or electoral district.

Victoria thus accorded to a special interest representation in the general administration. Another possible solution is to make the administration of a special interest responsible to a more general constituency. It is said that corporations have no souls. This is inaccurate. They have only the souls their creator gives them, and the state, which is their creator, has been giving them a sense of obligation only toward their stockholders. Employees and patrons have occupied the blind spot upon their moral retina.

We are told that in Germany the state-owned roads are practically managed by voluntary associations of operators and patrons. This would seem to be placing the control directly in the hands of those interested. If this is the end at which government ownership arrives, may it not be reached more directly, and without government ownership, by giving to patron and to employee representation in the control of their own immediate interest, adding perhaps a diplomatic representative of other interests which impinge upon the one in hand?

Mr. Bryan uttered only what is known of all men when

he said — "In these great trusts you have enormous commercial administrations, with their commercial consuls, their representatives in every capital of the world, who are in touch with all political and commercial movements throughout the world, and who represent a commercial government, as our consuls represent us nationally, in the ports and capitals of other countries." He might have added that these representatives are chosen and placed with greater regard for their fitness to serve the interests they represent than are the diplomatic officials of the nation.

Certainly the great public-utility corporations have outgrown, or forsaken, their theoretical rôle of artificial persons, and have come to pose as independent sovereignties, to be dealt with diplomatically rather than legally by all whom they do not directly dominate. It matters little whether their nominal ownership is public or private, their actual control is largely in the same hands that control political affairs.

Given then a group of independent sovereignties exercising powers greater and more vital than those of which the thirteen colonies were so jealous, extending their spheres of influence over fields more or less common territorially, but measurably distinct as to scope, there arises a problem analogous to that old one of reconciling territorial exclusiveness with territorial inclusiveness, liberty with union. It is the problem of establishing a working organization which shall render the several interests secure in their right to govern their internal affairs, but which shall at the same time take cognizance of their relations to one another and to the sum total, giving each a voice in affairs of mutual adjustment.

There is something analogous, too, in the evolution of policies for the solution of the double problem. As to some of our forefathers liberty was bound up with states rights, and to others centralization of power was essential to the strength and dignity of the nation, so to some of

us, absolute independence for the great corporate interests, freedom to do as they will with what they regard as their own, the policy of "hands off," has seemed the only policy consistent with justice and the established rights of property; while to others, government ownership, the centralization and unification of control in one all-powerful organization of the sovereign people, — the same organization which is set to guard the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, — seems the only adequate defense against the despotism of these great aggregations, and the one end toward which the logic of democracy inexorably drives us.

Now arises the question whether compromise may again prevail, whether there is to be found a new federalism, another *e pluribus unum*, a balancing of centripetal and centrifugal forces, such an adjustment that the many will be represented in the one, and the one will safeguard the many.

That there is a groping toward the organization of new units for achieving particular ends and regulating particular interests, must appear to the most casual observer. The *Boston Herald*, some years ago, then industriously spreading the gospel of tariff revision, uttered itself in this wise: "The *Herald* is of opinion that an impetus can be given to the agitation by working with what may be called a new 'unit' — the unit of each national industry, rather than the unit of the state or of the congress district." This sounds very much like one of the main articles in the creed of the Industrial Workers of the World, who propose to organize labor by industries, and then take over the government.

Some years ago, the founder and director of the Technological Museum at Vienna declared that the five million technical experts of all grades throughout the world had too small a share in lawmaking and administration, and urged the creation of politically independent technical departments.

The solicitor of one of our great railway systems, in a speech upon rate regulation, frankly admitted the grave mistake of railroad men in not earlier conceding that the public had rights, and in not being more responsive to public sentiment; but he protested against putting railroad interests into the control of politicians who keep their ears to the ground. In other words, railroad men must learn to keep their own ears to the ground, in order to resist men with their ears to the ground who are not railroad men.

In speaking of the great irrigation interests of the West, a recent editorial declared, as if indeed it were stating an exception to a general rule, but yet a well recognized exception, that these were not political interests, but must by their very nature be controlled by scientific men rather than by politicians.

What does all this mean but a growing consciousness that the expert politician must be supplanted by the political expert? The vast interests must be in the hands of specialists, but a way must be found to make these specialists, in the determination of general policy, representative of the people and responsive to the will of the people, while at the same time free to employ, indeed bound to employ, their scientific knowledge for the furtherance of the interests committed to them, even against popular clamor.

There are no real political interests but such as are primarily social or humanitarian or economic or scientific. In all these departments, man's organizing and constructive will is exercised upon through lines. It weaves its long web on the power loom and wafts its force in wireless waves. That these same interests, in their political phase, do not adjust themselves patiently to the lines of the patchwork quilt and the processes of the wheelbarrow is not a matter for discouragement.

The real readjustment must be made on the other side.

The new political lines must accord with the signs of the times. The public must avail itself of methods which have been discovered and appropriated by private interests. The prevalence, for instance, of the political boss, self-chosen autocrat as he is, suggests that the public has neglected to provide for the duties which he assumes to himself, and that the people, instead of balloting for a thousand little things, while the boss controls the larger ones, might better choose their own boss, and leave the little things to follow the larger.

So, too, the great power exercised by corporations, creatures of the government, but organized along lines of actual community of interest, suggests that the people might better cease the attempt to swallow up these corporations in one vast heterogeneous one, and turn their attention to some method of participating in the very effective organizations already in operation, whose too exuberant growth in itself indicates that they have developed along natural lines. The mechanism of each for the administration of its practical affairs is complete, or in process of completion. Were we starting anew we should not be tempted to construct another vast organization for political administration. It would be simpler to add political attachments to the organizations already existing and in operation. There would be requisite some device to make these organizations responsive to the interests of all really concerned; perhaps the extension of corporate suffrage to include not only stockholders and operators, but also operatives and patrons; but more probably some gearing less clumsy than the ballot, such as is foreshadowed by the new significance attached to the factor of publicity, and by the method of direct appeal to public sentiment resorted to conspicuously by former Governor Hughes of New York, and by other leaders who have borrowed a leaf from his book.

There would be necessary also an interlocking mechanism for uniting the several otherwise independent

systems, and regulating their mutual relations. Such a central organization made up of expert representatives of each of the constituent interests, would perhaps combine the functions of a cabinet and a holding company, or perhaps partake of the nature both of a diplomatic corps and of a clearing house. The general movement for the establishment of Public Utilities Commissions for states and for large cities, looks distinctly in this direction.

From the democratic standpoint, proper political control not only involves participation in the administration of each great interest by all who are really concerned, and the adjustment of each to the rights of other co-ordinate interests, but requires also the exclusion from participation of all who are not really concerned, and who are therefore, whatever their accidents of locality, essentially foreigners to the administrative province. For complete self-government means that sovereignty shall coincide with actual interest; and the federal principle completely applied would result in a federation of organized interests, each autonomous within its own realm, but regulated as to its outward relations by that larger community of interest in which it is a sharer, and therefore by right both sovereign and subject. The ideal federation is not a mere framework of grand and petty territorial jurisdictions, nicely adjusted one within the other, like a nest of little tables, but a growing organism of actual interests, in which the boundaries lie never athwart, but always between, the extending lines of common welfare.

If world organization is to be achieved, is it to be by applying upon a larger scale the principle of federalism based upon locality, or may it be by recognizing interests already intersectional, and entrusting them with powers essentially sovereign, while subjecting them in their mutual relations to the restraint of some interlocking bureau or tribunal?

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SOLDIER

WHAT is a soldier? We all know his visible form, especially in Europe where, in peace time, he presents splashes of brilliant color to add to the picturesqueness of street scenes. Similarly as a decorative partner in high social affairs, the military officer is preferred by the younger feminine element to the sombre coated figure of the civilian. In this respect, the soldier is even graded according to the splendor of his uniform, nurse girls in England being said to pay as high as sixty cents to "walk out" of a Sunday afternoon with a Lifeguardsman, while ten cents is the maximum she will part with for the escort of an ordinary Tommy. Beyond this, fiction writers have of late laid a hand upon the soldier to tell of his daredevil exploits, savage "bloodlust" in action and what not, all more to be credited to an exotic imagination than to knowledge of his real character. Modern poets, too, have tuned their lyres to a single key of the extreme wickedness of the military profession, utterly repudiating their ancient and mediæval predecessors who sang of little else than the chivalry and glory of arms. Far more trustworthy is the book of the experienced war correspondent: having associated on close terms with the officers and men of a regular army, it is he who often reveals the true soldierly spirit and the rules of conduct by which it is inspired and governed. But while there is no place for the swashbuckler in a regular force, neither is effeminacy tolerated. The former is quickly subdued, or life within the military body becomes a heavy burden to him, and the women of military families — rank and file — are likely unmercifully to snub an offender in the second respect. They will have none of him when he displays a personal sentimentality apart from that recognized as

appropriate to the profession of arms. The good soldier must "have a heart" as well as unflinching courage.

To begin with the transformation of a civilian into a soldier. In its ultimate effect the process is the same for both officers and enlisted men. His first experience is frank criticism on the part of the "old soldier" — a severe character test. Everything pertaining to the recruit is held to be wrong, all he has previously learned worthless. If this is calculated to take any undue conceit out of him, he is fairly permitted to stand up for his rights and fight for them. Thus if he maintains his position in the soldierly spirit of not harboring personal resentment, he wins his social place in the military organization. There a sensitive complaining nature is impossible, often ending in desertion and disgrace. Passing to his main development, from the hour he is taken in hand by a drill sergeant to the day when he is retired or discharged, a breach separates him from civilian life and thought. It is generally conceded that the best military instructors are Irish and German, though their methods are somewhat different. While the German is tireless in correctional repetition, the Irishman will strive to overcome faults by the use of his native wit in sharp pointed metaphor. A smart Irish sergeant, with a backbone as rigid as a rifle barrel, and eyes snapping scornful fire, whipping a squad of raw recruits into military semblance, is a comedy worth observing.

"Hould yir heads up, ye lumbering iliphints," he roars at them. "Be the saints! I'll make ye look the divil in the face, and that's meself, ye'll be saying, whin I'm done wid ye. Wan — two — three — four, lift yir feet, didn't I tell ye? Faith! it's me ould grandmother herself would make bether sojers out o' ye wid her broom handle. Is it windmills ye think ye are, swinging yir arms? Number nine, I'll have a little privit tay party talk wid you, me young man, about the manin' of eyes front. Halt! I mis-

took me, sorr," he salutes an amused bystanding officer, "but it's an illigant dancing class we have here." [1]

The end, however, of all military instructors is similar. What the sergeant performs for the recruit, the regimental adjutant does for the embryo officer. At the beginning, undue severity is rather the exception than the rule, but should wilful stubbornness become apparent, discipline falls unsparingly. Upon the newcomer the first military law impressed is obedience. The word is stamped indelibly on every soldier's mentality, and the sooner he grasps its all embracing scope, the easier will be his path. It covers his every act and attitude. It is laid down for him how he shall keep his person and dress, and how he shall stand and walk. From the polishing of a button to the inch of his pace, he must conform absolutely, particularly in the German and British armies. A certain amount of explanation is given, but since the rule is held to be infallible until altered by authority, any criticism of it when under instruction is sternly rebuked. When off duty, some latitude is, of course, permitted to express opinion of this or that order; and, as a safety valve, verbal "kicking" leveled at superiors not present is overlooked, but neither is condoned beyond the barrack or fortress gate. It is impressed upon the soldier that he ventures a serious breach of discipline in discussing military affairs with a civilian. Mr. Atkins's propensity to "tall yarning," however, is excepted as shrewdly innocuous, so that if Kipling's popular trio ever existed, they must have hugely enjoyed the credulity of their eager listeners.

The transformation process is rarely perfected under six months, and usually takes from one to two years. Many a long day's drill is exhausted before a recruit holds himself and moves with the required precision. Thus the German "goose step," or parade march, is a feat of tireless accomplishment. But it is not, as the civilian onlooker might

[1] This is recalled from the kind of thing I used to overhear on the barrack square.

suppose, purposed for a more or less diverting spectacle. It is calculated to "limber up" the thigh and knee joints, plant the feet firmly and squarely on the ground, and form a correct balance of the body. In less extreme practice it has been adopted into the drill system of nearly all armies, being exercised in the British service under its familiar term.

Civilians who doubt the end served by this persistent physical drill, asking if a soldier could not shoot as well without it, might receive one answer: — that such training is directed not only toward cohesion and unity in a whole military force, but contributes to the formation of the required mental attitude. Thus the sharp decisive orders by which the soldier's body is eventually moved, find a reflex action in the control of his mentality. It is not for him to consider the why and wherefore of what he is told, but to accept its wisdom spontaneously. Even should an error be plain to him, beyond pointed request for repetition of the order, the "good soldier" will not hesitate upon its execution. Responsibility for its effect does not rest with him, but in the source of higher authority. It is frequently stated with a measure of truth that in some regular armies a wider degree of individualism is permitted — even encouraged — the fraternal relations existing between Russian officers and men, for example. But this is more in form than in substance. Implicit obedience "is the bond of rule" in every regular army. With the vast forces of the present age, the individual soldier can grasp extremely little of the ultimate purpose of an order. Manifestly, therefore, for him to question its advisability and act independently would beget confusion in his unit. In fact, it is only when confusion above him exists that he has the opportunity to act with independent judgment. Since that signifies the worst situation which can befall an army on active service, preparation in peace time for its invincibility could hardly be served by the encouragement of individual initiative. In the present

war, we have a striking example of what confusion portends, when the army of General von Hausen unexpectedly swept down through the Ardennes gap upon the unprotected right wing of the French Fifth Army at Charleroi, and drove it rearward in something approaching a rout. Individual staff efforts to stay the retreat appear to have developed a panic: for division commanders lost their grip in a maze of conflicting orders. Obedience went overboard, and in its place remained a German victory. The extent to which obedience is carried in some armies, irrespective of civil rank, is aptly illustrated by the report that when Field Marshal von Mackensen was commander of Königsberg, he ordered the German Crown Prince to confinement in a fortress for some breach of military rule, and kept his imperial prisoner there until the full term of his sentence was completed. No one would now deny that von Mackensen is a great soldier — the only cavalry officer in modern times, with the exception of General Sheridan, who has victoriously commanded a field army.

Within the military code next to obedience, fidelity to duty and truthfulness are impressed upon the soldier. It does not signify with what conditions he is confronted, he must maintain the position in which he is placed, impervious to outside influence. From the tersely swift atmosphere of all military proceedings, their severe formality divested of sentiment, together with finality of decisions reached, the soldier gathers that veracity is not only a commendable virtue, but his safest course. Attempt at prevarication is usually cut short, and excuse unless patently valid better left unstated. His formal speech, therefore, becomes monosyllabic, just as his physical pose is stiffened into rigidity.

The enforcement of these three qualities upon the soldier produces a leaven of respect for his superiors and himself, together with consideration for those passing through the grades from which he may have risen. Also

there is inculcated in him the spirit of comradeship, a sense of chivalry, and simplicity as the reverse of duplicity, shot through with no little sincerity of religious conviction. His self respect takes the outward form of cleanliness and neatness of person, the erect carriage of his head, and readiness to face an adversary either against himself or others defenseless. Cowardice is the one crime above all others he hopes never to be charged with: for if it is conclusively proven, he knows that the contempt of his comrades is added to the severest military penalty. A mere hint of it upon his defaulter sheet — the record of his misdeeds — will, as a rule, stir in him a desperate resolve to win its obliteration. The present war has given several instances of soldiers condemned to death for cowardice, but with sentences suspended owing to mitigating circumstances, who were enabled to redeem themselves by acts of heroic courage.[1] Such courage, however, is not inspired by any "savage fury of bloodlust."

Those who do this injustice to the character of the regular soldier, forget that war is made his trade, and that he hates his enemy no more than keen competitors hate each other in other professions — less so, in fact, for the comradeship of his own service is extended in minor degree to those in arms against him, and his sense of chivalry brightens many a terrible battle page. Thus we read to-day of soldiers refusing to take advantage of a surprised unarmed enemy, sharing their scant luxuries with captured prisoners, and, when wounded, lying side by side in hospitals with recent adversaries, devoid of any feeling of hostility. Let but a temporary truce be declared, and, as we have seen, the soldiers of contending armies will mingle together in a spirit of fraternal comradeship. A soldier's personal hatred for an enemy, for the most part lies no deeper than the chaffing he bestows upon him. Assuredly the "Johnny Rebs" and "Yanks" of the American Civil War bore no interpretation of "savage

[1] G. Valentine Williams: — *With our Army in Flanders.*

bloodlust." Except when the soldier feels fair play has been breached, he leaves the unsoldierly spirit of personal hate to the statesmen, politicians or others who have sent him into war. Treating the subject impartially, it was according to the best traditions of military chivalry in which General von Emmich received the personal surrender of General Leman at Liège — the punctilious salutes of the German officers as the vanquished commander entered their presence, the warm praise bestowed upon him by his victorious adversary, and the refusal to accept the sword so heroically borne. By way of complement to this picture was that other one in Edinburgh when the body of a German naval captain was borne to his last parade covered with his own ensign, escorted by British officers together with his captured officers and men, and saluted by a British guard-of-honor. Similarly it was at the order of General von Heeringen that a monument was erected on a battlefield in France to the memory of all brave soldiers who had fallen near that spot, friend and foe, without national distinction. Such instances arise partly because each side comprehends that, in the chances of war, he to-morrow may be reckoned among the defeated or dead.

Comradeship may also be said to cover that spirit in which an officer will vigorously defend his men against any aspersion, sometimes taking upon himself blame which rightly belongs to them. And on the other side there is equal loyalty to an officer. One may use strong language on occasion, and usually the men have a characteristic nickname for him; but let any outsider step in between them to foster sedition, and the response is almost certain to be extremely discouraging. It is this military relationship which makes it so difficult to stir up revolt in a regular army unless the revolt is led by officers high in command. Even then it goes against the soldier's character fibre; for he is law-abiding first, last and all the time. There must be some very deep seated grievance, such as

pay long withheld, scant rations in peace time, or a manifest injustice visited upon the whole body, to cause the soldier to revolt against constituted authority, or hesitate to put down rebellion against it, as Napoleon said: "with bullets instead of blank cartridges."

Here we come to a phase of the soldier which is often misunderstood, but explains the majority of atrocity charges. It must be admitted that the regular soldier does not concede comradeship to a civilian in arms not formally enrolled. Between himself and the civilian rebel or sniper he draws a sharp line. Upon such assailants he will turn with a vengeance which his officers find it almost impossible to control, particularly if a comrade should happen to have been shot down in an encounter of this kind. To him warfare and military action bear a strictly legitimate significance, and he visits breaches of it with the severity of his own rule. Otherwise tales that the properly disciplined soldier delights in plunder, rapine and murder are pure fabrication. If he rejoices in a victory, it is rarely indeed that he is heard to gloat over the misery entailed upon helpless civilians. The reverse of that picture would be far nearer the truth. He acts according to orders possibly delivered in a desperate emergency, but if any choice lie with him it will be humanity, and not deliberate cruelty. This is part of both his instruction and discipline: in issuing orders counter to this any country would forfeit its claim to civilization. The soldier is not without the recollection that somewhere are those whom he devoutly hopes may be spared the horrors of war. That in military bodies there are likely to be brutal natures sternly suppressed in peace time, but grasping at an opportunity for license in war, is not to be denied. But let one be caught by his own side red-handed, let a well trained officer come upon him in the act of certain crimes, and he will not be given even the civilian chance of a court martial. No good soldier likes to have the reputa-

tion of his regiment, or his army, besmeared by the deeds of a few ruffians or swashbucklers. That "War is Hell" was the utterance of a great soldier protesting against its necessities. The soldier's kindness toward children, his propensity to gather in any stray beast or bird for a pet, and the trooper's proverbial affection for his horse — his chief mourner at the last — demonstrate that military training does not obliterate the gentler side of human nature.

Since the soldier's physical being is strongly developed, it follows that his pastimes tend toward outdoor games and sports. But whisper bear, lion or tiger in a soldier's ear, and he is not specially apt to respond with an urgent plea for leave of absence. Failing in the zest for big game, however, he takes with wonderful patience to fishing, even in waters where ne'er a worthwhile fin has been seen in the memory of living man. In this connection it will be recalled how the Japanese General Staff sat fishing beside a pool while one of the greatest battles of the Russian War was in progress, and that Marshal von Hindenburg after his capture of Warsaw took a day off for boar hunting. As reported, his dream of peace included no splendid personal triumph, but chiefly a fisherman's rod and a rippling stream.

The soldier's simplicity is akin to that of the sailor. Both are derived from discipline and the subjugation of individual free thought. In his own province he knows exactly his position, and what is expected of him. The soldier in the civilian's position is as helpless, as the civilian is in the soldier's. Contradictory as it may seem, soldiers do not personally cherish the pomp and splendor of military display. For the greater part, they are eager to escape into inconspicuous garb, and, surfeited with formality, are happiest in the seclusion of a quiet family life. Correspondents who have obtained interviews with some of the great generals of the war all remark upon these characteristic traits. Thus we are informed that General von

Heeringen resembles an amiable college professor, General Joffre is a politely reticent man, and General French suggests an ordinary modest agreeable companion. But these do not seem singular when it is recalled how Count von Moltke in later years was frequently seen in the streets of Wiesbaden wearing a plain blue uniform with never more than a single decoration, and General Grant was certainly no lover of personal military adornment. Similarly, if Frederick the Great in his old cocked hat and snuff-stained uniform was a figure for courtiers to weep over, Napoleon's military downfall was marked by his change from the familiar long grey coat and plumeless cocked hat of Marengo, Austerlitz and Jena, to the frippery of *Champ de Mars* imperialism — and Waterloo. Few perhaps would guess that the taciturn and somewhat grimly bearing Lord Kitchener, in private life has been an extensive collector of old Chinese porcelains, in judging which he is as capable as in transporting a field army.

But it is regarding the soldier's religious strain where civilian writers are most apt to fall short in their estimate of his character, forgetting that the military spirit seeks much of its tradition in wars of religious origin, if not for religious freedom. While it is true that the soldier seldom wears his religious conviction on his sleeve, and may upon occasion make light of it, yet there is nearly always somewhere within him an abiding faith and reverence for the Almighty. Though "Thomas Atkins" could hardly be called a strict religious observer, and his language is at times more forcibly picturesque than of seminary standard, wilful sacrilege is practically never expressed by him. Farther, his attitude at religious worship is invariably respectful,[1] and while he probably does not comprehend

[1] Apropos of this passage, we cannot refrain from giving the following extract from a letter by an American lady helping the wounded in France:

The organ played softly and emphasized the solemn hush as the congregation went in little groups to kneel at the Communion Table. When the last of the

the meaning of the terms agnostic and atheist, if he did he would be likely strongly to repudiate their application to himself. The highest compliment he can bestow upon a deceased comrade is that he was one of "God's good soldiers." He means every word of it. Among the officers of the same service, while few would admit exemplary piety, and some may possess doubts upon religious matters, a positive statement of disbelief would not be received as befitting the military spirit. If persisted in, it would probably lead to serious unpopularity. Many high officers are sincerely religious men. At General French's Headquarters a correspondent noticed Lord Nelson's prayer consigning his cause and himself to the protection of the Almighty, posted in a conspicuous place. Generals Campbell, Outram, Havelock, "Chinese" Gordon and Roberts were all men of the same religious standard. In both the German and Russian armies religious ob-

congregation were about to return to the body of the church, we heard the echo of nailed shoes on the stone floor of the nave.

In single file the tall young men strode down the aisle. They were dressed in khaki. Their hair shone sleek with much brushing, and their faces had that ruddy glow which only the recent application of soap and water can give. Though they were in fighting rig, they carried no arms. The leader, who wore a gold crown embroidered on his arm, paused at the head of the altar steps, waiting for the last women with bowed heads to rise from their knees.

I watched this young British giant, as he stood erect beneath the Gothic arch of spring blossoms, the sun touching his blonde hair and playing with the gold decoration on his arm. He was so erect, so clean cut, so selfless! He could have been taken as an allegorical figure of the British soldier. His profile was chiseled in strong Saxon lines. He had the blue eyes of a child, but the alertness, the strength of the figure warned one that he would be a terrible opponent to meet when he "Fought the good fight." As I watched this living statue with a feeling of wonder, admiration and pity that so much strength and youth should daily be sacrificed on the altar of civilization, he slowly turned his head until his eye caught the golden tulips filled with sunlight. And there on the altar steps, as the organ played and the priest lifted the golden chalice of the Communion, the boy smiled at the flowers. Perhaps in that holy atmosphere they typified for him the sacred thoughts of Home, of the tight little island with its fields of glad flowers and running brooks, and of that golden haired sweetheart whose picture he kept next his heart!

The last woman rose from the Communion Table, and as she softly stole away, her crape veil fell from her face, showing her grey hair. Her tear-filled eyes looked for a moment at the radiant soldier, who moved forward and knelt where she had knelt. One by one his comrades followed and took their places.

When the ceremony was over, they stole out as quietly as their great boots would allow them, and, the service being over, the congregation gathered on the church steps to bid them good-bye. A huge "camion," painted grey, was drawn up, and one by one the men piled in, standing like cattle. Most of them had their little prayerbooks with them.

servance is compulsory, and we have read how the French soldiers voluntarily returned to the faith of their forefathers. Significant, too, in this respect was the action of the Japanese officers and men of the army before Port Arthur — partaking of their sacramental death cup of water previous to going into action.[1]

If we turn to literature, was it not a soldier, General Wallace, who produced *Ben Hur, A Tale of the Christ*, with all reverence for his subject; and another soldier, Cervantes — one of the bravest of men — who wrote in his immortal work: — "The first good news the world and mankind received was that when the angels announced on the night which was our day, when they sang in the air, 'Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth and good will to men,' . . . This peace is the true end of war."

To those, therefore, who deny that a God of infinite Wisdom and Mercy can be present on a battlefield, the soldier is in the position to reply that in giving up his life for his country, home or comrade, he has assurance of performing that which cannot be excelled. Of a comrade or friend he will neither think nor speak evil; he will fight for him, physically or otherwise, as the need may seem to require; he will risk his own life to bring him from under a storm of shells, nurse him in sickness, and stand by him in misfortune, when all others fall away, and often to his own undoing. If according to some standards this be very simple — in truth, a soldier is the worst politician — it casts a halo of brotherhood over the profession of arms, a ray of God's white light streaming through the horror of the battlefield.

But, excepting suppression of individuality and incentive where discipline is severest, does military training produce only admirable results? No human organization is perfect, and as we pass to the linked subject of militarism, faults come into evidence. It is undeniably true

[1] Lieutenant Kuroki: — *Siege of Port Arthur.*

that garrison towns, in Great Britain especially, have acquired an unsavory reputation for drunkenness, gambling and "immorality." The uninformed civilian charges this up to the "idle soldier," and regarding him as an undesirable libertine, ostracizes him from decent society and, contrary to the advice of military authorities, attempts to curb thousands of healthy unmarried men by "blue laws" which foster worse secret results. Thus that large and influential middle-class body in England consisting chiefly of some 1,200,000 Methodists and Baptists, strongly radical politically and anti-militarist, as a whole regard military service as a disgrace, often display their prejudice against the soldier, and the wealthy ones refuse to admit an officer to their homes. A broader view, one ventures to think, would be to perceive the evil and to overcome it by opening the doors of a better social atmosphere to the soldier. I never met or heard of a Methodist or Baptist officer in the British army, and recruiting from those bodies was almost nil. The officers and men were practically all Church of England, Presbyterians or Roman catholics with English, Scotch and Irish regiments. The discharged soldier hunting a job finds his only friends among the aristocracy and their religious and social allies. With this experience, is it any wonder that Tommy usually becomes scornful of street corner, soap-box, reform orators, and casts his vote for the Tory candidate? Here, in fact, is where universal conscription contrasts favorably with the volunteer system. In countries where all are compelled to serve, irrespective of class distinction, family ties remain intimate as an influence for good with the individual soldier, and there is much less evidence of exceptional vice or immorality. Thus zealous social reformers would find little to complain of in a French garrison town, as such, and in Germany the severe discipline, the no-more-than-sufficient rations, and hard work from before sunrise until after sundown, add forceful checks upon the viciously in-

clined, and the German soldier's uniform has been made a passport to favor in public places. As a military organization, professional opinion everywhere concedes, the German army has been brought to the highest state of efficiency, and embraces the very last element of a perfect fighting machine. To that end, be it observed, Germany did not permit the soldier to be treated with the scorn and contempt characterizing that English middle-class body to whom reference has been made.

If a state must maintain a military establishment, surely those who control it should secure for the soldiers the same social justice as for civilians, and for the uniform of the national defender, a commensurate respect.

GERMANY AND AMERICAN PREPAREDNESS

THE men and women who are fighting what they call the hysteria of preparedness demand that an enemy be pointed out to them. They are not content with the reasonable answer that a nation never knows what opponents it may be forced to meet. In 1888, our own country did not foresee the fight at Manila; and five years ago Canada did not dream that her sons were to die on the fields of Flanders. A man cannot tell when sickness may strike him and a nation cannot know when the scourge of war may visit it; but obviously both for the nation and for the individual, life is dependent upon strength. The opponents of preparedness wish a more definite reply. Naïvely optimistic, they are quite content to shut their eyes to the reading of history and the experience of other nations, preferring to believe that in some mysterious way America is secure. They argue that unless our foe is in plain sight, advertising, as it were, his plan of campaign, we should make no change in our traditional policy of inadequate defence. If nothing but a sense of present or future danger can turn the pacifist from the error of his ways, then we must meet him on his own terms. One of the strongest arguments for preparedness is Germany — a new Germany, revealed by the searching light of war.

To many, this statement will seem absurd. To thousands of Americans, that land is the home of science, of art, of music. They recall with delight their student days enriched by the kindness and hospitality of German professors. They remember their cordial welcome by German undergraduates and the friendships formed in vacations spent along the Rhine, by the Black Forest, or in the Bavarian highlands. These Americans return in

thought to Germany as to a promised land. On their walls are German etchings and color prints; on their shelves German drama and poetry and the works of German philosophers and scientists find a place beside the English classics. German music has become a part of their lives; they turn to it for solace and for pleasure and they could not imagine a family wedding or a Christmas festival without German march and song. Greater than all this is the impression made upon them by Germans whom they will always venerate. From this nation they know so well, no danger can possibly arise. The Germany we have known cannot be used as an argument for preparedness; we must guard against the Germany we have not known.

The American in Germany wonders at the clean streets, the absence of slums, and the economy and efficiency with which municipalities are governed. He is told of the social legislation in which Germany leads the world, and he at once reaches the conclusion that here is a government of the people, by the people, for the people. Surely America and Germany must understand each other. Yet if he stopped to consider even superficially the German ideals of government, he would see that they clash with ours. Not the least element in the danger of a future conflict is the fact that the power to determine the Empire's policy rests with a small group of men. "For it can be proved, like a problem in mathematics, that in theory the German imperial constitution grants the principle and affords the means of representative popular government, but that in practice Germany to-day is virtually an absolute monarchy."

This sentence is taken from a recent article in the *Nation* by Professor Priest, entitled *How Germany is Governed.* It is of unusual value because it offers in a few pages the most important features of German political life, and corrects for Americans at least many false impressions. We have a vague idea that the Reichstag

is like our House of Representatives, and that the Bundesrat corresponds with our Senate. We forget that while the Reichstag can express opinion, it has no control over the Kaiser or the imperial ministers appointed by him; it can merely seek to influence them. The measures it passes do not become laws until approved by the Bundesrat, which with the emperor's consent, can dismiss the Reichstag if displeased with it and order another election. This Bundesrat is not elected, as is our Senate. Its sixty-one members are appointed by the hereditary rulers of the German states and responsible to them, vote only as they are directed. The King of Prussia appoints to this body seventeen men; the King of Bavaria but six. Back of the Reichstag is the Bundesrat; back of the Bundesrat is the King of Prussia. It is a manifest absurdity to discuss in a single paragraph the vital differences between the German and the American constitutions; yet it is possible to call attention to the fact that between American and German political life and thought there is an impassable gulf.

Nowhere is this more clearly seen than in a most interesting little volume published in 1914, *Regierung und Folkswille*, Government and the Will of the People. Its author, Hans Delbrück, editor of the Prussian Year Book, successor to Treitschke at the University of Berlin, is one of Germany's most distinguished publicists and teachers. In this book, which demands translation, he proves to his own satisfaction that it is a mere superstition to believe any popular assembly — a Parliament, a Chamber of Deputies, a Congress — can express the will of the people. He tells us, for example, that at the last American presidential election, three million stayed away from the polls. Because of this fact and because the ballots were divided among several candidates, President Wilson was put in office by a minority of the voters. Can anyone seriously maintain, he asks, that the expression of one half or one quarter of the voters represents the will of the people?

England, the mother of Parliaments, fares as badly at his hands as we do. She has no real representative government by the people, because defective election laws and party organization forbid it. He finds the situation in Italy and France equally hopeless. No proposed reforms — initiative, referendum, proportional representation — can ever help the situation. How can a people express its will when, as Hegel puts it, the people constitute that part of the state which does not know what it wants? With the utmost conviction Delbrück asserts that the issues in democratic countries are not decided by a free press or free gatherings of the people but by party organization, demagoguery, and corruption. He does not find in the representative assemblies of a democracy either wisdom or honesty. In nearly every Parliamentary government accusations of corruption are heard; but that sin, says Delbrück, has never been laid at the door of the German Reichstag.

As the irremediable defects of democratic France and Italy, of England and America are thus exposed, gradually the conviction dawns upon the reader that the government most nearly approaching the ideal must be Germany's. Such indeed is Delbrück's opinion. The German government, he explains, is dualistic, composed of two mighty forces working in equilibrium. One of these is the Kaiser, supported by his loyal army and the great body of state officials; the other is the Reichstag, a very mighty organ of control and criticism, whose consent is indispensable to government. It is impossible to tell, says our author, in which of these two forces the chief power resides; but an American could make at least a shrewd conjecture for the offered proofs of the power and influence of the Reichstag are not startling. It is true that the German government needs the support of its people. It gains this in many ways: by state pensions and insurance; by its educational system; by a rigid control of the press; by employing a good percentage of

the voters in the civil service and in state-owned institutions, such as the railroads; by universal military service. But the real power of a state, he informs us, rests not in the voter but in the soldier, in the army. The one question that determines the nature of every state is: whom does the army obey? In England and France it bows to the will of the Parliamentary majority; in Germany, the army obeys the Kaiser alone. Such a theory and practice of government is diametrically opposed to our own, as Delbrück intimates. An American reviewer of his book puts the case plainly when he says of German autocracy: "Were Americans to regard it sympathetically, they would be false to themselves, and would have to forswear all the political ideals of which their history is an embodiment."

As the German people are governed by a small group of men, the question of our relations with that country does not depend primarily upon the attitude of the people at large, though that is important: it rests with the governing class. If we go back to the Spanish war, we see the German government plainly hostile to us. Every American should reread that chapter in Admiral Dewey's autobiography in which he describes the attitude of Admiral von Diedrich at Manila. It may be summed up in a single line: "Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike." The entrance of America into world politics aroused antagonism if not open hostility in Germany. In spite of Germanic Museums, yacht christenings, exchange professors and the exchange of compliments, there is no reason to believe that at the outbreak of the war the German government regarded us in a more friendly light than it did in 1898.

At the present moment, it would seem that the scales are beginning to turn; and that Germany in the end must face defeat. The nation that had been promised Paris and its plunder now seeks a Food Dictator. The land that claimed a place in the sun has lost her colonies and the

millions spent upon them. The Kaiser who announced that the future of Germany was on the sea, now finds his fleet land-locked, and the German flag swept from the ocean. Instead of huge war indemnities to replenish the chest at Spandau, the people will be crushed by taxes. The nation that tasted victory in 1870, finds in 1917 that to them "the cup has been dealt in another measure."

For this the Government is responsible; it must account for its failure to bring victory to the nation. Its armies were thoroughly prepared; they fought with obedience, intelligence, and a desperate bravery. They took the enemy by surprise; they struck quickly — why did they fail? Will not the answer be that the odds were too heavy; that Germany fought not only the Allies, but the resources of America placed at their disposal? If Germany hungered, it was because we fed Belgium but allowed England to maintain an illegal blockade. If German credit declined, it was because we stopped Germany's submarine campaign against her enemy's merchantman, yet allowed England to block Germany's commerce of every description. If the Allies had money, it was because America loaned it to them; if they had ammunition, it was because America sold it to them. It was America that turned the scales against Germany; and she did it for money.

The German papers for over a year have echoed these charges. German leaders have not scrupled to arouse sentiment against us by statements that were palpably false. In May, 1915, the Crown Prince of Bavaria authorized an interview with two American reporters in which he declared that fifty per cent of the shells used by the French were made in this country, though it was well known that our export of shrapnel had hardly commenced. Trusting their native sources of information, Germans writing to Americans have put our ammunition supplied to the Allies as high as seventy per cent of the amount they have used. When the Lusitania was tor-

pedoed, the wireless at Sayville was completely under German control and it is impossible to assume that Berlin did not know the facts in the case; yet the first official bulletin issued there stated "The Lusitania was naturally armed with guns." Trusting to German sources of information, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, one of the first papers in the empire, declared that the Lusitania carried twelve guns and was more strongly mounted with guns than any German armored cruiser. In both the Lusitania case and the question of the export of munitions, our relations with Germany have been deliberately embittered by the statements issued by the German government or by men in authority. It is possible for Germany to sway the people through the press in a manner that is incomprehensible to Americans. So perfectly has the nation been trained that Professor Kuhnemann of Breslau, Harvard exchange professor in 1907, writes to Americans, "No report of the German headquarters has been found to have been false. No German press campaign misrepresents their opponents or facts. The only dependable reports at the present time come from the German headquarters."

Turning from the Government to the nation, we see a people naturally embittered by the loss of kith and kin by American bullets. Peace will but aggravate this hostility, for at the beginning of the war the German nation was informed that all bills incurred would be paid by their enemies. No one, at least in America, believes that Germany can exact indemnities from England, France, and Russia and in this way avoid a heavy burden of taxes. As the German people are convinced that the war would be over were it not for American ammunition, so they will readily attribute their failure to secure indemnities to the same cause. If Germany is hostile to America to-day, she will be doubly so when she faces the results of the fighting.

There will be another reason for bitterness. With the

advent of peace, Germany will learn more concerning the American attitude in the war. She will hear that we sold ammunition not merely to make money, but partly at least because we would help the Allies. We would not care to see even a county in England turned into another Belgium nor Chartres suffer the fate of Rheims. She will learn of Americans — some thousands by this time — who have enlisted in French, English, and Canadian regiments. She will see that American hostility to Germany is not the result of ignorance or of English lies. The German Chancellor himself made the scrap of paper interview more damaging by his attempted explanation; the Bryce report merely gathered under one cover what many Americans have known from the bitter and tragic experiences of their Belgian and French relatives and friends. It is not possible that American criticism of Germany will end with the declaration of peace, for then the gag will be taken from the mouth of Belgium, and France, now silent in her supreme struggle, will speak. Americans do not yet realize the way Germany has plundered captured territory; they are ignorant of the brutality too many German soldiers have shown in their treatment of non-combatants; they have no conception of the extent of the German spy system and of the preparations made by Germany in France and Belgium to attack those countries while ostensibly at peace with them. The fuller knowledge that comes with peace will not cause us to regard Germany more favorably. Americans abroad who cannot talk now will speak at the end of the conflict and they will be heard.

We have learned in this war that America and Germany do not employ the same processes of thought. That we often do not start from the same point is comprehensible; but what will increase the tension is the fact that when the two countries agree on certain data, or testimony, or premises, they do not draw the same conclusions. The letter of an English military attaché at

Brussels, proposing the support of English troops in case Germany attacked Belgium, was widely circulated in America with a typically disingenuous gloss by Dr. Dernburg. To the German mind, it proved that Belgium had broken her neutrality before the war; to Americans, it confuted the whole German contention. We cannot grasp the German point of view, shifting as necessity demands, from what they call a technical consideration to a moral one. Thus, Germany holds that while we may be technically right in exporting ammunition, we are morally wrong. On the other hand, the Chancellor admitted in the Reichstag that Germany was technically wrong in invading Belgium but contended that she was morally right. This confusion of thought is shown in a characteristic editorial in the *Fatherland* regarding the flight of the German officers interned in the Eitel Friedrich. "It should be clearly understood that they did not break their parole, for they did not give their parole individually. The captain gave his parole for the crew. It is the captain who has been far more wronged than the United States government. Perhaps the desire to serve their country was stronger than their sense of obligation to their commander. They may not have felt a profound obligation towards the United States." It is not significant that the *Fatherland* said this; it is significant that none of the Germans or German-Americans who have expressed their approval of the *Fatherland*, protested in its columns against such a doctrine. The German Chancellor publicly expressed his horror at the Baralong case; but it is not in the same catagory with the drowning of women and children, killed not in the heat of fight and pursuit, but with cool deliberation. All persons as a rule believe what they wish to believe; the problem of Germany for us is not merely what she wishes to believe, but a much deeper one arising from the very temper of the German mind. In national ethics, to coin a phrase, we do not think as do the Germans.

We have considered some of the causes for misunderstanding and hostility between our country and Germany; whenever our interests clash, they will intensify the conflict. In both South America and in the Far East there is danger ahead. With the utmost conviction, we have lately reasserted the Monroe doctrine transmuted to Pan-Americanism. This doctrine, fostered by England, Germany has never accepted; her writers on international law deny its validity, her statesmen question it. If Germany does not regain her South African colonies, then South America where her emigrants have prospered, will appeal to her more strongly than ever. An interesting side light on this situation is thrown by the fact that many German prisoners are beguiling their time by studying Spanish. In the Far East there are signs that the quarrel between Germany and Japan may not be a long one. This winter certain professors in the Royal University of Tokio have spoken so strongly against the alliance with England that the correspondent of the London *Times*, relating the matter at some length, felt called upon to utter a vigorous protest. Significantly enough, voices have been heard in Germany urging a Japanese alliance. As this war has seen strange compacts, so peace will see stranger ones. To state the case as mildly as possible, we may hope for little aid from Germany in any Eastern complications; and we shall have to watch the East, if trouble should arise with Germany. And every year, science is changing geography and moving Germany and the East nearer to us. The ocean is a bulwark, but not the impassable one we consider it. Aviators who have fought in this war and speak from a knowledge of what has been accomplished, have no hesitation in predicting daily flights across the Atlantic within a decade. Our isolation is no longer a substitute for preparedness.

The pacifists would lull us to rest by a variety of arguments. When the war is over Germany will be too ex-

hausted to think of another one within a generation. Yet whatever the outcome of this struggle, no one believes that Germany will fail to recuperate from it far more rapidly than did France in 1870. Whatever she loses, it will not be her marvellous power of organization. If it is not a question of immediate attack by Germany, certainly it is a question of preventing one in the future: for this will not be the last war. The surest way to maintain peace is to show Germany that a war with America would be an extremely unprofitable investment. The richest nation in the world has an army smaller than Holland's, and allows the question of preparedness to become a political issue. That is not the way to quiet German ambition or hostility.

We are told to take comfort in the thought that the German and English fleets may annihilate each other; but it is equally probable that the German navy may never come out to battle. Why must we base the security of our country on the hypothetical result of a hypothetical conflict? One opponent of preparedness has argued that if a German fleet ever set sail for New York, England would kindly stop it; therefore build no great navy. We cannot perpetually hide behind the English fleet. In the present conflict we have not rushed to England's assistance; we have charged her top prices for all that she has bought. It is doubtful whether she would rush to our aid since if, as is far from inconceivable, the object of a German attack were a fairly sizable indemnity, it would never imperil Canada. Whatever the coming treaty between England and Germany may disclose, we feel sure it will not contain the proviso that England may attack Germany whenever America requests it. As for our own fleet, it is fourth in the scale and Germany's is second.

Apart from the practical objections to preparedness, there are ethical ones. America should set the world an example; and if we are armed, we shall not be moral leaders. The warring nations are looking to us for sup-

plies, for loans, for aid in securing favorable peace terms — but not for moral leadership. Germany would scoff at the idea: for we have made money from the sale of munitions; the Allies will not consider as a moral leader the nation which never protested the ravaging of Belgium, but objected when her trade was inconvenienced. There will be no surprise in Europe — though Germany may be pained — if we arm. The people with the most right to protest against a stronger American army and navy are our Canadian neighbors; and they have shown no signs of perturbation.

The pacifists fear that greater armament will bring militarism. Are Holland and Switzerland, each with an army larger than ours, military nations? Our own navy, in the last twenty years, has stood second, third, and fourth. Has militarism in America risen and fallen with the relative strength of the fleet? Militarism rests essentially upon one condition: that the army or navy controls the state; and there is no danger in America that the soldier or sailor will crowd the citizen to the wall. Nor will American preparedness militate against universal disarmament, if it ever comes. If it is ever a practical issue, America can hardly be a leader in the movement unless our sacrifice in disarmament be somewhat commensurate with the sacrifice we demand of others. As affairs now stand, our attempted leadership in any such movement will appear to Europe to be dictated not by idealism but by Yankee thrift.

We are told again that to talk of a possible clash with Germany will arouse the spirit of war, and that to resist increased armament will lure the dove of peace. In 1905, France lowered her time of compulsory service from three years to two. In March, 1913, Germany published her sensational proposals for an increase in her peace army of one hundred and thirty-six thousand, and a supplementary war tax of two hundred and fifty million dollars over the regular appropriations. This threat

could not be ignored by France, and in July, 1913, the Chamber of Deputies voted to return to the three years service of 1905. The vote, 304 to 226, showed no wave of jingoism; had those who voted against the increased term of service been in the majority, Germany would be closer to victory at the present moment. England, despite the constant entreaties of Lord Roberts, ignored the threat, and we cannot exaggerate what it has cost her. We have to alter our foreign policy according to the nation with which we are dealing. Because it is not necessary to build forts along the Canadian border, we cannot afford to neglect to fortify the Atlantic sea-board.

In *Gulliver's Travels*, Swift has given some of the causes for wars. A nation fights because its enemy is too strong, or because it is weak; because its neighbor has the thing it wants or wants the thing it has — and so on down the list. These reasons bitterly enunciated by the satirist still hold and they will probably hold for two centuries more, for peace will not regenerate humanity. No sane man desires war either with Germany or with any other nation. We wish all the friends we can honorably keep; and no nation will despise our friendship because we are strong. "To be weak is miserable" is indeed a phrase of Satan's; yet the Spirit of Evil has said many good things. If we are to take that leadership in the cause of humanity which the pacifists, and all of us, desire, we cannot be weak. When the Italian Duke murdered his Waldensian subjects, Milton wrote "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints," but the sonnet did not stop the massacres; Cromwell did more than the poet when he informed the Duke that an English fleet would bombard his coasts unless the Waldensians were spared.

A blind optimism, an unreasoning conviction that war will forever pass us by, is a great obstacle to preparedness. It is this mistaken belief that leads to our worthless army posts, our reckless expenditure of defence funds, for if

there is no danger, what matter where the money goes? But there is an even greater obstacle: it is one of our national defects — our desire to obtain something for nothing. Our municipalities are ill governed because honest citizens are unwilling to pay the price of good government, active participation in politics. Our educational systems are ineffective because our students are unwilling to pay the price for a disciplined mind, concentration and hard work. Our general contempt for law, from the individual to the corporation, arises from our unwillingness to pay the price of law and order, a subordination of individual well-being to the general good. We all want something for nothing; and there are many who desire peace but are unwilling to pay the price for it. Certainly a large share of that price is preparedness. It means money, and effort, and time, but unless we are willing to pay this coin for peace, we may one day pay a greater price for defeat. We cannot look upon ourselves as a peculiar people set apart from the world; we cannot remain a hermit nation. The pacifists ask us to give the world an example. What better one could it have than that of a powerful nation refusing to use its strength for conquest and oppression? If we are to have universal peace, it will come not through a pact of weakness but through a league of strength.

THE JOYS OF BEING A WOMAN

SOME years ago there appeared in the *Atlantic* an essay entitled *The Joys of Being a Negro.* With a purpose analogous to that of the author, I am moved to declare the real delights of the apparently downtrodden, and in the face of a bulky literature expressive of pathos and protest, to confess frankly the joys of being a woman. It is a feminist argument accepted as axiomatic that every woman would be a man if she could be, while no man would be a woman if he could help it. Every woman knows this is not fact but falsehood, yet knows also that it is one of those falsehoods on which depends the stability of the universe. The idea that every woman is desirous of becoming a man is as comforting to every male as its larger corollary is alarming, namely, that women as a mass have resolved to become men. The former notion expresses man's view of femininity, and is flattering; the latter expresses his view of feminism, and is fearsome. Man's panic, indeed, before the hosts he thinks he sees advancing, has lately become so acute that there is danger of his paralysis. Now his paralysis would defeat not only the purposes of feminism, but also the sole purpose of woman's conduct toward man from Eve's time to ours, a course of which feminism is only a modern and consistent example.

It is for man's reassurance that I shall endeavor gradually to unfold this age-old purpose, showing that while the privileges which through slow evolution we have amassed are so enjoyable as to preclude our envying any man his dusty difficulties, still our attitude toward these our toys is that of a friend of mine, a woman, aged four. Left unprotected in her hands for entertainment, a male coeval was heard to burst into cries of rage. Her parents, rushing to his rescue, found their daughter surrounded

by all the playthings, which she loftily withheld from her visitor's hand. Rebuke produced the virtuous response, "I am only trying to teach Bobby to be unselfish."

The austere moral intention of my little friend was her direct heritage from her mother Eve, whose much maligning would be regrettable if this very maligning were not the primary purpose of the artful allegory: Adam and all his sons had to believe that they amounted to more than Eve, as the primary condition of their amounting to anything. Eve, in her campaign for Adam's education, was the first woman to perceive his need for complacency, and so, from Eden to eternity, she undertook to immolate her reputation for his sake. Eve, I repeat, was the first woman to perceive Adam's fundamental need, but she was not the last.

The romance of Adam and Eve was written by so subtle a psychologist that I feel sure the novelist must have been a woman. Her deathless allegory of Eden contains the whole situation of the sexes: it shows the superiority of woman, while seeming, for his own good, to show the superiority of man. As it must have required a woman to write the parable, so perhaps it requires a woman to expound it.

I pass over the initial fact that the representation of Eve as the last in an ascending order of creation, plainly signifies that she is to be considered the most nearly, if not the absolutely, perfect, of created things. The first thing of real importance in the narrative is the purpose of Eve's creation, to fill a need, Adam's. "It was not good that the man should be alone." The whole universe was not enough for Adam without Eve. It neither satisfied nor stimulated him. He was mopish, dumpish, unconscionably lazy. If he had been merely lonely, why would it not have been enough to create another Adam? Because the object was not simple addition, whereby another Adam would merely have meant two Adams, both mopish, dumpish, unconscionably lazy; the

object was multiplication by stimulation, whereby, by combining Eve with Adam, Adam, as all subsequent history shows, was raised to the *n*th power.

Intimately analyzed, the details of the temptation redound entirely to Eve's credit. Woman rather than man is selected as the one more open to argument, more capable of initiative, the one bolder to act, as well as braver to accept the consequences of action. The sixth verse of the third chapter cuts away forever all claim for masculine originality, and ascribes initiative in the three departments of human endeavor to woman. For no one knows how long, Adam had been bumping into that tree without once seeing that it was: (a) "good for food;" this symbolizes the awakening of the practical instincts, the availing oneself of one's physical surroundings, the germ, clearly, of all commercial activity, in which sphere man has always been judged the more active; (b) "the tree was pleasant to look upon;" here it is Eve, not Adam, who perceives the æsthetic aspect; if man has been adjudged the more eminent in art, plainly he did not even see that a thing was beautiful until woman told him so; (c) "a tree to be desired to make one wise"; Adam had no desire to be wise until Eve stimulated it, whereas her own desire for knowledge was so passionate that she was ready to die to attain it. We all know how Eve's motives have been impugned, for when a man is ready to die for knowledge, he is called scientific, but when a woman is ready to die for knowledge, she is called inquisitive. The Eden narrative concludes with the penalty, "He shall rule over thee," that is, the price Eve must pay for Adam's seeming superiority is her own seeming inferiority. The risk and the responsibility and the recompense for man's growing pains, woman has always taken in inscrutable silence, wise to see that she would defeat her own ends if she explained.

> And what was my reward when they had won —
> Freedom that I had bought with torturing bonds?

— They stormed through centuries brandishing their deeds,
Boasting their gross and transient mastery
To girls, who listened with indulgent ears
And laughing hearts — Lord, they were ever blind —
Women have they known, but never Woman.

The methods and the motives of Eve toward Adam have been the methods and the motives of woman with man ever since. Eve's purposes, summarized, are fourfold: first, she must educate Adam; second, she must conceal his education from him, as the only practical way of developing in man the self-esteem necessary to keep him in his sex; third, Eve must never bore Adam, to keep him going she must always keep him guessing; and fourth, Eve must not bore herself; this last view of the temptation is perhaps the truest, namely, that Eve herself was so bored by the inertness of Adam and the ennui of Eden that she had to give him the apple to see what he and she would do afterwards.

The imperishable philosophy of the third chapter of Genesis clearly establishes the primary joy of being a woman, the joy of conscious superiority. That it is the most profound joy known to human nature will be readily attested by any man who has felt his own sense of superiority shaking in its shoes as he has viewed the recent much-advertised achievements of women. How could any man help envying a woman a self-approval so absolute that it can afford to let man seem superior at her expense?

Woman's conviction of advantage supports her in using her prerogatives first as if they were deficiencies, and then in employing them to offset man's deficiencies. Man is a timorous, self-distrustful creature, who would never have discovered his powers if not stimulated by woman's weakness. Probably prehistoric woman voluntarily gave up her own muscle in order that man might develop his by serving her. It is only recently that we have dared to be as athletic as we might, and the effort

is still tentative enough to be relinquished if we notice any resulting deterioration, muscular or moral, in men. Women, conscious how they hold men's welfare in their hands, simply do not dare to discover how strong they might be if they tried, because they have so far used their physical weakness not only as a means of arousing men's good activities, but also as a means of turning to nobler directions their bad ones. Men are naturally acquisitive, impelled to work for gain and gold, gain and more gain, gold and more gold. Unable to deter them from this impulse, we turn it to an unselfish end, that is, we let men support us, preserving for their sakes the fiction that we are too frail to support ourselves. If they had neither child nor wife, men would still be rolling up wealth, but it is very much better for their characters that they should suppose they are working for their families rather than for themselves. We might be Amazons, but for men's own sakes we refrain from what would be for ourselves a selfish indulgence in vigor.

Man is not only naturally acquisitive but is naturally ostentatious of his acquisitions. Having bled for his baubles, he wishes to put them on and strut in them. Again we step in and redirect his impulse; we put on his baubles and strut for him. We let him think that our delicate physique is better fitted for jewels and silk than his sturdier frame, and that our complex service to the Society which must be established to show off his jewels and silk, is really a lighter task than his simple slavery to an office desk. How reluctantly men have delegated to women dress and all its concomitant luxury may readily be proved by an examination of historic portraits — behold Raleigh in all his ruffles! — and by the tendency to top-hat and tin-can decoration exhibited by the male savage. The passionate attention given by our own household males to those few articles of apparel in which we have thought it safe to allow them individual choice, unregulated by requirements of uniform, articles such as socks or cravats,

must prove even to men themselves how much safer it is that their clothes-craze should be vicariously expressed, that women should do their dressing for them.

Not only for the moral advantages gained by men in supporting us do women preserve the fallacy of physical feebleness, but also for the spiritual exaltation men may enjoy by protecting us and rescuing us from perils. For this purpose it is quite unnecessary that the man should think the peril real, but it is absolutely necessary that he should think the woman thinks it real. It does a man more good to save a woman from a mouse than from a tiger, as contributing more to the sense of superiority so necessary to him. The truth is that women are not really afraid of anything, but they perceive how much splendid incentive would be lost to the world if they did not pretend to be. For example, if women were actually afraid of serpents, would the Tempter have chosen that form just when he wished to be most ingratiating? But think how many heroes would be unmade if women should let men know that they are perfectly capable of killing their own snakes. The universality of the mouse fear proves its prehistoric origin, showing how consistently and successfully women have been educating men in heroism; in earliest times it probably required a whole dinotherium ramping at the cave-mouth to induce primitive man to draw weapon in his mate's defence, but now to evoke the quintessence of chivalry, all a woman has to do is to hop on a chair at sight of a mouse.

Woman's motive for suppressing her intellectual powers is exactly the same as her motive for not developing her physical powers. She is ready to enjoy and to employ her own genius in secret for the sake of the free and open growth of man's. She has wrought so conscientiously to this end that it is probable that the average man's belief in woman's mental inferiority is even stronger

than his belief in her physical inferiority, for well woman has perceived the peril to man of his ever discovering the truth of her intellectual endowment. Man's energy cannot survive the strain of thinking his brain inferior, or even equal, to a woman's. This fact is the reason why women so long renounced all educational advantages; that at last their minds were too much for them, and that they were driven by pure ebullience of suppressed genius to invade the university, will more and more be seen by women to have been a regrettable mistake. There is much current newspaper discussion of the failure of the men's colleges to-day to educate the young male, his utter obduracy before stimulus is despairingly compared with the effect of college upon the youth of past generations. I fear that the reason is simple to seek: men's colleges have deteriorated exactly in the ratio that women's colleges have improved. The course for women and women's colleges is therefore clear.

Our history shows that we have, with only occasional lapses into genius, nobly sustained the requirements of our unselfishness. On rare occasions our ability has been so irresistible, and our honesty so irrepressible, that in an unguarded moment we have tossed off a Queen Elizabeth, a Rosa Bonheur, a Madame Curie, a Joan of Arc, a Hetty Green; but for the most part we have preserved a glorious mediocrity that allows man to believe himself dominant in administration, art, science, war, and finance. The women who have so far forgotten themselves as almost to betray woman's genius to the world, are fortunately for the moral purpose of the sex, exceptional, and the average woman makes a very creditable concealment of intellect. I am hopeful that as women grow in wisdom, their outbreaks of ability will be more and more controlled and sporadic, and man's paralysis before them be correspondingly infrequent, so that at some future day, we may see woman again relinquish all educational privileges, and become wisely illiterate for man's sake.

Our own intellectual advantages are as much greater than man's as they are more secret. No woman would put up with the clumsiness and crudity of a man's brain, knowing so well the superexcellence of her own, in the delicacy of its machinery, the subtle science required in its employment, the absorbing interest of the material on which it is employed, and the noble purpose to which it is solely devoted.

As to our mental mechanism, it is so much finer than man's that, out of pure pity for his clogging equipment, we let him think logic and reason better means of travelling from premise to conclusion than the air-flights we encourage him to scorn as woman's intuition. Nothing is more painful to a woman than an argument with a man, because he journeys from given fact to deduced truth by pack-mule, and she by aeroplane. When he finds her at the destination, he is so irritated by the swiftness of her passage that he accuses her of not having followed the right direction, and demands as proof that she describe the weeds by the roadside, which he has amply studied, — he calls this study his reasoning process. Of course no woman stops to botanize when the object is to get there. No man ever wants to be a woman? No man ever longs to exchange his ass for our airship? No man ever envies us the nimbleness by which we can elude logic and get at truth?

Our mental operations are keyed to the very sublimation of delicacy and rapidity, and they need to be, considering the subtleties of the skill with which we must employ them. Eve left it to us to educate Adam without his knowing it, and to keep him endlessly entertained. To educate, to amuse, and forever, calls for such exquisite manipulation of our own minds, calls for such individual initiative, such originality, as to provide woman with an aspiration that makes man's creative concern with such gross matters as art or letters, science or government, seem puerile and pitiable. What skill do the tasks of

man, so stupidly tangible and public, evoke? How stimulating to be a woman! How dull to amble along like a man, with only logic to carry you, and only success to attain!

Poor man is to be pitied not only for the crudity of his mental machinery and the creaking clumsiness of its movement, but for the dullness of the material in which he must work. The truth is that there would be no sex to do the unskilled labor of the world, if women ever once let men be tempted by their superior employments. The surest way of keeping man to his hod-carrying is to let him think that woman spends all her secret hours sobbing for bricks and mortar. As a child must respect his toys if he is to be happy, so a man must respect the material he works in, and thus women foster his pride in making books, pictures, machines, states, philosophies, while women — make *him!* The subject to which we devote all our heads is man himself.

> Mine to protect, to nurture, to impel;
> My lord and lover, yes, but first my child.
> Man remains Man, but Woman is the Mother,
> There is no mystery she dare not read;
> No fearful fruit can grow, but she must taste;
> No secret knowledge can be held from her;
> For she must learn all things that she may teach.

Our material, human, living, plastic, is immeasurably more marvellous than man's cold stone, cold laws, cold print. Unlike man's, therefore, our work can never be finished, cannot be qualified and made finite by any standard of perfection. It is more fun to make a Plato than to make his philosophy, and at the same time to be skillful enough to conceal our creatorship, knowing that the condition of producing another and greater Plato is to let him have the inflation of supposing he produced himself. Now unless woman's efforts through all the ages to instill into man the self-satisfaction necessary to his success have gone for naught — which I cannot from ob-

servation believe — man could hardly help envying woman the splendor and the scope of the subject to which her intelligence is directed, to wit, himself.

The ultimate purpose of woman's education of man transcends the grosser aims to which man's intellect is devoted. Woman wants man to be good, so that he may be happy. He was not happy in Eden, and so she drove him out of it. Woman's education of man she has for the most part succeeded in hiding from him, but the object of that education, man's happiness, has been so permeating that even man himself has perceived it. Man thinks he can manufacture his own career, his own money, his own clothes, and his own food, but no man thinks he can make his own happiness. Every man thinks either that some actual woman makes or unmakes his joy, or that some potential woman could make it. For a woman, love's young dream is of making some man happy; for a man, love's young dream is of letting some woman make him happy. These views plainly argue that in relation to the supply of gladness, woman is the almoner, man the beggar. Since every one would rather be a giver than a getter, it seems impossible that no man ever wants to be a woman, in order to experience the most indisputable of her joys, the joy of dispensing joy.

Reasons, however, why men should want to be women are more numerous and more cogent than it would be safe to let men know, so I am cannily concealing many. Among the few it may not be impolitic to divulge, is one that of course any man who reads has seen for himself. While we shall continue conscientiously devoted to our pedagogical duties, we have pretty well determined Adam's limitations, and need only apply to him a pretty well established curriculum, whereas we ourselves remain an undeveloped mystery that more and more attracts our imagination. Looking far into the future one may see

man finished and fossilized, when woman is still at the stage of eohippus as

> On five toes he scampered
> Over Tertiary rocks.

Even now women, looking far out to space, sometimes echo the glee of little eohippus:

> I am going to be a horse!
> And on my middle finger nails
> To run my earthly course!
> I'm going to have a flowing tail!
> I'm going to have a mane!
> I'm going to stand fourteen hands high
> On the psychozoic plain!

Now if any man, clearly perceiving his own possibilities, must envy woman the joy of having him for an experiment, how could the same man, if he should as clearly perceive woman's greater possibilities, help envying woman the joy of having herself for experiment?

With this paragraph I have plumply arrived at feminism, and at the object of all my revelations, namely, to reassure men by stating that women do not intend to take themselves up as a serious experiment for ten thousand years or so; we shall not feel free to do so until we have taught Bobby to be unselfish enough to let us; he is not yet strong enough to try his own wings, much less strong enough to let us try ours. To allay man's fears, it may be well to elucidate some aspects of our actions.

While there may be a little of eohippus exaltation in feminism, it is so little as to be negligible; our main purpose is still our age-old business of teaching by indirection. There are recurrent occasions when Adam grows sluggish in his Eden, and women have to contrive new spurs both for his action and his appreciation. As whips to make a lethargic Adam move where he should move, Eve is brandishing two threats, one her economic independence, the other, her use of the ballot. Adam thinks she really

means to have both. Now our threatening to march from The Home and invade business, and by that action to let business invade The Home, is very simply explained. Once again our purpose is unselfish: it gives Adam false notions of economic justice to form a habit of not paying for services rendered, so Eve conquers her shyness and pretends that she will leave The Home if he does not pay her some scanty shillings to stay in it. Even the dullest man has now become convinced that women can earn money, so that we hope that in time even the most penurious husband will perceive the wisdom of giving his wife an allowance, and that's all we've been after; and yet we have to make all this fuss to get it! If Adam were only a little easier to move, he would save us and himself a great deal of pushing.

Our suffrage agitation is as simple as our economic one. We mean only to wake you to the use of the ballot in your hands, when we ask you to give it to our hands. Already we have aroused you to two facts: if politics is too soiled a spot for your women to enter, then it is too soiled a spot for our men to enter, and therefore it is high time you did a little scrubbing; and also that if you refuse to enlarge the suffrage to admit desirable women, it is high time to consent to restrict it so as not to admit undesirable men. Again this is all we have been after, but again we have had to make a great deal of noise in order to wake you up.

But feminism to the male mind suggests not only commercial and professional and political careers for women, but something less tangible and more terrible, the advent of a bugaboo called the New Woman, who shall devastate The Home and happiness. It is a strong argument for our superiority that there is nothing that frightens a man so much as a woman's threatening to become like him. Yet the time has come for frightening him, and we are doing it conscientiously, for, to confess truth, there is nothing that frightens a woman so much as becoming like a man.

However, for his soul's sake, she can manage to assume the externals of man's conduct, but not even for his soul's sake, much less her own, would she ever adopt his mental or spiritual equipment. Adam has such a tendency to ennui that the only way to keep him really comfortable is every now and then to make him a little uncomfortable. He was so well off in Eden, and consequently so dour and dumpish, that Eve had no choice whatever but to remove him from The Home entirely in order to save his character. We are hoping that we women of the present shall not be driven to such an extremity; for we know what her exile meant for Eve! We are busily fostering man's fear of losing The Home, as the best way of making him appreciate it, and so of preserving it for him, and for ourselves.

As with The Home, so with the woman called New. She never was, she never will be, but to present her to man's future seems the only way of making man satisfied with the woman of the past. We have had to stir men to appreciate us as women, by showing them how easily we could be men if we would. The creator granted to Adam's loneliness an Eve, not another Adam, and should we at this late day fail the purpose of our making, and cease to be women? We have changed our manners and conversation a little, for the better success of our scare, but the woman who sits chuckling while she tends man's hearth and him, is still as old-fashioned as Eve, and as new.

Men, who always take themselves as seriously as children, have been easy enough to frighten by means of a feminism that seems to take itself seriously. A really penetrating man might guess that when women seem to be so much in earnest, they must be up to something quite different from their seeming, and he might safely divine that, however novel woman's purposes may appear to be, they will always be explicable in the light of her oldest purpose — man's improvement. Now man's im-

provement is a heavy task, and when nature entrusted it to woman, she gave her a compensating advantage. To become a genuine feminist, a woman would have to forego her most enviable possession — her sense of humor. Man can laugh, of course, noisily enough; but what man possesses the gift and the grace of seeing himself as a joke? Men who must do the work of the world are better off without humor, because they can thus more easily keep their eyes on the road, just as a horse needs blinders; but woman, who directs the work of man, needs to have her eyes everywhere at once. By another figure, such rudimentary humor as man does have is merely an external armor against circumstance; but woman's humor is permeating, her armor is all through her system, as if her sinews were wrought of steel and sunbeams. A man never wishes to be a woman? Is it not an argument for the joys of being a woman, that no man seems to have had such fun in being a man that it has occurred to him to write an essay on the subject?

THE PROFESSOR OF PEDAGOGY — ONCE MORE

TO the reader who happens to be acquainted with the pedagogical field it will be a matter of some wonder whether the writer of *The Professor of Pedagogy* in the last UNPOPULAR is perpetrating a deep joke upon his readers or whether he means to be taken seriously. If his intentions are merely humorous I for one shall not begrudge him his fun; nor shall I deny that the jest is well done; so well, indeed, that it is rather difficult to attribute the article to a professor of pedagogy. But for my own amusement, and for the benefit of those who may not appreciate the joke, I prefer to take him seriously, and I shall therefore undertake to point out that the pretensions made in the article on behalf of the professor of pedagogy are wholly baseless and impudent.

Profiting by a few phrases, somewhat incautiously expressed, in the article entitled *If I Were a College President*, in the January UNPOPULAR, the Professor of Pedagogy hails with triumph the admission that he is beginning to make himself felt. He pictures his colleagues in the college faculties in a state of sleepless apprehension; and he announces that, having conquered the secondary schools, he is about to turn his attention to the college curriculum, and that he will not pause until the pedagogical methods and ideals of his colleagues in all departments are subjected to the critical supervision of himself as pedagogical expert. The picture is dismaying, and one must admit that the humor is excellent, though it does not precisely hit the point made by the author (not the present writer) of *If I Were a College President*. But since I propose to take the writer seriously, I shall say that to anyone who is acquainted with the professor of pedagogy and with his standing in the college faculty,

and especially to one who is also familiar with his literary products, the picture is merely grotesque. In this field the present writer believes that he can qualify as an expert. By a strange dispensation of fate, it happens that for twenty years past, in several institutions of learning, the professor of pedagogy has been his academic next-door neighbor; and an even stranger fate has forced upon him a fairly liberal acquaintance with pedagogical literature, of which dreadful stuff he now surveys upon his book-shelves some seventeen linear feet.

Viewed from this background, the proposal of the professor of pedagogy to instruct his colleagues in the art of teaching is a wholly new development. Neither in my personal experience nor in my seventeen feet of pedagogical literature can I recall that the idea has ever been suggested; and knowing the temper of my colleagues, and their professional estimate of the professor of pedagogy, I cannot conceive that they will view his proposal with the slightest apprehension. Nor are any signs of his coming greatness discernible in the professor of pedagogy himself. The easy self-assurance of the "Professor of Pedagogy" in the UNPOPULAR REVIEW presents a rather marked contrast to the attitude of most professors of pedagogy in the presence of their colleagues. Among the secondary school-teachers, of course, the professor of pedagogy is an oracle and a great man. There he feels himself to be in his proper element. And it is the secondary school to which, almost exclusively, he addresses his pedagogical literature. Among his fellow-professors his personal attitude is likely to take the direction of discreet self-effacement. He may be a very good fellow. I have known several who were excellent companions at billiards or at bridge, and one or two with whom one could enjoy a sensible conversation on matters personal or on the topics of common life. But as a rule he prefers not to discuss academic subjects — and for a reason not hard to divine. It is easy enough to talk

about the teaching of reading, writing, grammar, and geography. The professor of pedagogy knows, however, that he cannot offer advice about the teaching of Greek literature, or the French language, or economic theory, or the history of art, or that he cannot undertake to prescribe a method for the teaching of philosophy, without the risk of revealing a more than ordinary lack of acquaintance with the subject-matter.

That such a lack of acquaintance is a fact, is at least the universal belief of his fellow-professors. In these days of *Fachmänner* it is unhappily only too true that many college professors are deficient in general knowledge and culture; but there must be few who would not compare well in this respect by the side of the average professor of pedagogy. This judgment is confirmed by the impression received from pedagogical literature. Not merely is this literature conspicuously lacking in all the personal qualities of genius and style; not merely is it sterile in ideas; but it bears almost throughout the mark of being written by those who are only superficially acquainted with the educational subject-matter. Their references to science are just what any outsider might say about science; their praises of the delights of literature and art have a curious way of suggesting, by the vagueness and generality of the terms, that these delights are being reported, rather than recalled from personal experience.

The professor of pedagogy is dimly aware of all this. What is more, he is aware that his colleagues are aware of it. He knows quite well that they regard his professorship as humorous, his science as a genial fiction. He knows, too, that only a sort of professorial courtesy, an indisposition to raise issues with those with whom they must necessarily associate, prevents them from frankly calling him a humbug. The attitude of the professor of pedagogy towards his colleagues is therefore, as a rule, guarded, defensive, suspicious, and even sensitive.

The easy assurance exhibited by the "Professor of Pedagogy" in the UNPOPULAR REVIEW is reserved for the teachers of the secondary schools.

It is therefore highly comforting to the professor of pedagogy — who is nothing if not a traveller and a talker, and ever full of busy-ness — to conceive of his colleagues who stay at home as wallowing in sloth, and wholly indifferent to the efficiency of their teaching. Our "Professor of Pedagogy" tells us, speaking in particular of the subjects supposed to be especially important for a liberal education, that "these subjects are usually so taught as to evoke little vital self-activity on the part of students. Most of the instructors, indeed, have never given serious consideration, let alone study, to various possible methods of so organizing and presenting materials as to render their teaching effective." I regret that I cannot exhibit to the reader my seventeen feet of pedagogical literature. He would quickly discover that this lack of "vital self-activity" in all that is recognized as liberal education is no longer an idea, but a habit, an accepted convention in the pedagogical melodrama, as inevitable as the rescue of the rich man's daughter in Horatio Alger, Jr., or E. P. Roe. It must be long since anyone inquired into the meaning of this assertion, or since anyone has soberly faced the question whether "vital self-activity" is really more lacking in the college class-room than in the office, the factory, or the shop. Let it be remembered that the only short and easy road to a sense of "vital self-activity" is through alcohol or cocaine. Let it be remembered also that nothing seems to have much vitality to the dull mind (and all minds are dull at times); nothing, again, that is comprehended only imperfectly or known only from a distance. Viewed from the outside, indeed, "vital self-activity" must be denied to the lives of most men; viewed from the inside, any of those lives may be as rationally interesting as yours or mine.

College professors teaching liberal subjects are far from satisfied that they make these subjects mean for the student all that they ought to mean. One who talks with students about their courses will learn, however, that some courses appear to be full of vital interest, others less so; a few (under the elective system there can be only a few) are decidedly uninteresting. But he will not learn that the "protected" cultural and intellectual subjects — Latin, French, German, mathematics, logic, physics, according to the enumeration of the "Professor of Pedagogy" — appear to evoke less of vital self-activity than the others. On the other hand, he is likely to hear that it is just those courses that are supposed to be most "vital," and most directly related to life, such as courses in sociology, civics, commerce, and the modern novel, which most often impress the student as lacking in content and significance. And if he will take the census of student-opinion in some Western state-university, where, because of the large number seeking the teacher's certificate, pedagogy is in full swing, as to which courses appear to evoke the *least* "vital self-activity" and to have the *least* content and significance, the reply will be unanimous and clear: the courses in pedagogy. This fact is so notorious that one can only wonder at the hardihood of the "Professor of Pedagogy's" proposal to teach others how to teach.

In reading what the "Professor of Pedagogy" has to say about the professional attitude of his colleagues, it is well to remember that, as his article alone would lead us to infer, he has probably no intimate acquaintance with them. Few college professors would be so naïve as to discuss their methods of teaching with a pedagogical expert; and domiciliary visits of experts to college classes are not usually permitted. In every college faculty there will be a few fossils, who prefer not to alter a set of lectures written twenty-five years ago, just as there are fossils in other walks of life. But anyone who enjoys

intimate discourse with college professors will discover that they are constantly turning over the problem of making their work of vital import to the student, and constantly engaged in informal experiment. And as for the larger problem of efficiency, the problem, namely, of a proper adjustment of courses in the general course of study, there must be few college faculties that have not been constantly experimenting in this field for thirty years past.

If one hears less about "method" in college circles than in secondary schools, it is because college men are rightly sceptical about method as distinct from ideas. Most college men know — what no professor of pedagogy seems capable of understanding — that if you are sure of your ideas, the method of imparting them, in teaching as in writing, will largely take care of itself; or to put it the other way, they know that the problem of presenting a subject so that it shall infallibly challenge the attention and the reason of this student or of that, is the problem of mastering the subject in its many aspects. They know, too, that methods of teaching must be determined by the particularity of the subject-matter: you cannot apply the same methods to Greek, Hebrew, and French, or to philosophy, history, and geology. Methods must even be determined by the particularity of the occasion; a good teacher is one who knows how to use an opportunity. And further, they must be determined by the maturity of the student. One reason why the college professor ignores the professor of pedagogy is that the latter is seemingly unable to distinguish between the college and the secondary school; his whole "line of talk" reveals that he has never considered the question of dealing with responsible minds.

Yet, though no one thinks of consulting the professor of pedagogy, it would be wrong to say that he is not (as represented by the writer of *If I Were a College Presi-*

dent) effectively "meddlesome," or that he fails to exert a positive influence in determining the course of study. His influence, however, consists mainly in creating certain limiting conditions; such as the condition that the A. B. degree, whatever else it may include among its requirements — with regard to which the attitude of the professor of pedagogy is usually one of indifference — shall include the pedagogical courses necessary for the teacher's certificate. And this influence is exercised, not in the meetings of the faculty — here the professor of pedagogy prefers, as a rule, to remain discreetly silent — but in the president's office and in the lobby of the legislature. For, whatever may be the nature of the "science" of education, it is clear that the "art" of education is, as Aristotle would put it, a political art. In this field the professor of pedagogy is truly irresistible.

Hence it comes about that, in the teacher's certificate, the college faculty is confronted, not with a theory, which is open to discussion, but with a condition, to which the faculty must yield or lose a number of desirable students. The chairman of a department finds himself confronted by a similar condition when he learns that for an increase of the department staff, or for higher salaries for some of its members, there are no available funds; and he learns to appreciate the influence of the professor of pedagogy when he discovers indirectly that new professors are being appointed in the department of pedagogy, probably men of very moderate accomplishments and intellectual capacity at salaries which he could hardly venture to offer for a gentleman and a scholar. A short time ago I met a former acquaintance, an instructor in one of the culture subjects, who, it was reported, had deserted to pedagogy. His explanation was simple, and not unreasonable. Weary of supporting himself and his wife on $900 a year, he had learned that, after a couple of years at one of the great mills for turning out professors of pedagogy, any person not absolutely

illiterate could expect to receive at once from two to four times that sum. I am quite sure that he was not deceived, for I have seen it done.

The "Professor of Pedagogy" is quite right when he says that "Rarely have departments of pedagogy been established as a result of any definite demand arising from within the college itself; rather they have been developed in response to pressure from without — pressure which has been exerted by parents, by interested citizens, and especially by school authorities." But although I am no stickler for professional authority, it strikes me that this statement contains a dubious admission. The parallel to it would be found in the statement that the use of antiseptics and antitoxines had been introduced into medical practice by the laity, against the judgment of the medical profession. For among the laity I have no hesitation in including the "school authorities," so far as this term stands for the superintendents rather than the teachers. It is not necessary to deny that a school superintendent may be a cultivated and dignified man. The type of school superintendent who is more prominent to-day, however, represents a race of politicians which is peculiarly the product of pedagogy. Anyone who has surveyed the group constituting the superintendents' division of the N. E. A. will grasp my point. The school superintendent is becoming ever less a graduate of experience in teaching and ever more, like the professor of pedagogy, a product of the abstract science of education. The teacher who would become superintendent to-day knows that the way lies through a graduate course in pedagogy. His M. A. in pedagogy will then certify that he is duly registered in the pedagogico-political machine, which is constituted by the harmonious coöperation of the school superintendents and the professors of pedagogy (and, by the way, it is the school superintendent who is the natural colleague of the professor of pedagogy) — and which controls the jobs.

On the part of the teacher himself there is little or no enthusiasm for these "professional studies," in marked contrast to the attitude towards professional studies of men in other professions. A medical student will jump at the chance of a year in a good hospital. The prospective teacher looks upon the pedagogical courses as a rather dreary formal necessity. In the teacher of experience, who takes the courses as a condition of promotion, they excite only ridicule and contempt. His best recommendation is that they may be useful for the other fellow. In the view of a large number of teachers, pedagogy, with its machinery of supervision, its superficial efficiency, and its cant of method, has simply degraded and devitalized an occupation which, if poorly paid, should at least be dignified and interesting. The "Professor of Pedagogy" would have us believe that there is a recognized method of learning how to teach, just as there is a recognized method of learning to drive an automobile; but the experienced teacher knows better.

Nor is a popular demand for pedagogy any decisive indication of the value of the institution. A few years ago in one of our States the educators (with the long ō) were announcing in tones of thunder that "The people are demanding vocational education." Now in the same sense, and upon equally good grounds, the people were demanding Doan's Kidney Pills and Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Doubtless both demands corresponded to some sort of felt need, but the nature and value of the remedy was as clear in one case as in the other. But in both cases the demand fulfilled its purpose, and the promoters of vocational education found themselves installed in newly created offices with comfortable salaries. This will serve to explain the meaning of the "Professor of Pedagogy" when he says that pedagogy represents the demand of "interested citizens."

At the close of his article the "Professor of Pedagogy" treats us to an entertaining comparison:

> Is it not inevitable, then, that the professor of pedagogy, however unprepared he may be for the huge problems involved, must turn to the field of college teaching as a promising one, first for research and later for constructive (or destructive) action? And is it not certain that his invasion of this field will produce the same fears and arouse the same angry resentments that followed, in the medical world, the work of Pasteur and Lister, and in theology the probings of the authors of the higher criticism?

Now it may be that we are to be put to shame by pedagogical Listers and Pasteurs, but before speculating upon this possibility it strikes me that it will be worth asking whether there is any ground for raising the question. There must be actual ground for such anticipations, or the question is merely a genial piece of rhetoric.

Several years ago the *Nation* printed an article entitled *Pedagogy and the Teacher*.[1] According to this article, the supposed science of pedagogy is represented by no men of scientific reputation, no ideas, and no discoveries; its "educational psychology" is a mere crib from general psychology; its philosophy of education is supported by a scanty array of good literature; and the only solid spot in the field is a certain amount of history. Curious to see how this challenge would be met, I looked for the replies, and in particular for the list of pedagogical discoveries that would put the writer to shame. In the three or four replies that I was able to find (two in *The Nation* [2]) I found an imposing list of pedagogical discoverers, — James, Hall, Ribot, Sanford, Meumann, Whipple, Thorndike, Judd, Witmer, Bagley, Huey, Colvin, etc. — but little or nothing about their discoveries. The only allusion that I could find to a concrete discovery referred to the discovery by E. B. Huey of the difference between reading aloud and silent reading.

[1] *The Nation*, N. Y., September 7, 1911.
[2] October 12, 1911, and November 23, 1911.

Eager to master this discovery, I procured Professor Huey's book on *The Psychology and Pedagogy of Reading.* I found Mr. Huey's book not uninteresting, though the thread of the argument is rather attenuated; if he should apply his theory of reading to a theory of writing, the size of the book would be reduced by two-thirds. Mr. Huey's discoveries, which embody more or less the work of previous investigators, are mainly (1) that the eye, in passing along a printed line, does not stop to fixate each word, much less each letter, but pauses for an instant at, say, three or four points of fixation and grasps the material of the line in so many gross divisions; from which it is inferred that natural reading consists in the instantaneous grasp of whole phrases and sentences. It is discovered also (2) that, while some sort of "inner speech," or tendency to vocal utterance, is involved in most silent reading, as a rule this inner speech is greatly compressed, or abbreviated, and therefore consumes a much smaller period of time than the time required for reading aloud. Further (3) it is discovered (rather hastily, it seems, judging from the array of facts) that rapid reading promotes understanding. Mr. Huey's discovery is then summarized in the practical conclusion that the chief end to be cultivated in teaching children to read is speed; and for the cultivation of speed we must abandon the practice of teaching them to read by having them read aloud. I shall not pause to dwell upon the value of this discovery or to point out its importance as an aid to the thoughtful appreciation of literature. It will be sufficient to present the reader with a clear case of a pedagogical Pasteur.

Perhaps the greatest name, however, in the recent developments of pedagogical science is that of the late Professor Ernst Meumann, of Hamburg. Meumann, I believe, is regarded as the founder of the new science of "experimental pedagogy." Two or three years ago my attention was attracted to an English translation of his

Psychology of Learning, and curious to know what was meant by experimental pedagogy, I read the book. I found it to be a typical product of German learning, honest, laborious, exhaustive, and correspondingly devoid of imagination and critical insight. What interested me most was the writer's conception of "learning." Naïvely, I had supposed learning to be an intellectual operation; and this character I had supposed to be certainly implied in the *psychology* of learning. In Professor Meumann's experiments, it seems that "learning" was confined almost exclusively to memorizing — a process that involves about as much "psychology" as the learning involved in teaching a dog tricks.

What are the discoveries resulting from this experimental investigation into the nature of "learning"? I can give only a few samples. It is discovered that we are better able to remember the things that we understand; a series of words is more likely to be remembered than a series of nonsense-syllables. Again, that words in the form of sentences are more easily remembered than disconnected words. A farther discovery is that through false expectations we may be led to mistake one word for another. And a yet farther discovery is that we feel less certain of the accuracy of our memory after some time has elasped. Still another is that a too careful attention to the wording of a passage may divert our attention from the sense. These I believe to be faithful illustrations of the kind of discoveries which distinguish the science of pedagogy, and which furnish the basis for the "Professor of Pedagogy's" suggestion about the coming Pasteurs and Listers. I leave them to the judgment of the reader, merely requesting him not to overlook their most obvious merit; for in an age marked by a rapid succession of new things — automobiles, submarines, aeroplanes, wireless telegraphs, new women and new sciences — it is an advantage to have some discoveries that bring no shock to the nervous system.

If I were permitted to describe this comparison with Pasteur and Lister in a dialect strictly American, I should call it a highly courageous exhibition of what is called "bluff." More precisely, it is a rhetorical question designed to create the illusion of superior knowledge on the part of the questioner, and thereby to reduce the uninformed reader to silence and confusion. This particular style of argument is so common to pedagogical reformers that, at the risk of boring my reader, I feel constrained to offer another illustration, which is too good of its kind to be allowed to pass unnoticed. It consists of a "drive" of fourteen rhetorical questions, launched without warning upon the reader, in the midst of a recent book by a Harvard professor of pedagogy.

Why is it that education limits its interest so largely to the word and neglects the thought? Education, we are told over and over again, is primarily linguistic. Should this be so? Was it not John Milton who said, "And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and the lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only"? Why in place of studying the Greek grammar or even the Greek language do we not read the "solid things" in the literature of that remarkable people? If Rome's great contribution to civilization was law and orderly administration, why does our study of Latin not undertake to lead us to some knowledge of the nature of Rome's greatest gift to the world? Why instead of confining our students to English literature do we not first make them acquainted with the first-class literature of mankind? Is there any really good and sufficient reason why the student in the general courses should not know his Homer, his Plato, his Dante, and Cervantes as well as his Shakespeare? Why in place of the more remote aspects of mathematics do not such homely and commonly used matters as the theory and practice of statistics, graphs, simple projective geometry, and mechanical drawing come in for general attention? Why do we not give as much attention to physical training as the Greeks did? We know that it is more necessary than they did, and

we know more about scientific ways of instructing in it. Why do we not teach each person the elements of health protection? Why, though we say that the object of education is preparation for intelligent citizenship, do we not teach each person the elements of law? Why, when we say that the object of education is morality, do we trust to incidental and indirect instruction to generate clear notions of what morality is? Why, when we say that one of our chief objects is to teach scientific method, do we not from his very beginning in the elementary school involve each student in a critical search for the reasons for common things? Why when we study the languages do we not learn to use them? Why is not everyone taught shorthand, typewriting, and the elements of accounting? Why is it not part of our theory of general education to teach everyone a trade, as Locke and Rousseau recommended? Why do we not teach every student how to study? [1]

These questions furnish a fair measure of the self-sufficiency of the pedagogical expert and of his corresponding lack of reflection. Each is based upon some view of fact or of desirability, quietly assumed to be beyond question, but in no case really more than doubtful. One need only meet each question with a simple counter-question to render the whole passage innocuous. For example, since the *word* is never (except possibly for the science of phonetics) a mere sound, how is it possible to study the word without studying the thought? How, indeed, is one to study Latin syntax apart from an analysis of meaning? And are we to say that Homer, Xenophon, Herodotus, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Demosthenes, and Thucydides — who make up, as a rule, the college curriculum in Greek — are not among the "solid things" in Greek literature? Upon what ground may we expect the high-school student, or the college undergraduate, to appreciate the significance of Roman law? And where is the reasonably good teacher who does not now undertake to "involve" his students in a critical search for the reasons for common things? Under present industrial conditions, in which distribution plays so large

[1] Ernest Carroll Moore, *What is Education?* pp. 218–19.

a part, why under the sun should "everyone" learn a trade? And what part of the total population has any real need for short-hand, or for professional typewriting? As for "clear notions of what morality is," those familiar with the literature of moral philosophy will rejoice to learn that such notions have at last been found.

The most delightful of these questions is the last. Evidently the Harvard professor of pedagogy thinks that he knows the secret of teaching students how to study, and, one may presume, of teaching them how to study under the conditions presented by instruction in classes. If he knows this secret, all that I need say is that there are thousands of teachers in school and college, men and women who have devoted years, not to the abstract science of education, but to the daily practice of the concrete art, who would pay him liberally for the use of it. They have doubtless discovered that, while you may teach a student a rule for dealing with cases similar to those encountered before, yet to teach him *how to study* — how to grasp by an original and independent act of mind the significance of a novel subject-matter — this presupposes on their part a knowledge which none of the masters in pedagogy, and none of the masters in psychology or in logic, seems yet to have revealed. If they learn this secret from the Harvard professor of pedagogy, they will doubtless expect him also to tell them how to conceive new and valuable mechanical devices, how to create masterpieces of literature and art, and how to be original and witty.

GOETHE AND ECKERMANN

ONE MORE CONVERSATION — IN ANNO 1916

ELYSIUM: AUGUST, 1916.

IT was some time since I had seen His Excellency, — according to earthly reckoning, a good twelve-month, — and though I had called from time to time at his celestial abode, the porter had persistently refused me admission, having, it appears, received formal instructions that the "Herr Geheimbderath" (he prefers this archaic form) was not to be disturbed. Needless to say, this has been a cause of considerable chagrin to me, as the series of our posthumous "Conversations" has had to be suspended. My pleasure was accordingly all the greater, when, just a year after the Great Conflagration, my patience was finally rewarded and I was admitted into the High Sanctum of Olympus.

I found His Excellency in animated conversation with the Shades of Cuvier and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, — the latter now the best of friends, thanks largely to Goethe's mediation.

"Here comes Dr. Eckermann!" I heard His Excellency exclaim as I approached deferentially, and then, as I stood bowing profoundly to the company, Goethe continued: "Well, Eckermann, have you heard the news?"

"Yes, Your Excellency," I responded, with another obeisance, "the Germans have taken Warsaw."

I heard Goethe give his characteristic chuckle as he clapped me on the back, — an old habit of his, to which I am still trying to accustom myself.

"Eckermann! Eckermann!" he laughed, "still the same I see! — No, no, my friend, — the news, the Great News, is the arrival of Professor Ehrlich! My old friend Dr. Hufeland has just left word to say that he is expected every moment. That's news, — isn't it?"

I murmured a polite assent, though, as a matter of fact, I was not a little mortified. — Professor Ehrlich, forsooth! — Had I been kept waiting a whole year to be regaled with a scientific harangue or a disquisition on serums, when I had been hoping for some profound pronouncements on the great events which our Fatherland was celebrating? To be sure, it was not the first time I had suffered a similar disappointment, but my old skill at turning the conversation into a desired channel stood me in good stead, so I remarked tactfully: "Ah, to be sure! What a timely arrival! He comes just right to help us celebrate the anniversary of Tannenberg."

Goethe favored me with an Olympic stare, which I, however, pretended not to notice, as I added hastily, "Which reminds me, Your Excellency, that our countrymen, especially the newspapers, are citing in this connection your famous remark after the Battle of Valmy." As I mentioned Valmy, I saw a gleam of light flash into Goethe's eyes, and his Jove-like brow wrinkle into a frown. "Valmy!" His voice sounded trenchant, almost stern. "I remember: 'From to-day begins a new epoch in the history of the world,' [1] — but I fail to see the connection. What has Valmy to do with Tannenberg, — or whatever you call it?"

My long experience had taught me when to hold my tongue, so I waited for His Excellency to continue, which he presently did, as follows:

"Valmy was the dawn of a new period — the period of liberty, of national consciousness, — and you say —!" He broke off, and began pacing up and down. "So they are quoting me, are they? Any other quotations you have heard?"

"Yes, Your Excellency," I answered somewhat timidly, not feeling that our Conversation had started very happily, "there is a quotation from *Faust* which the press, especially the comic journals, delight to quote."

[1] See Goethe's autobiographical essay: *Kampagne in Frankreich.*

"Which is that?" asked Goethe quickly.

"It goes — 'und flüstern englisch wenn sie lügen.'" [1]

"Oh, are they still ringing the changes on a pun which was never intended?" Goethe shrugged his shoulders. "I thought you referred to another passage in the Second Part" — and I caught his Mephistophelian smile as he quoted "Im deutschen lügt man wenn man höflich ist! — But as for that pun," he continued, "I should have thought that even my commentators might know that 'englisch' here stands for 'engelhaft'!"

"They do know it!" I retorted, not without some asperity: for Goethe's tendency to gibe at his commentators does not meet with my approval.

"So much the worse for them for their bad faith in ascribing a libel to me which I never committed," was his comment.

At this moment Lord Byron, who had been listening in the background with true insular disregard of polite manners, intruded himself and requested Goethe to explain the reference to *Faust*, which His Excellency, knowing his Lordship's linguistic limitations,[2] proceeded to do, courteously translating into English the passages referred to, — a proceeding I did not think was particularly discreet on the part of his Excellency after the barefaced "Manfred" business. Having with some difficulty explained the pun on "englisch," which Lord Byron de-

[1] "Und flüstern englisch wenn sie lügen." See *Faust*, Part I, Scene ii ("Vor dem Thor"). Lit.: "And whisper angelically when they lie." "Engelhaft" or "engelgleich" is the ordinary form and avoids ambiguity. The same use of "englisch" occurs in Part II, last scene ("Chor der Seligen Knaben"), where the expression is: "englisches Unterpfand." This unintentional play on words, "englisch" being of course taken as "English," has been exploited by the Germans at various times, notably during the Boer War.

[2] Writing to Murray from Ravenna, June 7, 1820, and in reference to Goethe, Byron says: "His *Faust* I have never read, for I don't know German." Also in a letter to Hoppner (Ravenna, May 25, 1820) Byron requests the former to supply him with a translation of an essay by Goethe in *Kunst und Alterthum*, dealing with Lord Byron. After saying he is afraid the article is not complimentary to judge by the many exclamation-marks, Byron adds: "I shall regret this, for I should have been proud of Goethe's good word, but I sha'n't alter my opinion of him, even though he should be savage." The article in question was laudatory in the highest degree.

clared was, whether intentional or not, a just summing up of the mendacity of his d—d countrymen, Goethe expounded the other passage about German politeness. At this Byron set up a loud gaffaw, and vowed and protested he would pass it on to Coleridge and Co., which he promptly proceeded to do: for he never loses an opportunity of a quip at the expense of those "hamstrung Lakers," as he is pleased to call Mr. Wordsworth's inoffensive *Stammtisch.*

As Goethe watched His Lordship strut off on his malicious errand, I saw his eyes light up, and there was a strange tenderness in his voice as he observed: "There goes my Euphorion!" [1] (He always refers to B. as Euphorion, though never to his face.) Then turning to me: "By the way, have you heard Heine's latest?" I admitted I had not, and should have liked to add, that I did not care to either, for our Conversation had already been sufficiently interrupted, and then — well, Heine somehow does not suit the moment. But Goethe was in one of his tantalizing moods, so I had to make the best of it and beg him to inform me of Heine's latest scintillation, though I detest Semitic levity.

"Heine declares that Lord Byron is the Teddy Roosevelt of the Olympians!"

I endeavored to arouse my risibility, though my efforts were not convincing. Heine is certainly deteriorating, and no wonder, for the professional rivalry with "Endymion" (known to his countrymen as "the author of *Lady Windermere's Fan*") is enough to make any man's wit run to seed.

"His Lordship," continued Goethe, "would have made a famous Rough Rider! He declared the other day that he was dying to meet the Colonel, and feels sure they would become bosom friends. But to return to our Conversation, — for I suppose that is what you have come for?"

[1] Euphorion" is introduced in the Second Part of *Faust*, in the scene with Helena, and symbolizes Lord Byron.

I bowed assent, whereupon His Excellency made a visible effort to resume the subject in hand. "Of course," he observed after a moment's reflection, "these are stirring times on earth. Nations in arms, — just as they were a hundred years ago! That should prove a stimulus for our young poets!" Then suddenly looking up: "And who is our new Koerner?" "Koerner!" I repeated rather helplessly, for the question had taken me unawares; "the fact is — well, — there is Gerhard Hauptmann."

"Hauptmann," interrupted Goethe, "he is surely out of the question! How is a man at his age to write war-songs? You remember what I once said to you on the subject — my answer to the reproach that in 1813 I did not contribute to the war literature?"

"Perfectly," I replied. "Your Excellency's words, as I recall them, were (here I quoted from memory): 'Write war-songs in my study! Would that have been in my nature? — At the campfire, — where the neighing of horses can be heard of nights from the enemy's outposts, — that would have suited me! That, however, was not my life nor my business, but Theodor Koerner's. His war-songs suit him down to the ground, but for me, who am not of a warlike nature and do not possess the warrior mind, battle songs would have been a mask which would have ill become me. I have never in my poetry made any attempt to simulate. Whatever lay outside my experience, and did not obsess me and glow in my finger tips, found no expression in my verses or my speech. I wrote love poems only when I was in love. How was I to write songs of hate without hating? And, between you and me, I did not hate the French, though I thanked God when we had got rid of them. How, forsooth, was I, to whom Culture and Barbarism were the only things which mattered, — how was I to hate a nation which is accounted among the most cultured in the world, and to whom I am indebted for a great part of my own development? Altogether this question of hatred among nations is a curious

thing. You will always find it most strongly and violently developed, the lower you descend in the scale of culture. But there is a degree where it entirely disappears and where, in a sense, one stands above the nations — where the joys and woes of a neighboring people are felt as keenly as if they had befallen one's own nation. This degree of culture was in keeping with my nature and herein I had firmly established myself long ere I had reached my sixtieth year.'"

When I had finished my citation, Goethe, who had been listening attentively, looked up. "I have nothing to add to that, I think. As for Hauptmann, whom you mentioned, I should be really surprised if he were so ill advised as to rush in where I had feared to tread! No, what I meant was, who is our young poet, — our Gallifer, who sings in the battle-front, as Koerner did in our day?"

For a moment I cudgelled my brains. "There is a certain Herr — I have forgotten his name — who was awarded the Iron Cross for writing the *Hymn of Hate.*"

"The Hymn of — what?" shouted His Excellency.

"*The Hymn of Hate*, — saving your presence, Herr Geheimrat."

Goethe stared at me in amazement, and began pacing to and fro, muttering to himself. I could not catch what he was saying, as he has kept the old trick of lapsing into his native Frankfort idiom whenever he is strongly moved, — perhaps intentionally, for, considering his age and reputation, it would be hardly wise to be as explicit as in the *Goetz von Berlichingen* days!

"So they are writing Hymns of Hate?" he began again in his most cutting official tone, "as a pendant, I suppose, to Schiller's *Hymn to Joy!*" — The comparison seemed to tickle his fancy, for his joviality returned as he added: "I hope not in the same metre! But there! — don't begin quoting it, for Heaven's sake! The title alone is quite enough for me, — and what a title! Is that all?"

I had meanwhile seized the occasion of his little out-

burst, and covertly dipped into the notes I always prepare for our Conversations, so I was able to respond to his question with greater readiness "There is also an epic poem on Bismarck by the novelist Gustav Frenssen."

"Aha!" said Goethe, pausing in his walk, and looking at me with becoming seriousness, though I could catch a merry twinkle in his eye. "That sounds better! In hexameters, I suppose?"

"To be sure, Your Excellency," I answered glibly, "fifteen thousand hexameters divided into twenty-eight cantos."

The Jove-like lips pursed themselves and for a moment I feared His Excellency was about to forget himself so far as to whistle. But fortunately he restrained himself in time. "That, as my friend Walt Whitman might say, 'is going some!'" he remarked with mock gravity. (I regret to say that Goethe's well-known penchant for questionable colloquialisms has not abated since he left Weimar, and he takes a mischievous pride in displaying his latest acquisitions, especially when, as in the present case, he knows that it annoys.) "Fifteen thousand hexameters!" he went on. "That's rather more than Schiller and I combined managed to produce! But we are a progressive nation!"

"It has been forbidden to be sold in certain parts of Germany," I volunteered.

But Goethe, who had resumed his march, merely observed that he supposed that to be an unnecessary precaution, and became lost in a brown study. As my glance wandered past him, I discovered the cause for this sudden change of mood. Isaac Newton was passing by in company with Darwin. I remembered the *Farbenlehre* [1] and certain anatomical essays of Goethe, and held my peace till the couple had passed out of earshot. Meanwhile I could hear Goethe murmuring to himself as he paced up

[1] Goethe's *Farbenlehre* (Doctrine of Colors) was written to refute Newton's theories. The fact that scientists in general did not endorse his theories was a sore point with Goethe. (See *Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe.*)

and down with his hands behind his back, "They are going off to meet Ehrlich before I can get at him!" — followed by a few ejaculations in his native frankfortois. Finally, however, he managed to shake himself together and condescended to resume the subject of our sadly interrupted Conversation.

"Well, Eckermann," he began, resuming the old friendly tone, which was ever the best reward for my devoted labors, "what is expected of me to-day?"

"The fact is, Your Excellency," I rejoined quickly in my most business-like reporter tone, for I feared another diversion, "as you are aware, in spite of what you confessed to me on October 11, 1828, about your works never becoming popular and being intended only for kindred spirits, your cult has been and is the pride of your countrymen. You are the keystone of our universal German *Kultur!*" At these words I saw Goethe flinch. I tried to hurry on, but he stopped me with an imperative gesture. "Universal Culture!" he echoed, "I thought I had settled that point once and for all in *Dichtung und Wahrheit?*"

"To be sure, to be sure, Your Excellency!" I hastened to reply, "I recall the passage perfectly. It occurs in Part II, Book vi: 'For since no universal culture is able to penetrate our Fatherland —'"

"That sounds conclusive enough, I think," interrupted Goethe, "nor do I see any reason to modify my judgment."

"Your Excellency," I interposed, "will be pleased to remember that you entitled this biography of yours 'Poetry and Truth.' Consequently it will not appear surprising that some of your utterances — as the one in question — are put down to the account of 'Poetry.'"

My argument seemed to carry conviction: for Goethe only sighed resignedly and prayed me to continue, which I hastened to do.

"As I was saying, your works, your utterances, are the Alpha and Omega of German inspiration. So much

is this the case, that nothing relating to your life has remained unexplored, and according to recent accounts the fruit of twenty-five years' patient search in archives and private correspondences has resulted in the unearthing of 13,000 letters concerning you in some way or other, forming in all 49 volumes. Your account- and memorandum-books bring this collection up to 134 volumes!"

I paused to see the effect of my statistics, but beyond a "H'm!" which sounded very much like a yawn, my words seemed to have made no particular impression on Goethe: so I continued: "Under these circumstances, it should not appear surprising that your countrymen, at this historical crisis, should look to you to find some — what shall I say? — prophetic justification, some commendation of their political enterprise. Nearly all the civilized world is enlisted against our country in a life-and-death struggle. It is natural that in this contest the primeval passions should be aroused, that men should hate and find pleasure in hating. But — and here comes the hitch! — the nature, the essence of your life-work is such that it is difficult to find therein the desired stimulus, — the historical incentive. To give you an example: the German Emperor, who, as Your Excellency is aware, is a great orator, and delights in poetical quotations, seldom, if ever, quotes from your works, — much to the chagrin of your faithful disciples."

Here His Excellency was again pleased to interrupt me.

"Come, come, Eckermann!" he observed with gentle irony, "there is also another reason, — as you must be aware. Certain remarks of mine, particularly with regard to the Imperial capital, are probably as much to blame as any deficiency of my own. You may remember some of them?"

"Certainly," I replied, referring again to my opus and reading: — "'Thursday, Dec. 4, 1823.' Referring to the musician Zelter, Your Excellency remarked: 'I hardly

know anyone who at the same time is so sensitive as Zelter. And in addition we must not forget that he has lived more than half a century in Berlin. Now, as I am beginning to notice more and more, the race which lives there is so bold,[1] that one cannot accomplish much there with delicate manners, but on the contrary, must show one's teeth and occasionally be a bit rude to keep one's head above water.' Again, on March 30, 1831, you refer to the 'little prosaic town of Berlin' which hardly affords any scope for the demon of genius to expand, to say nothing of your remarks on March 12, 1828, when, after having paid every imaginary sort of compliment to the English, their personality, dignity, harmonious development, and laughing at our ridiculous police measures for restricting the excesses of youth, you refer to young German savants, especially those 'from a certain north-easterly direction' in the most scathing terms. To quote your exact words, they are: 'Short-sighted, pale, with fallen-in chests, young without youthfulness,' and you go on to remark, 'As soon as ever I begin a conversation with them, I notice at once, that whatever gives the rest of us pleasure, appears void and trivial to them, that they are entirely stuck fast in ideas, and that only the highest problems of speculation are fit subjects for their interest. Of healthy senses and joy in what concerns their exercise, there is not a trace in them. All feeling of youthfulness, all pleasure of youth, is driven out of them, and, alas! irretrievably! — for if a man is not young at twenty, how can he be so at forty?'"

Goethe nodded. "I am afraid there is not much change! — But to return to our subject! You will also remember that a suggestion from my Berlin admirers that I should exchange Weimar for Berlin, was not received very kindly. There are a number of reasons for what you mention, which we need not enter into now. But, as they are looking for patriotic stimulus, how about *Egmont?* Surely

[1] "Bold": the German word is "verwegen."

there is enough of love for one's country, and heroic sacrifice in *Egmont* to supply a dozen patriotic orators with citations?"

"*Egmont!*" I exclaimed with ill-concealed surprise. "Surely Your Excellency has forgotten that the theme of the tragedy is the glorification of the Netherlands, as symbolized by the figure of your hero, — and the Netherlands might seem to allude to Belgium, which was part of them, I understand!"

We looked at each other for a moment in silence, then he continued:

"But after all, there is surely nothing subversive in *Egmont!*"

"Not subversive, Excellency, — but perhaps a trifle untimely. For instance, in the first scene one of the Flemish burghers exclaims, in answer to the soldiers' toast to war: 'War! War! Do you realize what you are shouting? It's easy enough for you to bellow the word, but I wish I could tell you how sick it makes the rest of us! Drums beating the whole year round! To hear of nothing but columns advancing here or there, coming up over a hill, making a stand by a mill, — how many were slaughtered in this place, how many in the other, — how they advance, how one side scores a success and the other is defeated; — and with it all, a fellow doesn't know who has won and who has lost anything! — How a town is taken, citizens murdered, — and what happens to the wretched women and children! Nothing but fear and trembling! Every minute you think: Here they come! Now it is our turn!'"

I paused and looked up. Goethe, who had been listening attentively, nodded. "Yes," he observed, "I see. It might be misconstrued!"

"As also," I hastened to add, "the Regent's remarks about Alba: He has recourse to fire and sword, and thinks that is the way to tame humanity! And then Egmont's words to Alba's son — "

"Aye, aye," said Goethe, "I remember: 'Tell him I know him and that the world despises every trophy of victory which a petty spirit sets up for itself through unfair means! — and as for you, if it be possible for a son to depart from the ways of his father, practice shame betimes by learning to blush for him whom you would fain revere!' — To be sure, malicious minds might make an unwelcome application of these lines!"

Personally I failed to see what should make Goethe smile in this, for the corners of his mouth were beginning to twitch, though his eyes remained grave as he continued: "Let us pass over *Egmont.* But surely there are sufficient references to inspire our war orators in my sayings and writings on the war of Liberation and the unity of the German nation?"

"No one can gainsay that, Your Excellency," I hastened to corroborate. "There is, among other things, our memorable conversation of Oct. 23, 1828, in which you expressed your confidence in the unity of Germany, though disapproving of any attempt to centralize German life in an imperial capital."

Goethe nodded, but as he offered no farther observations, I continued: "As I was saying: our countrymen are facing a storm of unprecedented violence. Our military situation is, however, secure, and so is our financial. Thanks to the untiring and ingenious efforts of our statesmen, new sources of revenue are being constantly opened up, and the world is learning with amazement how inexhaustible are the resources of our Fatherland."

As I paused for breath, Goethe, who was pondering deeply, remarked:

"I have heard something about these financial operations, the raising of huge war-loans and so forth, from my friend Necker, who continues to take the most lively interest in all such matters." He stopped, and then proceeded, more as if talking to himself than addressing me:

"Little did I dream they were going to take me at my word, when I wrote that political satire in the Second Part of *Faust*, and showed how the Devil raised the wind! — But pray go on, Dr. Eckermann! I am listening."

"On the seas," I continued, "we have covered ourselves with glory. True, there has been some unjustified outcry at the severe measures we were forced to adopt in the application of submarine warfare." Here I stopped abruptly, for in spite of Goethe's assurance that he was listening, I could hear him murmuring to himself. Seeing my look of interrogation, he broke off. "Excuse me," he said courteously, "but some lines from my *Iphigenia* have been running in my head. Sir Walter Scott was good enough to put them into English. I should like to know how they strike you, as you are such a good English scholar."

The compliment was evidently intended as a sop to my impatience at this new diversion from our topic, and getting the better of it, I begged His Excellency to quote the translation referred to, which he did. The lines, as I recollect them, ran:

> A king who orders an inhuman act,
> Finds slaves enow, who will, for gain or favor,
> Take on themselves half of the deed's opprobium;
> But spotless is his presence as before.
> Wrapt in dark clouds he meditates on death;
> His wrathful messengers wreck devastation
> And flaming ruin on the poor man's head,
> But he soars thro' the empyrean serene,
> Despite the storm, an unassailéd god! [1]

When Goethe had finished, I made some suitable remarks about the merits of Sir Walter's translation, and was about to return to my subject, when Goethe requested me to listen also to the following verses from the "Song of the Parcæ" in the same drama:

[1] See Goethe's *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, Act V, Scene iii.

The Heavenly Rulers
Avert from whole races
Their grace-spending glances;
Unstirred is their memory
Though traits of the grandsire,
Once dear to them, linger
In his descendant.[1]

Having repeated my polite generalities, I decided, in order to avoid further digressions, to make straight for my point, especially as Goethe seemed to be in one of his Mephistophelian moods, when his mind goes will-o'-the-wisping and leads one into sudden and ambiguous passes.

"Your Excellency," I said, "history is repeating itself, reënacting the drama of a hundred years ago. True, our former allies have become our enemies and joined their and our ancient foe."

"And how do you account for this defection?" asked Goethe abruptly.

"Jealousy, Your Excellency," I replied unhesitatingly, "jealousy on the part of England and Russia, revenge on the part of France, bribery and corruption as regards Belgium and the Balkans, greed and treachery on the part of Italy."

"And to whom, pray, are you indebted for this succinct analysis of the situation?"

"To whom?" I echoed vaguely, "why — our philosophers, our great thinkers foresaw this long ago!"

"Foresaw it, did they!" snapped His Excellency with sudden asperity. "Then why did they not avoid it?" His eyes flashed with sudden anger. "If you want my opinion," he continued, "they foresaw everything except what was going to happen. That which I had occasion to tell you over and over again about our compatriots, and of which you made note, holds as true now as in my day. They say, our intellectual friends, that they are walking in my footsteps and those of Schiller and the other few

[1] See *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, Act IV, Scene v.

who with us made — and for a brief period only — the Golden Age of Culture in our Fatherland? What traces remained of our influence, they have destroyed, I fear forever, and called up the age of Barbarism we had so successfully banished. I tell you, Eckermann," he went on with increasing vehemence, "they have added the last stroke to their long efforts, and our life-work is undone, — mine especially, which was one long negation of just the ideals they have been setting up for my unfortunate countrymen! They read me! They propagate me in countless editions with futile excursions into trivial personal matter which is no business of theirs. They appear to think that my productions were especially intended for the exercise of their exegetic talents, that for instance, the Second Part of *Faust*, — which you remember I foretold you would give them many a nut to crack — had no other object than to stimulate the hair-splitting proclivities of Teutonic Professors! But who thinks of preaching my gospel in the living, quickening spirit, instead of as a dead letter, — of emulating, as far as lies in each, the example of my earth-days, — of following in the 'Spur von meinen Erdentagen,' as Faust says?"

So far I had listened patiently to His Excellency's tirade, though I had been strongly tempted, when he made his sarcastic reference to his reading public, to point out that this contained some of our most eminent men, — that Prince Buelow, to quote one among many, was a fervent reader of Goethe, — but as the Herr Geheimrat does not like to be interrupted, I had borne his harangue in silence. His Excellency being now pleased to make a rhetorical, or respiratory, pause, I decided to assuage as quickly as possible the painful impression which my words had made. Knowing by previous experience that the best way to accomplish this was to begin by agreeing with my ruffled Olympian, I observed humbly: "Your Excellency's observations recall what you said to me on

a former occasion" (here I opened my magnum opus), "to be precise, on May 3, 1827, your exact words being: 'We Germans are of yesterday. We have, to be sure, been cultivating ourselves energetically for the last hundred years, but it will take a few more centuries. My countrymen are sufficiently illumined and cultivated in a higher sense, so as to worship beauty as the Greeks did, to wax enthusiastic over a pretty song, and to merit that men say of them: It is long since they were Barbarians!'"

My words had the desired effect: for Goethe's good humor returned, and he even began to chuckle, as he observed: "I hear they no longer refute the soft impeachment of being Barbarians, that, in fact, there is a sort of halo about the 'Blond Beast of Prey,' — thanks to Nietzsche and Richard Wagner! The German Michel metamorphosized into Young Siegfried is an ingenious presentation of the case! *An deutschem Wesen wird die Welt genesen!*" he laughed.

Seeing my opening, I began: "Of course this outcry about our Hunnish methods of warfare, destruction of Christian monuments, and so forth — "

Here Goethe, whose sense of humor seemed to have gained the upper hand with wonted suddenness, shot me a twinkling glance as he quoted his well-known dictum:

> It is the German Paladin's just pride,
> That they could not Christianity abide.[1]

"After all," I resumed, "if Rheims Cathedral was bombarded by us, so was Strasburg Cathedral by the French, and if there had been high explosives in those days, the damage would have been the same. But war polemics aside, in a moral and ethical sense our military successes have doubtless had the inevitable effect of decrying our civilization, even in neutral countries. Still it

[1] See Goethe's *Sprüche*. The original passage begins:

> Den deutschen Mannen gereicht's zum Ruhm,
> Dass sie gehasst das Christentum,
> Bis Herrn Carolus leidigem Degen
> Die edlen Sachsen unterlegen.

seems unjust, unreasonable, that great neutral countries which lie without the war zone, like the United States of America, where our influence and example have been untiring for several generations, should turn against us — that kindred peoples, like the Dutch of South Africa, who have so lately felt the galling yoke of British aggression, should join their oppressors — that in spite of our strenuous efforts to gain their allegiance, the populations of our annexed provinces of Alsace-Lorraine and Poland, should remain recalcitrant and mutely hostile, preferring ephemeral dreams of a misconstrued liberty to the solid advantages of rational organization and systematic development. To them our *Aufklaerung*, our *Weltanschauung*, in a word, our *Seelenleben*, seem to be as pearls cast before swine!"

Goethe looked at me quizzically. "'*Weltanschauung*, *Aufklaerung*, *Seelenleben*'!" he echoed, "Words, words, words! — as Hamlet would say. Philosophical terms! — nothing more, unless you call practical psychology to your aid. But there's the rub! — The Germans are a wondrous people!" he continued (repeating nearly word for word a passage I noted in my book under date of May 6, 1827) — "With their ponderous reflections and ideas, which they look for everywhere and read into everything, they render life unnecessarily burdensome! — Zounds! Why for once can't you have the courage of submitting to impressions, of taking delight in things, of letting yourselves be moved, exalted, — aye, and instructed, — of being aroused and inspired to something great? But don't forever think that everything is vain unless it contain an abstract thought or idea! Impressions, — live, vital, first-hand impressions, — that's what you all lack, and for lack of it all your civilization and 'Kultur' is *schlecht und modern-Sardanapal!*" [1]

The Faustian epithet rang out like a thunderclap.

[1] See *Faust*, Part II, Act IV, Scene ii. The expression is used in reply to Mephistopheles' licentious advice.

"As for your wiseacres and your crude world-organizers," resumed Goethe, "it were better for them that they followed Dr. Faustus' example and sold their souls to the Devil, if thereby they could realize the truth of the Mephistophelian adage that 'all theory is gray, and green alone the Golden Tree of Life!' That's my advice to our Intellectuals."

I bowed and assured His Excellency that I would not fail to transmit his message, and asked whether there was anything to add.

"You may add what Mephistopheles says to the Emperor in the Second Part," rejoined Goethe, and proceeded to quote the passage:

> Aye, there you are, my learned gentlemen!
> What you can't grasp, lies miles out of your ken!
> What you can't seize on, is ignored by you!
> What you can't calculate, you hold cannot be true!
> What you can't weigh, that, think you, has no weight!
> What you can't coin, you fail to estimate! [1]

As the last words, articulated with really Satanic vehemence, sounded forth in Goethe's sonorous accents, a sharp, metallic voice, rang out like a clarion call:

"Vous êtes un Homme!"

I started and faced about. Behind us stood a small, stout figure, his hands clasped behind his back and his three-cornered hat jammed down over his pale forehead, across which lay a mesh of straight brown hair cut like a Bar Sinister. It was the Shade of the Little Corporal, who never omits the old-time greeting, whenever during his ceaseless rambles through the Elysian Fields he encounters the Old Gentleman from Weimar.

[1] See *Faust*, Part II, Scene ii. In the original "learned gentleman" is in the singular.

N. B. The English translations given in the text are by the author.

THE GREAT UNSCRAMBLING OF 1925

"THE Interstate Commerce Commission have decided against us again," said the President of the Road.

"What have we done now?" said I.

"I don't know that we have done anything. But the Interstate Commerce Commission have jurisdiction over us, and they say we must not raise the freight rates. We cannot make both ends meet any longer if we do not raise something, and we have raised the passenger rates as much as the traffic will bear. I wish the Interstate Commerce Commission was with the late lamented McGinty."

"What a wicked wish!" said I.

"Oh," said the President, "I've nothing against them as individuals. I only wish there were no Interstate Commerce Commission."

"There's only one way to abolish that Commission," said I.

"Yes — for Government to take over the railroads, I suppose. Government isn't ready."

"I don't mean that. I know a quicker way. There wouldn't be any Interstate Commerce Commission if there was no interstate commerce, — at least, if there were no interstate railroads the Interstate Commerce Commission would not bother railroads *within a State*."

"What in the world?" said the President.

"It's very simple," said I. "Uncle Sam made the road unscramble ten or twelve years ago; — well, you sloughed off the trolley and steamboat lines and the Boston and Maine; — now you could do more unscrambling. The principal line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford starts in New York City and goes to Boston by several routes, let it start in Greenwich and have terminals in Westerly, East Thompson and Thompsonville."

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"Not go to New York at all? Not go to Boston? You are crazy!"

"By no means. Another road will go to Boston from Longmeadow, and from Douglas Junction, Massachusetts. The terminals could be built on the state lines, and the New York Central would willingly buy the road from New York City to the boundary line of Connecticut."

"And the poor stockholders? Where would they be?"

"Where are they now? Between the labor unions and the Government they are not allowed any dividends. As far as Massachusetts and Rhode Island go, it would be easy enough to divide up the stock according to value, and apportion it among the holders. It would only mean a bookkeeping problem, and the stockholders would be no worse off than they are now."

"And the traveling public?"

"They would have to change cars. The exercise, — and the consequent opportunity for reflection, — would do them good."

I had been married to the President of the Railroad for a year, and things had been pretty strenuous. I never saw my husband except at breakfast. He never had time to go anywhere with me, — hardly even Sunday, — most Sundays he had to work. When there was not a suit with the Government, there was a strike; and when there was a strike, the public and the Interstate Commerce Commission demanded an immediate settlement, and always in favor of the strikers, as the public could not be inconvenienced. As prices rose, and wages even more rapidly, there were no dividends, and the stockholders were not happy. Two private Secretaries had died from overwork. Nobody was suited, and I wondered at the patience of the officials of the road.

So it happened that I, and I only, am responsible for the Great Unscrambling that took place. Mine was the idea, and I don't care who knows it.

I did not suppose the President had thought about my remarks at all, or even remembered them, until a few days later he remarked casually:

"Do you know, Katharine, your idea about a railroad for each State could not be carried out in New England only? All the railroads in the United States would have to combine to do it."

"Well," said I, "why couldn't they? They are all more or less in the same fix, for none of them are paying dividends."

The President did not say anything more, but a few weeks later he attended a meeting of all the railroad Presidents in the country. It was held in St. Louis, and lasted over a week, and the sessions were secret. They managed to keep all the reporters out, and I did not know a thing about what had happened, not even after Jeremiah came home: for although he usually talked railroads constantly, this time he had nothing to say. In a few days there was a meeting of the Directors of the Road, and although of course the stockholders had to be invited, yet the poor things were so discouraged now that only a few came, and luckily they were those who understood matters very well, and were willing to vote as the Directors thought best. Even then it was several weeks before it was generally known what had happened.

At the St. Louis meeting the Railroad Presidents had agreed to resolve each road into its separate States. Of course all the stockholders of all the roads had to vote to do it, but it was not difficult, for the small stockholders always send proxies, and it wasn't hard to convince the large stockholders that they would escape a deal of friction by the new arrangement, and that, anyway, they could be no worse off than they were. The roads would be accountable only to the Legislatures of their own States, and as for dividends, — they were receiving none as it was, and less than none they could not receive! And of course, the large stockholders being convinced,

it was all plain sailing, for they always have their own way, when Uncle Sam will let them.

So it all came out, and everybody talked and talked. But the thing was decided upon, and all the criticism in the world could make no difference. Indeed there was less criticism than one would have expected, for people did not realize what the consequences would be. My Mother-in-law began to talk about the way things were in the sixties, — how you had to change cars and wait, — but then, few people have such good memories as my Mother-in-law, even if they have lived as long.

As for Jeremiah, I had never seen him so cheerful since we were married. When his Mother uttered dismal prophecies, he only laughed, and worked harder than ever. Every railroad was to be called by the name of the State in which it was located, and terminal stations were to be built on the boundary lines; of course at first they would be just rough structures, owing to haste, but by and by they would be able to build good substantial buildings. When there were several different railroads in a State, as there are in New York, for instance, they had to unite, and that made more trouble, and some of the officers lost their jobs, but we did not have that to contend with in Connecticut.

So after a time everything was ready, and the new arrangement went into effect all over the country on the same day, and I must say there had been some hustling done. It was the first of July when it all began, and I had two friends coming up from New York for the Fourth and that week-end, after which my Mother-in-law and I were to go to our summer home in Maine. My friends arrived very late, the evening of the third, and without their suitcases, which they had checked. They were much enraged over the delay at the terminal, and said they had to wait two mortal hours, and they thought the new arrangements were perfectly atrocious. I assured them

sweetly that it was a very crowded season, and that everything would soon be in better working order.

We all started off together Monday morning early, — my Mother-in-law, my two friends from New York and I, — and we went by the Air Line because my Mother-in-law had never been that way, and my two friends were going to spend the summer in Pomfret. Shortly before we reached East Thompson they alighted, congratulating themselves that they were not obliged to cross the State Line again, and when I saw that chaotic station, which was indeed not finished, and just as warm and uncomfortable as any barn is on a hot July day, I thought they were about right. Of course we had come on an express train and in Jeremiah's private car, but now that we had reached Massachusetts, we were just ordinary citizens, and the private car had to go back to New Haven. We had to wait over two hours in that broiling hot station at East Thompson, and then the train for Boston proved to be a way train, without any drawing-room cars. We dragged along, and were so late that we had to stay all night in Boston. We could have gone to Maine by sea, of course, but my Mother-in-law hates boats. So in the morning we started off again, and we had another wait on the New Hampshire border, — an hour and a half this time, — and a three hours' wait on the Maine line, and it was dark when we reached Kennebunk at last, perfect wrecks. Jeremiah had been President of the road so long that his Mother had forgotten that traveling could be done in anything but private cars. The poor lady was really overcome when she saw the way ordinary mortals travel. "If I'd only known about these inconveniences," she said, "I'd have insisted on Jeremiah managing things differently!"

After we had been at Kennebunk about a week Jeremiah came up for a little rest, and of course he had sense enough to come by boat most of the way. When I told him about our trials and difficulties he laughed, and assured me that

it might, could, and would be much worse than that. Then we discussed how we should get his Mother back, for the poor dear was much discouraged and longed for the former privileges of Presidents' families. In vain, alas! Jeremiah told her he could not do one thing to make her more comfortable: for his private car was only for use in Connecticut. Then she suggested going all the way home in a sleeping-car. She forgot that they could not go through; indeed even as soon as that, sleeping-cars had been practically abandoned, and one would have done us no good unless we had started from the eastern part of Maine. Well, we went home, when the time came, in two days, but we waited at that forsaken hole, East Thompson, five hours, with nothing but rocks to look at! The other waits were luckily short, and it was nice to have the President's car meet us at East Thompson.

Well, that was only the beginning of sorrows. At first I did not realize how much my idea had been elaborated by those wily railroad men, but it had, — they did wonders. The time-table of the Connecticut Railroad, for instance, just had a map of Connecticut and did not mention any other Road. If you wanted a New York or a Massachusetts time-table, you had to write for it; and generally you had to write several times before you got it. One could go, formerly, to New York City, in an hour and a half. Now it took three hours at least, and sometimes more, for the trains at Greenwich never connected. The Roads did not seem to hurry about building substantial and convenient terminals, Jeremiah said they couldn't afford to, so they stuck it out all that winter in those drafty old barns, which were all pretty much alike, each one seeming to be a little more uncomfortable than the other. Whichever you happened to be in, you thought that one was the worst. And as for sleeping-cars, there wasn't one in Connecticut, for the Connecticut Railroad had sold them all to the New York Railroad, which was long enough to use them.

You cannot imagine anything like the fuss people made! Every day there were half a dozen letters in "The People's Forum" of *The Journal and Courier* telling of the sufferings of passengers who had been dumped out in those forlorn barns of terminals, few of which were in towns (most of them were between two towns or villages), where the waits were sometimes as much as five or six hours, and where nobody was allowed to sell papers, or anything to eat. At first I could not see why they were not allowed to, but after a while it dawned upon me. And if it was bad for the passenger traffic, what was it for the freight? For you must remember it was *all short hauls*, — worse than that, — everything had to be dumped out at the state line, and loaded into the cars of the next State Railroad, and think of the wear and tear, waste of perishable goods, delay, and extra cost! They got around it a good deal, here in the eastern states, by sending the freight by boat, and auto-trucks were used a lot; but there was a tremendous outcry against the waste and increased cost of living.

Then the delay of the mails was a serious matter. Government had something to say about that, but the Presidents of the Roads got together and answered that they were giving better service than they could afford, considering the very inadequate price they were paid for carrying the mails.

Well this kind of thing went on for a whole year, and nobody who had not experienced it could ever imagine what it was like.

Then one day Jeremiah came home and told me that the President of the United States had invited all the Railroad Presidents to a conference in Washington, and that they were all going. I noticed Jeremiah was not at all gloomy about it, but he did not utter any prophecies.

They kept the proceedings of that meeting as secret as they did those of the St. Louis meeting of 1925. It was weeks before it was all settled, but when at last it came

out that the Government had given the Roads permission to scramble themselves up again, pretty much as they were before, and had promised to let them manage their own affairs, there was great rejoicing, and the newspapers said they were glad that the Railroads had at last achieved a little sense.

By the end of that summer there was only one Railroad in the whole of New England, and we came peacefully home from Maine in a sleeping-car. Both Jeremiah's Mother and I declined the private car, for we had begun to think it was well that Presidents' families should know how other people fare. My experience then made me think of several reforms in sleeping-car arrangements, and I told Jeremiah about them, and most of them are started now. Jeremiah has more admiration for my opinions than he had before the Great Unscrambling, but although the idea was mine at first, the ability to carry it out belonged to Jeremiah and the other Railroad Presidents. It was the next best thing to abolishing all the Railroads for a while and making everybody walk.

WHAT DO WE MEAN BY POETRY?

I

THE question: "What do we mean by poetry?" is two questions; of which the first is: "What do we *have* to mean by it, since usage rather than our impertinent wills determines, and we have to, in a way, mean what it means? And the answer to this question is that we have to mean two different things and also a third thing which is composed of the first two united. For sometimes, when we say poetry, we mean verse, which is a form; at other times we mean something which is not a form at all but appears in many other forms than verse; and finally we sometimes mean such verse only as we feel is also poetry.

The second of the two questions is: "Which of these three things would we *like* always to mean by poetry if we had our way?" and the answer to this question is, or should be, a matter of utility. For we would like to be clear, because in talking about literature it is useful to be clear, and we cannot write clearly or even think clearly when we use one word for different things. At one time there was a dispute whether Pope was a poet, at another time whether Whitman was a poet, and few of the disputants seemed to realize that they were not disputing about the characteristics of Pope or Whitman, but about the meaning of the word "poet;" (no one questioned that Pope was a past master of heroic couplets, or that there was something forgetive and original about Whitman); and fewer still, who attempted to define poetry, indicated whether they were defining on the basis of usage or utility.

If, then, believing it more a useful division, we would like to mean by verse a form and nothing else, and by poetry a content and nothing else, we would accept Coleridge's "The antithesis of verse is prose, not poetry," and go on to observe that his "Prose is words in their best

order, poetry the best words in their best order," seems a violation of his own precept and the very antithesis that he denies. There is generally some fine discrimination concealed in anything that Coleridge says. "Words in their best order" is not a bad definition of good prose, and a choice vocabulary does tend to engender within it the content poetry. Nevertheless "The best words in their best order" is a description of form, and cannot be a definition of poetry, if poetry is a content, and if poetry is the antithesis, as he tentatively suggests, of "science." Besides, what are "best words"? Have they any other measure than the occasion of their use? A scientific treatise may be written with "the best words in the best order," since it may be well written, and since "the best words" for its occasion means the most competent and precise words.

Preferable then would seem to be DeQuincey's "Poetry is the literature of power," as distinguished from the "literature of knowledge," because both "literature" and "power" are words needed in this connection; for whatever poetry may be, it is at any rate power; and to extend the word's meaning beyond literature is probably to diminish its utility. It would probably be better not to speak of the poetical qualities of other arts, which may attend to their vocabularies.

Joubert's "Poetry is but the waking dreams of a wise man," is the saying of a delicate and thoughtful critic, but Shakespeare's poetry "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," is the saying of one who lived closer to the phenomenon. The universe has been called "the poetry of God," who is thought of as having shaped it out of chaos, a living entity out of a formless void, space out of infinity, time out of eternity, and something localized and named out of the inconceivable God-alone knows what. It is stepping out of literature to say that the universe is a poem, and poetry is creation, but we profit by the parallel. We seem to have reached firmer ground

in saying that poetry is creation in literature; and whether we call creation a making something out of nothing, or a shaping a graspable something out of ungraspable anything, we mean the same thing; we refer to a process or phenomenon whose nature we do not altogether know, just as we do not know whether the universe proceeded from nothing, or whether there was always something — in both cases a pragmatic question, namely, in which way we can think about it most successfully. Poet is a Greek word meaning maker, and Chaucer's "those who make in France" were French poets, while in France itself "trouvere" and "troubadour" meant finder or discoverer; for the makers or finders themselves have always differed as to whether what they did was more like making something, or like groping around and finding something. "We labor," they say, "we seek and select and combine; and now and again we feel something stirring under our hands; sometimes gentle, gradual, faint and flowing; sometimes leaping, thrilling, almost like an explosion; sometimes nothing happens, and there is only a mechanism, intelligible but not alive; but wherever that mysterious birth occurs, there is poetry." Whitman suggested the word "answerer," and if anyone asks what he meant, let him seek the answer himself, and the pursuit may haply take him where he has never been before.

"There is no joy but in creation," cried Remy de Gourmont, who, alas! will create for us no more. "There are no living things but those who create, all the joys of life are joys of creation. To create in the region of the body, or in the region of the mind, is to issue from the prison of the body: it is to ride upon the storm of life: it is to be He who Is. To create is to triumph over death."

A generalizing word is a classification, and the basic classifications are, or ought to be, basic in reality. Flying or not-flying is an inclusive classification, like verse and prose; it puts a bird, a bat and a bee all in the same family, as verse and prose puts the *Ode to a Nightingale*, and

"Thirty-days hath September" in the same family. But the biologist says it is not a basic classification; he prefers to build his system on vertebrate and non-vertebrate, viviparous and oviparous; and the literary critic "may profit by his example." That one can fly in the air is a less fundamental characteristic than that one has a skeleton, or was born in an egg, and that a composition is arranged in metrical lines seems a less fundamental characteristic than that it contains and conveys power, and not merely information. Creative and not-creative then seems a more basic characteristic for purposes of classification than verse and prose, and the use of the word "poetry" for creative literature, and not for verse, would have resultant advantages. One feels gratified to be allowed to say that *Sartor Resartus* is a poem. "The poet," says Professor Raleigh, "is an interpreter;" and again: "The poet is first of all a seer." Granted, but Emerson is as much an interpreter and seer in his essays as in his verse. Bacon's essays contain better poetry than any of the small amount of verse that he wrote. Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* and *Deserted Village* have the same essential qualities, and the quality of the *DeCoverley Papers* lies close to them both. A fine passage in Ruskin has the same imaginative life, the perfection and surprise, the lift and stir and urge, which is the symptom of a creation. The kinship between *Hudibras* and *The Raven* is less essential than that between *Hudibras* and Mr. Dooley, or between *The Raven* and *Our Ladies of Sorrow*. Hamlet's "What a thing is man," is of the same stuff as "To be or not to be." "The preface to *Pilgrim's Progress*," says Samuel Butler (of *Erewhon* and the *Note Book*) "is verse, but it is not poetry. The body of the work is poetry, but it is not verse."

Story and not-story also seems a more fundamental classification than novel, epic, or drama (as literature), which are all ways of telling a story. *The Ancient Mariner* is a ghost story. Dramas, as written nowadays, are usually

"tendenz" stories, and the more fundamental classification here is between something read in a book and something presented on the stage. Epic is a profound classification, if we use it in the sense of its etymology. In such sense *Pilgrim's Progress* is, even more than *Paradise Lost*, the epic of Puritanism, though if *Paradise Lost* is an epic at all, it is an epic of Puritanism. If Tennyson's *Idylls* is an epic, it is of the Victorian epoch, as Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* of the late middle ages or Renaissance. Neither of them is an epic of the Celto-Saxon wars. But neither of them is, etymologically speaking, an epic at all; not because one of them is in prose and both episodical, but for the same reason that the *Æneid* might be refused the title; because all three are artificial compounds and not pure breeds. They crystalize no peculiar race, age, period, culture, faith or stage of civilization; they are the cultured sentiment of one epoch using for its own ends the conventionalized traditions of another; and such compounds represent no epoch at all. There may be more than one period or culture discernible in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, but the cultures are near enough together, and far enough off, to blend for us, and were for the Athenians. They may be inconsistent, but they ring true, as do the northern sagas and the *Song of Roland*.

If epic means representing an epos, all the foregoing is true. But the trouble is that usage will not let us be either logical or etymological. An epic means, in usage, not something with the same kind of basis as the Homeric poems, but something that looks more or less like them. The *Æneid* was not called an epic because it stood for an epos, but because it was modeled after something which was called an epic because it did stand for an epos.

Neither will usage allow us to have our own way with "poetry." As the electors to the Hall of Fame elect conscientiously those whom they think ought to be famous, and many a meritorious name stands inscribed on University Heights, meritorious and obscure; so do appeals to

the past and future, and arguments of etymology and utility, run off the back of usage like water off a well-shingled roof; and when the storm is over, and the wind of protest and rain of proof have ceased, usage remarks casually: "However, of course, poetry has something to do with verse."

II

Sir Philip Sidney was an advocate of the content definition. "The greatest part of poets have apparelled their poetical inventions in that numerous kind of writing which is called verse. Indeed but apparelled, verse being but an ornament and no cause of poetry, since there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets." (*Defense of Poesie.*) He seems to imply, and no doubt correctly, that the idea of poetry has been so largely linked to verse because of the practice of "the greatest part of poets." But why have they so "apparelled their inventions"? And is verse only "an ornament and no cause of poetry"?

The idea of poetry is linked to the idea of verse because early creative literature was largely in verse, of some sort; and for this two initial reasons may be given: first, that it was oral to begin with, and verse is a help to memory; second, that it was easier to compose well in verse because of the set pattern.

There can be no good composition without a sense of form; and rhythm is ready made form. The form was antecedent. Verse was born with a pattern. The sense of rhythm is older than speech. It comes out of the depths. Probably the first rhythmic utterances were inarticulate grunts and shouts, marking the rhythm of the dance. Rhythm was before verse, and rhythm is the essence of verse. The doubling of phrase in the Psalms, the Anglo-Saxon alliteration, the modern rhyme, whatever

else they may be, are notations of beat, reminders of balance, markings of the pattern.

We realize that good prose has a rhythm of its own, as good English landscape gardening has design, but it is the principle of each that its rhythm, or design, is illusive, flexible and withdrawn; the rhythm follows the sinuosities of speech as the design the sinuosities of the natural landscape; whereas the principle of verse, as of French landscape gardening of the Versailles type, is that its rhythm, or design, is more or less distinct, regular and emphatic. Prose is not born with rhythm. It is born of ordinary speech and achieves its patterns later. But verse is the offspring of emphasized rhythm. It was born not only *with*, but *of* a pattern. Hence its precedence.

Certainly it nearly always precedes. Chaucer in verse was light, graceful and lucid; in prose heavy, clumsy and half opaque. English verse in the 17th century had most buoyancy when prose still moved heavily, and the verse lost its buoyancy when the prose lost its heaviness, partly under French influence. Some such difference seems to exist still between German verse and prose. German prose still hints of the saurian, and drags; English prose walks or runs; French prose flies. One of the pleasantest things in literature is to watch a French sentence poise and light daintily on a bit of irony. It is easier for a Frenchman than for an Englishman to write good prose, and he usually does, partly because of the authority and precision of its rules. It may be that his verse pattern plus his language pattern is too much pattern for him to be as easily lyric as an Englishman or German. It seems easier for his prose to fly than for his verse to sing. "I am the more touched by what is exquisite in our language," wrote Fenelon to La Motte, "because it is neither tuneful, nor varied, nor free, nor bold, nor adapted for soaring."

But when we have said that rhythm "comes out of the depths" and is a primary thing, have we not already disagreed with Sir Philip's opinion that verse is "but an

ornament and no cause of poetry"? Have we not hinted at a reason for the early dominance of verse more initial even than the advantage of a pattern and a help to memory?

If you watch the process of putting a small child to bed and to sleep, you are very likely presented to four primitive literary forms. His father tells him a story, his mother sings him a lullaby, both tell him to be good, and he himself recites a prayer, probably in rhyme. Personally he likes the story best and the admonition least, but both seem natural and necessary phenomena. Both are in prose. The lullaby interests his mind less than the story, but it reaches him more mysteriously inside his feelings, and the prayer he says largely as a matter of custom and ritual, or thinks of it as a protective formula, if he thinks of it at all. Both of the latter are probably in verse. The prayer formula is easier to remember in verse. The lullaby is sung, as verse of old was always sung. And all four have fallen into those forms by a kind of natural gravitation.

Isaac Vossius (canon or other church dignitary of Windsor, and appointed thereto by Charles II) was a man of many superstitions and yet wonted categorically to deny every article in the Westminster confession, — of whom Charles once pleasantly remarked: "This learned divine believes everything but the Bible." The learned divine was not only learned and peculiar, but peculiarly learned, in this respect that he desired to have his hair always combed by the rules of prosody, in the right rhythm of stress and quantity. "All barbers," he says in a Latin treatise on Rhythm (1673) "should be able to express any measure by their fingers, for in this way the pleasures of rhythm are felt in an unusual manner. I remember," he goes on, "more than once to have fallen into the hands of men of this sort, who could imitate any measure of songs in combing the hair, so as sometimes to express very intelligibly iambics, trochees, dactyls, etc., from whence there arose to me no small delight."

This was an appreciation of pure form like an artist's appreciation of lines and masses in composition. Vossius was an "art for art's sake" man. He loved rhythm, and the refinements of rhythm, as an unintellectualized sensation. But he was not only technical; he was primitive. We do not know, perhaps, exactly why the mere relation of lines in drawings and buildings is power, but we feel it. We do not know, perhaps, exactly why mere rhythm is power, but we feel it. And our remotest ancestors felt it, and knew not why.

> Taciti, soli e senza compagnia,
> N'andevan l'un dinanzi e l'altro dopo
> Come fratri minor vanno per via.
>
> (Dante. *Inferno*, 20th Canto)

I first read these words when lounging on a yacht that swung at anchor in Nyack Bay. A light gray sky was overhead, and beyond a quarter of a mile of dark green water rose a long green hill, and beyond the hill a white spire stood above the village of Sag Harbor; and by some magic suddenly all these faded and I saw them not, but saw instead a hot country road, with whitish walls on either side, and two Franciscans in brown plodding on in the dust some fifty feet apart, their heads drooping forward, silent, separate and uncompanioned, one before and one behind, Brothers Minor walking in the road; and I knew that Dante had seen those plodding friars in the hot Tuscan road, and they had come to his memory as he was describing how he and Virgil walked onward after the savage scene by the pool of pitch; and that by some uncanny spell he had flashed the picture to me across the centuries and the seas, with those few touches, that austere and skeleton reference; and had flashed not only a vision but an understanding, so that for a poised moment poet and friar and reader were as one, bound down to the common experience of that eternally recurring melancholy, which is the recognition of "the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world," that all we know or imagine or believe

is but the light of a little candle in the unconquerable surrounding night; the light flickers and fades, dies out and is renewed, but the brooding night remains taciturn and imperturbable. In whatever fragmentary shape or manner this recognition comes, it is more as a feeling than a thought, and not even the precise theology of a scholastic or the emphatic faith of a friar will keep it off. Dante has not described it, or spoken of it, but he has loaded the three lines with it till they drag with its weight. Now, if the rhythm and rhyme are removed, if the translations of Longfellow or Cary or Norton are substituted, the magic goes too, the spell is broken. The moment that sad melody and peculiar intonation are lost, and the beat of the verse no longer echoes the slow tread of the two poets and the two friars, somehow I no longer see the poets or the friars so vividly nor feel as they felt. The "poetry" was that something organic and alive, which Dante "made," and which proved itself alive by the way it stirred in me. But if, when the verse is taken away from this poetry, the poetry loses not only ornament but loses life and shrinks and fades, then the verse must be more than an ornament, it must be also one "cause," of the poetry. The form of the "creation" was intrinsic. The rhythm was not external ornament but internal power.

We do not know of what our imaginations are compact — of what myriad blended associations that lie below consciousness, dark beneath dark. Rhythm has its roots far down that subconscious ocean, and can "call spirits from the vasty deep." The confusion in our critical vocabulary is incurable, but the consolation is that this inseparable overlapping and blending of terminology corresponds to an inseparable overlapping and blending of the original phenomena.

III

Three propositions may be drawn from the foregoing as of some application to a current discussion. *Vers libre*,

long practiced in Italy and made fiercely doctrinal in France, has been introduced to us in the wrappings of theory. The three propositions are these:

First Theorem: Poetry as creative literature is not a form, but an inner power, which is always however a shaping power and always develops a form. Whatever manifests this power is thereby justified, and calling it poetry or verse, or refusing those terms, or whether properly doing so or not, does not affect the thing. The granting or refusal is a question of the meaning of terms, not of the character of a thing, which is felt and known directly and not through the medium of terms.

Whitman's work may very likely be called *vers libre*, and certainly is creative literature. To let one's appreciation of the latter fact be lessened or destroyed by a debate about its classification is to let the reality escape while pursuing the shadow. To put it in personal terms, I can shamelessly say now, what I could not have said twenty years ago, that I would rather have written *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed* than the *Harvard Commemoration Ode*, and *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking* than all Bryant's poetry from *Thanatopsis* to *The Flood of Years*. Whether the value in Whitman that I feel is in spite of his form or not, I do not know. In some sense I feel that it is "in spite of," and at the same time I feel that the form is mainly intrinsic and inevitable. There was an intense personality or forgetive heat in Whitman, and somehow the metals have been fused. At any rate "When lilacs last," and "Out of the cradle" are as throbbing with rhythm as the English version of the Psalms. The objection to Hebrew poetry lined and stanzaed to suit Professor Moulton's far from infallible ear, is another matter. Like the division into numbered verses for convenience of reference, it is the irritating intrusion of a discordant third person. It seems to involve also that semi-fetish-worship of the capitalized line against which this theorem is in part a protest. The rhythmic ear

of King James' translators does seem to have been nearly infallible, but the verse and chapter divisions were not made at its dictates. That they are wrong in point of form does not mean that they were wrong for the ends of those to whom the Bible was a guide book for pilgrims to the celestial city. But Professor Moulton's arrangement purports to be on a point of form. He desires the Psalms to be regarded as *vers libre*, rather than as prose. I do not care about the terms one way or the other, but object to the intrusion of a second rate rhythmist between me and first rate rhythms.

Second Theorem: Verse with recognizably recurring beats and familiar rhythms has at least two deep seated values, which probably caused its early predominance in literature and are as genuine as ever. First, it is a pattern, and a pattern is not a hindrance, but a help, to good writing; second, it echoes and answers to fundamental factors in our emotional make up.

It is difficult to write verse, making beautiful pattern as one goes, but it is easy to fancy one is doing so, and be merely pawing in the air. Great and consciously technical artists are apt to work more closely to simpler and more set patterns in their earlier than in their later periods. Contrast the even surfaces of the *Comus* blank verse with the long wave motions of *Paradise Lost;* or the set stanzas and couplets of the *Hymn* and *Il Penseroso* with the complex patterns of the *Samson* choruses. The contrast in Tennyson is as easily verified, and the example of both profitable.

Freedom in art is the gift of mastery, rather than the perquisite of experiment. It is possible that Chaucer did not know that his prose was as bad as his verse was good, but I suspect that he did, and thought it the fault of the language. If so, he was right. The language had not mastered its prose patterns. Having done so, it became "free because embound." The most exquisite touches in rhythmic work are apt to be the variations; the poising

and pausing this side of, or the overflowing beyond; the expectation that is recognized but not fulfilled. But the recognition is vital. The pleasure of a rhyme is of a sound repeated partially, by the vowels and following consonants; but not wholly, by the initial consonants also. The modern ear likes rhyme better than assonance, which is the repetition of vowels only. Rhyme is a more distinct beat, a heavier line in your pattern. Whether your pattern is better for being more distinct, or for being more disguised, in poetry as in any other art, or in nature, is a relative matter. But there must be enough pattern. The form of a leaf is beautiful first because it is regular and, second, because it is not. But the type is the basis.

To put it personally again, the dominant impression I gain from reading most *vers libre* is of its futility, its uncertainty and fumbling. It is not as good writing as the average of current verse in conventional patterns. *Vers libre* is not rhythmically formless in theory but it is apt to be in practice, for however clear to the writer may seem his rhythmic design, it is apt to seem to the reader all variation and no type, and "all variation and no type" is a definition of chaos. It is not denying values in Miss Lowell's work of vivid imagination, or choice phrasing, or skill in portraiture or contrast, to say that her rhythmic values would be better if they were more effectively communicated.

It is quite true that the jaded subjectivity of the last generation is disappearing and something more robust seems to be coming in; the tendency does seem to be toward "externality" and more or less colloquial language. But must the "new manner" make haste after a cant of its own? Seeking "colors in a dust heap," no more than yearning after "noble thoughts" or enjoying a pensive melancholy, will cure a weak brother of his futility. Those who find most satisfaction in, and most frequently make use of, such phrases as "new manner," "free verse," "modern work" are probably of no great

significance in the drift and shifting of the age, movements that have little enough to do with technique. It would have been better for Wordsworth if he had never had a theory of simple diction, but merely done what his soul bade him do. There was as much cant in his theory as in the theory of poetic diction. Neither theory had any value. There was a real movement going on then, and there is now; but it was not then, and is not now, very material what doctrines anyone held, or holds, about diction.

Art is communication, whatever else it may be, and all communication must contain a large element of convention. And no art is more social, mutual, conventional (a "coming together" art), than rhythm. It probably found its earliest expression and development in the dance, which was a "group-expression."

Every man must to some extent seek his own goal and solitary justification, but he need not make a doctrine of it. A school of æsthetic individualism is a contradiction in terms. Most good work is built on tradition, and is the social product of an age as well as the individual product of a man.

Third Theorem: The best classifications are according to the most significant values.

That Mr. Robert Frost should be associated with *vers libre*, or reproached with formlessness, seems odd. It is probably because of his extreme unpretentiousness of style, and peculiar though exquisitely modulated rhythmic intonations. But his blank verse is as regular as, and far more scrupulously governed than, ordinary Elizabethan dramatic blank verse, and hardly more unpretentious than the blank verse of Cowper or the couplets of Crabbe.

Mr. Edgar Lee Masters' epitaphs seem to have the rhythms of plain and very good prose. Inasmuch as he thought there was a value for his purpose in an arrangement of approximately equal lines, there probably is a value. If they would not have been formless if written as

prose, they do not become formless by being written in lines, as old-fashioned Latin epitaphs were nearly always written; and the visual resemblance to the familiar look of those lines cut painfully on marble — in which all the lines of life have been omitted for the consolation of relatives and buried in the oblivion of praise — does seem to sharpen the edge of the irony. But the main value and significance of these virile, sincere, stark and stern little thumbnail sketches does not depend on that arrangement; and, in spite of their being entitled an "Anthology" it is no great matter whether they are called verse or not, or *vers libre* or not, or merely epitaphs.

If one demands classification, it seems as significant as anything to say that Mr. Frost is a New England realist, and Mr. Masters a middle western realist. A New England realist is apt to be intellectualized if not rarefied. A middle western writer is apt to be a born realist. The plant springs native. It is not "made"; it "grows." The New England product is apt to be more subtle and meditated, less patent and direct.

What lines can be run from Mr. Frost or Mr. Masters to French symbolism? Lines more plausible might be fancied from them to the work of Mr. E. A. Robinson, and from Mr. Robinson in various directions, but none to French symbolism. Guessing at origins for a mind so salient and original as Mr. Robinson's, seems a futile occupation.

What do we mean by "significance"? Many things, no doubt, but we are not unapt to have in mind a significance of things to come, a trail that leads somewhere and does not presently vanish, a sort of prophecy.

One may like the poetry of Andrew Marvell better than the poetry of Dryden, and yet say that Dryden's was more significant, because Marvell was a belated lingerer from the great Elizabethan and Jacobean age, and Dryden was prophetic of a century to come; in which prophecy however his use and culture of the measured staccato of the

heroic couplet was but one of many features. The poetry of Keats and Wordsworth was in a sense more significant than that of Byron and Scott, not that the poetry of the latter two was not prophetic, but that the poetry of Keats and Wordsworth prophesied more far-reaching things, of which the eighteenth century knew less. The values of Byron and Scott were felt immediately, but little nineteenth century poetry of value was born of their inspiration; whereas Wordsworth and Keats influenced to some extent most of the century's best output. If Dryden's verse prophesied the dominance of the heroic couplet, or Wordsworth's its disuse, it was an inferential matter in which scores of other men were quite as prophetic. A new vision implies, or is apt to, either new tunes, or old ones sung so differently that it amounts to the same thing. Keats writing couplets was as different from Pope as Keats writing odes.

The prophecy of poetry is a tentacle feeling for the light. The prophecy of criticism is another name for speculation. But two forecasts of the present century seem at least probable.

First: That, as nineteenth century literature reacted against many eighteenth century features and recovered qualities of Elizabethan and Jacobean literature which the eighteenth century had vigorously decried and discarded; so it is probable that the twentieth century will react against the nineteenth, and increase in distaste for many admired Victorianisms, and recognized and recover some of the eighteenth century qualities. I do not think there will be a revival of heroic couplets, or indeed that the century's poetry will be absorbingly interested in rhythmics and its theories. But if any man feels now that Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes* hits him harder than Tennyson's *Idylls*, he need not be altogether depressed about himself. At his age, thirty years ago, the same kind of man would have responded differently. His taste may be limited, but it is indicative. It means that times

are changing, and men are feeling satisfaction in a certain unsheltered veracity, in an eye that looks at life without blenching rather than in an ear flattered and soothed, in language and form felt as a means to an end rather than as an end in itself.

Second: That the poetry of the century will bear the marks and carry the banners of the century's social history.

In other words, the poets of the twentieth century may or may not write much *vers libre*, and be masters of larger patterns than their predecessors knew, but if, in thinking of contemporary poets, we are looking for classification on the main lines of significance, I think we will do well to look for tendencies toward a closer grip on the essentials of human life and a more unsheltered veracity of statement, rather than to schools of experimental rhythm. It is not our verse but our vision that is mechanical and straitened.

SOME FALLACIES ABOUT CRIME

LOOKING over a recent issue of the *Journal of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology*, my eye was caught by the statement that the Constitution of Indiana, adopted in 1816, declared that her penal code should be "founded on the principles of reformation and not of vindictive justice." That this western frontier state should have so strongly apprehended the importance of reformation in its relation to crime as to recognize it in her fundamental law when she was first admitted into the Union, and that after a hundred years of patient and persistent effort we should still, in our present advanced communities, be so far from an adequate embodiment of reformatory methods in our criminal administration, may justly be regarded as matter for melancholy reflection. Nor is it possible, however we may explain the slowness of our progress, to feel content with the record.

Yet there is a point of view, and that by no means unimportant, from which it is possible to derive a certain satisfaction from the failure. In every direction, and not least in the direction of reformation, we have been grossly deficient in the improvement of prison conditions and prison methods. There has been incompetence, and sloth, and niggardliness, and too often even corruption. Shining examples there have been of the opposite of all this; but in the large it must be confessed that we have done the things which we ought not to have done, and left undone the things which we ought to have done. But if a century has passed by without the realization of the principle laid down in that early Constitution of Indiana, it is not solely because of our weakness and our shortcomings, but also because the principle itself is unsound. Our practice has lagged far behind what might

fairly have been hoped for; but our refusal to accept the principle is not to be accounted a sinning against the light. On the contrary, it is an instance of the effective power of common sense, pitted against an unfounded dogma; and indeed it is more than a tenable thesis that the inertia which has so obstructed the progress of the reformatory idea in prison discipline has been in large measure due to the association of that idea with the abstract and erroneous doctrine that reformation is the only proper object of the prison system.

Upon what grounds the framers of the Indiana Constitution based their belief that the penal code should be founded solely on "the principles of reformation," I have no means of knowing; presumably it was more a matter of humane and philanthropic sentiment than of reasoned conviction. But it is safe to say that at the present time, so far as that belief exists, it finds its chief, indeed almost its sole substantial, support in the notion that punishment has no deterrent effect upon crime. Occasionally those who entertain this notion make something like a serious attempt to justify it by statistical or other facts; though we have yet to see any argument of this nature that has any substantial logical quality. What one finds as a rule, however, is not even so much as this, but the dismissal of the question either in entire silence or by a few general remarks implying that the failure of deterrency is so obvious as to require no insisting upon.

This attitude of mind was particularly conspicuous in that agitation for the dogma of the universally and absolutely indeterminate sentence, which eight or ten years ago was so prominent a feature of public discussion on the subject of crime. Again and again one found the case triumphantly put in a nutshell. The whole system of prison sentences as they have been known in the past was supposed to be reduced to manifest absurdity by the simple query, "Would you sentence a man with typhoid fever to a hospital term of three months?" A sick man

is kept in the hospital until he is cured; to keep him for either a shorter or a longer time would be senseless. That it is equally senseless to make a prison term either shorter or longer than is necessary for the curing — that is, the reformation — of the prisoner seemed to these advocates so self-evident that only blind habit could account for any failure to admit it. But of course this *reductio ad absurdum* breaks down completely the moment you recognize deterrency as one of the objects — not to say the principal object — of the imposition of the sentence. You send a man to the hospital not to keep others from getting sick, but solely to make him well; you send forgers and thieves and murderers to prison to keep down the number of people who forge and steal and kill. If the enforcement of the criminal law effects this object, the analogy of the hospital is beside the mark; if it does not, there is little need of appealing to the analogy at all.

When we stop to consider the tremendous force of the presumption in favor of the belief that the fear of punishment *is* a deterrent to crime, the nonchalance with which, upon the most tenuous basis of argument, that presumption is summarily rejected must seem little short of amazing. For the presumption rests not only upon almost universal acceptance by those whose lives and thoughts have been devoted to practical dealing with the problem of crime in all its phases, but still more upon the simplest consideration of the operation of human nature. For those who deny the deterrency of punishment are logically bound to maintain one of two things. Either that there is no such thing as resisted temptation to crime; or, if there is, that there does not enter into the springs and motives of this resistance a factor which on its face has enormous and overwhelming potency. Either no man who is under any circumstances capable of committing theft or forgery or murder ever refrains from doing it when the opportunity offers or his passions are highly aroused; or, if he does successfully stand out against the

temptation, he would be precisely as likely to do so if there were no such thing as legal punishment for crime. It can hardly be that there is a sane human being who would deliberately and explicitly accept either horn of this dilemma; yet no less absolute contradiction of the familiar facts of life and human nature can suffice to justify the denial of the deterrent efficacy of punishment.

Some approximation to one or the other of these positions is, indeed, made in many of the recent popular, or scientific, or popular-scientific, views on the subject of crime. The Lombroso idea of the "criminal type," the born criminal, which so swiftly obtained great vogue two or three decades ago, went far towards inducing, among those who enthusiastically accepted it, a state of mind almost identical in practical effect with the acceptance of the notion that there is no such thing as resisted temptation to crime. It is true that this is not actually implied by the Lombroso doctrine, or even by its popular interpretation. But to say that all, or nearly all, criminals belong to a peculiar human type, sharply differentiated from the mass of mankind, is to say that so far as normal human beings are concerned there is no danger of criminality. The normal man, as none but a fool would deny, does feel the temptation to commit crimes of one kind or another under stress of circumstances or the urging of deep passions; but, if we accept the Lombroso view, there is something in him that infallibly inhibits the actual doing of the deed of crime. Such omnipotent efficacy cannot possibly be ascribed to any system established by human law. It follows, therefore, that just as the criminal is born a criminal, the non-criminal is born a non-criminal; and if he owes anything at all to the efficacy of the penal system, it is comparatively so little that one cannot be greatly blamed for regarding it as negligible. The Lombroso doctrine, as a comprehensive theory of criminality, has long been swept into the lumber room. In spite of its falseness, and the defects of the pseudo-scientific argument

upon which it was based, its vogue incidentally did much good in the promotion of humane prison methods and in the stimulation of scientific interest in the problems of crime; but on the other hand, the error which it promulgated has continued to this day to have a mischievous influence upon the minds of many well-meaning but half-educated persons.

A somewhat kindred notion, though distinctly different, has been very much to the fore in this country in recent years. It has, as compared with the doctrine of Lombroso, the merit of not being a sweeping generalization, but a view of observed facts in which the error is chiefly statistical. I refer to the prominence given in many quarters to the idea of mental deficiency as the explanation of crime. Through the application of the Binet tests certain zealous prison reformers have discovered a most astonishing state of things as regards the mental capacity of the inmates of penal institutions. How inadequate are the tests applied for the sustaining of these conclusions none are better aware than the most earnest and competent of the men who are devoting their lives to the improvement of penal methods and the advancement of knowledge on the subject of crime. But for some years to come we are likely to find feeble-mindedness playing a part as much beyond its due as was that played by the "criminal type" in the days of its ascendancy. And the man who has his mind centred on congenital mental defects as the chief source of crime is sure to minimize the role of deterrence in much the same way as the Lombrosoite, though for a somewhat different reason. His criminal is not so much destined to crime because of an inherent downward gravitation as because of an inability to apprehend the reasons that make against his falling into the pit; punishment is not deterrent for him because his intelligence is not sufficient to give him a realizing sense of it. As for the normal man, he is not ruled out, as he was under the Lombroso theory; but somehow or other, in the pre-

occupation with the feeble-minded, he is apt, practically, to fall out of consideration.

A good illustration of this, and one of a typical character, is to be found in a recent article in the *Journal of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology* — an elaborate paper on *Criminal Responsibility*, which had been read before two important scientific associations. The writer says:

> There is little doubt that the majority of criminals are mentally defective and that their criminal acts are simply the manifestation of their tendency to gratify certain natural desires, undeterred by the fears and restraints of the normal man, and that they are mentally incapable of duly appreciating those restraints and fears or of being controlled by them. Accepting this fact, can it be said that our methods of dealing with crime are satisfactory?
>
> The old ideas of vengeance and retaliation, which once dominated the treatment of the criminal, have little influence except in the court of Mr. Justice Lynch, and the ideas of punishment as retribution for moral guilt are passing away. The chief justification for punishing *the criminal* [italics mine] today is that it is a measure of social defense. The prospect of inevitable punishment is supposed to deter him from committing an act detrimental to the social welfare, or prevent him from committing subsequent acts. As a matter of fact it does neither.

It is most instructive to note the unconscious transition from a statement concerning that alleged "majority" of criminals who are mentally defective to an assertion concerning "the criminal" generally, without any reservation concerning that other part of the whole body of criminals which is not even alleged to be numerically insignificant, but only not to be a majority. When this writer says that the supposed deterrent operation of "the prospect of inevitable punishment" does not "as a matter of fact" take place, his imagination is no doubt occupied with the mental defectives whose inability to appreciate restraints and fears he has just been describing; but his flat and unqualified assertion relates to "the criminal," not to the weak-minded criminal, and his con-

demnation is passed upon "our methods of dealing with crime," and not our methods of dealing with crimes committed by the mentally defective. If a trained scientist is thus carried away from the moorings of sound thinking, it is not surprising that we find the same error constantly cropping up among those in whom loose thinking is more naturally to be expected.

It is worth while to pause for a moment upon the merely numerical aspect of the view represented in the foregoing quotation. That the majority of criminals are mentally defective — at least in any such pronounced way as that described in the quotation — is not at all the opinion of the best authorities; on the contrary, the estimates which seem most worthy of trust would place the number at not more than about twenty per cent. Moreover, to lump together all kinds of crime in any such estimate is obviously equally opposed to the requirements of scientific thinking and to those of practical policy. Even though, in some kinds of crime, the majority of the offenders might be mentally defective, any conclusion drawn from this circumstance, even if legitimate as regards those kinds of crime, would certainly have no application to the classes of crime committed chiefly by those who are not mentally defective. But for the sake of the argument, let us waive for the moment both these objections. Let us admit that the weak-minded are a majority of the criminals, and let us forget that even though this be so for crime as a whole it is certainly not so for every kind of crime. Let us go even farther than this, and assume that the weak-minded are not only a majority but an overwhelming majority. If all this were granted, it might be thought that the man who asserted that the fear of inevitable punishment does not as a matter of fact have any deterrent effect would be making, numerically speaking, only a trifling error. But not so. The error would even then be fundamental and important. For though there might be only a small number of *actual*

criminals who are mentally competent, this would throw no light whatever upon the number of *potential* criminals who are so. And it is precisely these last who, if anybody, are effectively deterred. Their number may be legion; nobody knows what it is. Indeed the argument amounts to the assertion that punishment is proved a failure not because the number of normal persons deterred is small — for of that number it makes no pretence of saying anything — but because the number of normal persons *not* deterred is small!

The logical error just pointed out may be regarded as more or less excusable on the ground that the persons who fall into it are absorbed by their prepossession with the rôle of feeble-mindedness and are not really thinking of the whole question of crime. But, amazing as it may seem, this gross fallacy, as a matter of fact, pervades the whole literature of the argument against the deterrent efficacy of punishment. The failure of punishment, or of the fear of punishment, to deter those whom it has evidently failed to deter is continually paraded as proof that it has little or no efficacy in deterring anybody. The form which this takes more frequently than any other is that of the argument from "recidivism," the repeated incurrence of imprisonment by the same individual. Thus in a recent treatise [1] we read:

> Almost two-thirds of our prison population is composed of recidivists. Many of these have been subjected to penalty a great number of times, but without avail towards stopping their crimes. Now, if punishment has such slight deterrent influence on the persons experiencing it, is it not absurd to think that it will have great efficacy on those who are not at all affected by it? It is more reasonable to suppose that if it has so little preventive effect on the culprit undergoing the suffering, it will have practically none on those who are not at all touched by it.

[1] *Criminal Responsibility and Social Constraint.* By R. M. McConnell, Ph.D., Instructor in Social Ethics, Harvard University. It is not easy to tell whether the author presents the argument as sound, or only as representing the views of a certain school. In any case it does represent those views correctly.

This whole statement — the familiar argument on the subject of recidivism — is shot through with error. But my immediate interest in it is as to its embodiment of the elementary fallacy referred to. Whatever may be true of the subsequent conduct of the recidivist, the primary fact about him is not that he goes to prison many times, but that he goes to prison at all. The very first time he is convicted of crime, he is marked out from among his fellow human-beings in general as one who, for some reason or other, has not refrained from crime, while they have. To assert that those others have *all* been deterred from committing crime by the fear of punishment would be a grotesque absurdity; but it is hardly less absurd to assert that *none* of them, or few of them, have been so deterred, simply because in the case of the man so constituted that deterrence has failed once it has also failed a second and a third time. You cannot measure the efficacy of a process in all cases by confining your attention to what happens in those cases in which its inefficacy is manifest, and admitted by everybody.

The feebleness of thought so glaringly illustrated in this pervading fallacy is manifested in greater or less degree in almost every phase of the argument against the deterrent efficacy of punishment. If it does not take the form of downright logical fallacy, it presents itself in the shape of almost incredible inadequacy in the statements of fact — statistical and other — and of crude imperfections in the reasoning. Thus we are told (in the work above referred to) that while "the murderer is executed and the thief imprisoned in order to set up an example," this result "is not usually accomplished, since with the cruelty and publicity of executions and punishments the number and gravity of crimes increase rather than diminish." This is a favorite argument, indeed one that shares with that from recidivism the place of honor. But if it is not explicitly fallacious, it is infantile. A régime under which punishments go beyond a certain measure of

severity, and are grossly obtruded upon general notice, may very naturally have far less efficacy than would be attained by a more moderate and humane system. The brutalizing effect of its mercilessness, and of general familiarity with abhorrent sights and scenes, may go far to counteract whatever benefits it produces. The absence of that powerful factor in making the example of punishment efficacious which derives from instinctive approval of the penalty as an act of justice, and incalculably reinforces the psychic effect of the mere fear of punishment, may be largely, or even entirely, wanting. And finally — as was notoriously the case in England in the days of extreme ferocity of its penal code — reluctance to execute the savagery demanded by the law may result in fatally impairing that certainty of punishment following upon detection which is the most vital of all the requirements of an effective penal system. And yet we are told, again and again, with an air of entire complacency, that because a penal system does not increase in efficacy with every increase of severity, therefore it can have little or no efficacy in any form.

It is hardly worth while to say anything further in the way of exposure of the defects of the arguments advanced to support the thesis that punishment has little or no efficacy as a deterrent. One more of them, however, deserves a brief mention, especially as it was put forward a few weeks ago in such a way as to attract considerable attention, being apparently the keynote of an address delivered by Judge Olson, of Chicago, before a State conference of social agencies in California. What seems to have most impressed the mind of this judge with a conviction that the penal system has been a failure is the fact, or alleged fact, that "despite centuries of punishment for crime, the percentage of criminals in the population has remained static," that is, stationary. It is far from certain that this is so; indeed, though the statistics on the subject are extremely inadequate, they are re-

garded by many of the best authorities as indicating a marked reduction in the amount of criminality. But supposing that there has not been any progress from generation to generation; does that prove that the penal system has been ineffective? To establish that conclusion, it would be necessary to show not that this generation is no freer from crime than the last, but that it is no freer from crime than it would be without the existence of legal punishment. We desire, of course, to make the volume of crime less and less as the years go by; but if it should happen that we cannot achieve this progress, it would still be essential to perform the primary duty of keeping down that volume as much as we can. Moreover, if a stationary percentage of criminality from generation to generation is to be regarded as proof that the penal system is a failure, it must also be accepted as proof that religion is a failure, that education is a failure, that sanitation is a failure, that the cultivation of humane feeling is a failure. For nobody has ever claimed that the penal system is the *only* agency that makes against crime; and these others are evidently equally concerned with the matter.

Indeed, what we have in Judge Olson's address — and the view is one that has much currency — is an excellent illustration of a fallacy that runs through a great part of our present-day literature of agitation. It consists in the tacit assumption that progress is the natural state of man. Instead of recognizing that credit is to be assigned to something or somebody for the maintenance of what we have, the agitator assumes this and much more as a matter of course, and proceeds to denounce as a failure any institution which has not brought about such improvement in human life as he imagines to be our natural due. The institution of property is a failure because not everybody is as comfortable as he ought to be; marriage is a failure because not everybody is as happy as he ought to be; religion is a failure because not everybody is as

good as he ought to be. To compare the world not with what it "ought" to be, but with what it *would* be without religion, without the institution of marriage, without the institution of property, is apparently either not simple enough or not interesting enough to suit these airy thinkers.

Gross as such errors are, I am far from asserting that the discontent of which they are a manifestation serves no useful purpose. There is no human institution which is incapable of improvement; there are few that do not stand in constant, sometimes crying, need of it. Among these is unquestionably to be counted the system of punishment for crime. But in order to impress upon the world the need of improvement in prison methods, it is not necessary to assert that as they stand they are wholly futile, still less to rest that assertion upon an arbitrary dogma which contradicts the most evident facts of human conduct. On the contrary, sensible persons will be far more inclined to give ear to proposals of progress if they are urged on account of such intrinsic merits as they can be shown to have, and of such specific evils as the lack of them can be shown to produce, than if they are predicated on a sweeping condemnation of existing institutions, which competent thinkers see to be not only false in doctrine, but dangerous in the practical consequences that would necessarily follow from its acceptance.

The humanization of prison discipline, as embodied in the establishment of prison farm colonies in various parts of the country, and as illustrated in most striking form in the remarkable experiment carried on by Thomas M. Osborne at Sing Sing, commands the spontaneous sympathy of all right-minded persons. The one thing that makes many hesitate to give to such an endeavor as that of Mr. Osborne their unqualified approval is the doubt that is constantly being aroused as to whether or not the factor of deterrency is taken duly into account in the scheme. Whether that doubt is justified by the actual proceedings of Mr. Osborne's wardenship at Sing Sing

need not here be considered. As a matter of fact, the doubt is widely entertained; and unquestionably the chief cause of its prevalence is the association of efforts like his with the doctrine that reformation should be the sole aim of the prison system.

In conclusion, let us consider somewhat more fully the nature of that presumption of the deterrent efficacy of the penal system which, upon such flimsy and confused grounds as we have referred to, is supposed to be overthrown. How is the normal man affected by the existence of legal punishments for crime? If we suppose him to be seriously contemplating the commission of a crime to which he is tempted, he cannot fail to have present in his mind the consequences which detection and conviction would entail. It is inconceivable that he should be as ready to go on to the commission of the act as though these consequences were non-existent; and among the consequences the most terrible to his contemplation, in most cases, will be the disgrace and humiliation to himself and to all who have held him dearest. But potent for deterrence as this must necessarily be, its efficacy in the prevention of crime sinks into insignificance in comparison with the unconscious, or almost unconscious, operation of the existence of the penal system as a whole. Not only, as has already been said, is it impossible to measure the deterrent efficacy of the system by fixing attention only upon those who have actually become criminals; when we extend our view to include those who have come anywhere near the commission of crime, our survey is still infinitely too narrow. It is the millions who never, in any practical sense, even entertain the thought of criminality, not the thousands who fall, or even the tens of thousands who come near falling, that we must think of if we are to attain a just conception of the subject. The very name of crime, the very words that designate its more heinous forms, exercise a deterrency whose sweep is incomparably wider than that covered by any explicit

contemplation of prison bars or enforced labor. And the intuitive repulsion which protects the overwhelming majority of human beings from all danger of doing that with which the name of thief or murderer is inseparably associated rests not simply upon moral abhorrence, but in an incalculable — and, I am convinced, an altogether preponderant — degree upon the traditional connection of those deeds with the infliction of punishment and disgrace.

I believe that few who give the matter serious thought will question this. But if any one doubts it perhaps a consideration of some very familiar phenomena will help to remove that doubt. It is no less notorious than it is curious that the payment of customs duties upon articles of luxury brought from abroad by returning American travelers has been shirked in numberless instances by people of the greatest refinement and the highest social respectability, although this act involved the commission not only of the crime of defrauding the United States Treasury, but also the making of a perjured statement to the customs officers. As regards the former part of the offence, some of those guilty of it may plead the extenuation or justification that they regard the tariff itself as robbery; but unfortunately there is every reason to believe that the highest protectionists have indulged in the practice as frequently as the most ardent free-traders. Persons who thoroughly believed in the levying of protective taxes nevertheless habitually robbed the government of these taxes without compunction, and in the process perjured themselves with nonchalance. Does any one suppose for an instant that if, instead of understanding that nothing seriously unpleasant ever happened in consequence of doing this thing, they had always heard it referred to as the crime of smuggling, for which people were clapped into jail whenever they were caught, a single one of these ladies and gentlemen would ever have so much as thought of cheating the customs? And much the same thing can be said of innumerable

acts that are customary, or have in times past been customary, in business. There are a thousand forms of deception, misrepresentation, and other unfair dealing, which, in their inherent moral quality, everybody knows to be as reprehensible as are many things which the law brands as crime; but so long as they are not thus classified, or so long as, though nominally crimes, they are not in practice treated as such, they are indulged in by a vast number of persons — not indeed of the highest sense of honor or morality, yet quite respectable and well-intentioned in the main, and utterly removed from the faintest possibility of falling into the commission of any of the standard crimes.

One block of stumbling in this whole subject, as in most of the great subjects of human concern, is the proneness to think of the several causal elements entering into it, each by itself, and not in that necessary connection with the others which is essential to a true understanding. While the deterrent efficacy of punishment is the great justification of the penal system, this efficacy is inextricably bound up with the idea of moral justice. We inflict punishment upon a criminal neither solely because he has deserved it, nor solely because it is necessary for the welfare of society. Both considerations enter vitally into the matter. To divorce them from each other would be at once to do violence to the moral instincts of mankind and to fail in the achievement of the practical aim. A cold-blooded calculation of what might, from a purely intellectual point of view, be regarded as the most effective way of preventing crime — a calculation leaving the question of moral justice wholly out of account — would prove to have left out an essential factor in that very efficacy which was the sole aim of the scheme; namely, that response in the emotional nature of men which is necessary to give body and permanence to their feeling about crime. On the other hand, a system based solely on the attempt to realize moral judgments

would be rejected by that wholesome sentiment which cannot contemplate with satisfaction the infliction of punishment by a legal machine unless it be justified by the measure of its beneficent results. Both elements have to be considered and duly weighed. This process cannot be reduced to any strictly rational basis, and is therefore peculiarly vulnerable to the shafts of superficial critics. But, performed as best we can perform it, it is essential to the fulfilment of one of the chief functions of society and government.

How profoundly the existence of this historic institution, and the feelings and instincts that are traditionally bound up with it, affects the life of mankind I trust that a little reflection upon the points here brought out will suffice to convince any one who has not previously been adequately impressed with it. The danger that lies in the spread of notions which deny, or even belittle, the value of what is fundamental in the criminal system as we have known it, is nothing less than the danger of incalculably impairing the potency of this great and all-pervading defense against crime. And we shall not adequately estimate the value of this defense if we think of it solely as a defense of society against those who would violate its laws, and of individuals against those who would do them injury. Important beyond measure as is the service done by the penal system to the defense of society and of individuals against crime, it may well be doubted whether this service is of as great importance as that performed in the protection of those whose weaknesses might lead them to fall into the ways of crime against even the remote possibility of such wreckage of their lives. Before we sanction any weakening of the foundations of the criminal system, it behooves us clearly to realize what is at risk, not only in the externals of order and security, but still more in the vital elements upon which turns the moulding of the life and the character of untold millions of individual human beings.

EDUCATIONAL BIASES

IT is but a step from the disapproval of Germany's war-policies to a general condemnation of German ways. This is not logical at all; it is more inevitable than logic can be — it is natural. To spill the baby out with the bath has always been the tendency of the impressionable, and in eras of strong feeling most people are impressionable. Among other of the German ways that are now coming in for criticism, we find their methods of scholarship. Some persons who aforetime prostrated themselves before *deutsche Gelehrtheit* are now, in view of the utterances of those whom they once revered as impeccable in insight, candor, disposition, and method, crying out their disappointment and disillusion.

Wails from the impressionable do not count. No man changes from a Jekyll to a Hyde overnight, unless there is present some brain-lesion or other abnormal factor; and the law of chance forbids us to believe that such a cause has come suddenly into operation in numbers of cases. Surprising as the recent utterances of German scholars have been in the matter of degree, in kind they are yet not so different from what went before. They have long tap-roots into a sometimes latent, again patent, substratum of prepossession. No one who is familiar with German colonial literature can be greatly shaken by surprise at what German scholars have to say about the issues now under the arbitrament of war, or about the methods and policies developed in the course of the conflict. Like the rest of mankind, the scholars do but reflect their setting in time and place. There is no more reason for condemnation — or adulation — of their temperament and method now, than there was two years ago. The obvious explanation of the sudden change of attitude toward German scholars and scholarship is that cer-

tain people have been under a traditional bias in favor, and are now under an emotional bias against.

In his *Study of Sociology* Herbert Spencer discourses upon the several kinds of bias which must be avoided in order to get a scientific view of society. Among other forms of prepossession he cites the patriotic bias and the anti-patriotic bias. Of these two the latter form is exhibited by people who are always comparing their own country, to its disparagement, with other countries. Certain Englishmen, he says, are ever complaining of the inferiority of England to various continental rivals. Spencer then goes on to marshal a considerable amount of evidence to show that England has not been so bad after all; there are really several great names, in the various walks of life, in her history. An Englishman need not be utterly cast down.

Now those who guide American scholarship and education, and especially those mercurial spirits who only think they do, may well reflect upon this matter of the anti-patriotic bias. Many of us have resented its presence in the field of American education, and not alone when it led to the canonization of the German system. It has been responsible for much irrational meddling with a naturally developing organization, because it has caused teachers to ignore the actual conditions in which they must work, or to see them as they are not. An apologetic attitude taken toward one's own country, or toward some one of its institutions, is no sure sign of emancipation from the lot of the common herd; it is often begotten of pure vanity and self-importance. The apologist wishes to air his brief acquaintance with "something better," and is of the type of the travelled rustic posing as Odysseus, having seen the cities of many men and known their minds. Or he feels the self-complacency of the person with the mission, the "call" to come over into Macedonia. In most cases there is also well-marked

in him the element of ignorance. Whatever knowledge there may be of this or that foreign educational system, there is in his mind a vacuum or a mirage when it comes to insight into local conditions in this country, and the meaning of them. One of the wisest things that can be done by a man removing from one academic location to another, is to become acquainted with his new environment before he begins trying to sprinkle the map with new Iliums and Scamanders. Æneas had a transcendental time of it in Sicily, but think what a bore he must have been to the natives!

Almost one should apologize for remarking that no two environments, and no two sets of human institutions conforming to them, are precisely similar; yet no apology is called for if one is reiterating an axiom which is consistently ignored by many. In 1898 there were many who could not distinguish between the Philippines and the territory of Louisiana as new expanding-grounds for American men and institutions. Now when we know more about the case we see the difference. Similarly there are now not a few in educational circles who do not see that the German system of education, or the English, cannot be superposed on American society, any more than the "jackbootism" of the Prussians, as John Hay is said to have called it, can be harmonized with American standards; or a Cæsar reign at Washington.

The educational system of any country is one of its institutions, consistent, as any institution must be, with the rest of them. If there is any general function of education, as it appears in social evolution, it is to prepare the rising generation to take its place in the social order. It follows that, since no two nations are alike, no system of education can be made the same for any two peoples; that is: the educational system of one cannot be transferred, in anything approaching completeness, to the other. A proposition to do any such thing reveals a type of mind of the impressionable, imitative order.

Young Americans have been reared within American society, and subjected to its influences as it exists; its life and ideals are in their flesh, their minds, their modes of conduct. Their conception of what is worth while is made for them, and not unworthily made either, by living within and as part of a vigorous and virile society. It is with this human product of the massive forces of social evolution that educators here have to deal; and only an *a priori* dreamer or a very vain and dense person can ignore that fact. Common sense should lead any man possessed of it to an immediate and objective study of that product. It is the crux of the whole matter of education.

Let us return to the case of the Germans, by way of illustrating the traditional bias above alluded to. It is said that we have derived much from Germany, and have put it into practice to our advantage. So we have. The Germans were once ahead of us in knowledge, and especially in objectiveness of method and courage of conclusion, and our students who wished to advance beyond a certain moderate distance went to Germany and learned. But then it speedily became the correct thing to study in Germany, and presently we had a fetish set up, and began to worship it, meanwhile developing the intolerance attending such fetishism. We did not care much for the French and English; for our own educational institutions we had the shame of the parent who blushes for childhood. "*Seminar*," "*Fach*," etc., characterized the jargon of the initiate; "*Gründlichkeit*" was the strange device upon our banners. A frenzy for publication of minute researches appeared. The French and English were "*nicht genügend eingehend*." A mass of heavy pabulum was offered to the fetish, of which any less hardy godlet would have died; and the devotee got a badge, called a degree, which indicated that he had forsooth counted all the vowels in Von der Studierstube's *Lieder*, and formu-

lated thereupon an "original" theory of that author's incomparable art; or had perchance dissected some English poem, and made pronouncements about it which, if any lover of that poem should ever hear of them, would destroy for him any further pleasure in it. "*So geht es dir, Zergliedrer deiner Freuden!*"

And the "*echt deutsche Kultur*" that sojourners acquired and brought home for exhibit! Well, there was another side to this same Kultur, it now appears. Now there are those who, in their present emotion, contemn everything German as undiscriminatingly as erstwhile they adulated. Revered savants, it is said, have repudiated their scientific and critical spirit in favor of vulgar chauvinism and slavish submission to authority. No longer is it resented when someone growls at the heavy-footed, mechanical "*Grübeln*" of the German method, coarsely effective, in its lack of appreciation of things unseen, to destroy the fine bouquet of the literary wine, or to make leaden any topic a "*Gelehrter*" attempts to touch. "*Midas! Midas, der Fürst, trägt ein verlängertes Ohr!*" Some virtue has gone out of the fetish.

Perhaps the German obsession has afflicted research or graduate work more than anything else. For instance: for the doctorate of philosophy emphasis came to be laid upon "originality." This was seldom secured, even in Germany; but that did not prevent clamor for it, or, at least, for what was so called. As a matter of fact, this call for the impossible only perverted the term to mean the result of laborious research, and re-research issuing in the "discovery" of something that everyone had long forgotten, and had been glad to forget, because it was of no consequence. Thus language comes limping after fact.

Education is full of fantastic delusions like this one of originality. No wonder that "academic" comes to mean unpractical or impracticable. To look for originality in a very young man, except in certain fields of research

where certain kinds of new things can be happened upon about as well by the tyro as by the trained and mature, is but a stage farther on from the teaching of kindergarten biology. To expect it of the American Ph.D. candidate is expecting what he cannot yet have; it is like asking a full-grown fruit right after the petals have fallen. Culling the green half-formed product and stacking it in store-houses, never to be seen again except by untoward accident, or passing it off upon unsophisticated buyers — this has been part of the business in the past. Buyers, however, are becoming wise and wary: let anyone experienced in purchasing books tell with what eagerness he hastens to acquire the *Doktoral-Dissertation* out of a German catalogue! There are a number of good doctors' theses which show interesting collections of new material, or sensible rearrangements of old; this is about all that can be expected of a young man. If the sponsor of the doctor's thesis, here or abroad, claims originality for it, that is, real discovery, in all but the most exceptional cases he is deceiving himself by misusing the term. But, under the traditional bias and misapprehension, since the Ph.D. is now nearly indispensable for the attainment of a start in the teaching career, more and more pressure has been put upon the candidate, in the hope of realizing the unattainable; more years of study and more minuteness of research are demanded. On the part of candidates there is a more pathetic strain after originality, or a self-deception as to what discovery really is, which corrupts a proper sense of values. What wonder, with all the uncertainties of reward at the end, that few of the best undergraduates go on to the degree?

This part, at least, of the Germanophile's educational dream represents ignorance of the facts or wilful neglect of them.

But our educational illusions are not all of German origin. How much more realizable is the vision of

those who want to introduce the English undergraduate system? We are now instructed, from time to time, that our welfare depends upon so doing. Let us forthwith cease to waste our precious vitality on any students but the best; dump the rest into the limbo of "pass-men" and get rid of them as easily as may be. No student counts for much unless he has a cut-and-dried specialization-program ready for us, in our high wisdom, to direct. Let us even be careful not to do too much for an apparently good man, lest he be, after all, but one of the multitude. Let us establish a set of "tripos" devices for "honor-men," have everybody specialize forthwith, and presently emerge with a group of super-men, to the general weal of the race. Let us encourage boys to come back and "read" in vacations. Nothing is yet said about introducing the "little-go," the don, and the cram, nor yet about having the college-grounds locked up betimes in the evening, and setting beadles on the trail of those who break jail. It cannot be otherwise than that these details have slipped the minds of our benefactors: for, apart from failure of memory, nothing but a sense of the fitness of things could account for this omission.

The idea of these gentlemen seems to be to make a clean-cut distinction all along the line between the sheep and the goats, branding the latter as such, upon the single basis of their absence of desire to specialize. Such a distinction is like many another present in aristocratic societies: for example, that based upon birth or wealth. Preliminarily it may be said that such a distinction corresponds to nothing in American society. In America a college is not supposed to be a place for specialization, but rather one preparatory to specialization. The college is supposed to produce a type of rounded man, acquainted with the elements of the several branches of human knowledge, with a knowledge also of men and the ways of different types of men. Those who are to attend colleges have gathered this point of view from having

lived within the society which holds it. They know what they come for, and it is a poor educational guide who does not know that they know.

This idea of the American college is not one which can be set aside at the will of reformers and missionaries to the heathen. It is even embodied in the very life-structure of the college, because it has been in the minds of those who have made and constituted the college. How about the diversion of college funds from the teaching of the many to the teaching of the few? It strikes one from time to time, when hearing glib programs set forth, that the donors of college funds might conceivably take exception to such enterprises. It might be well to look up the exact terms of gift, to say nothing of the spirit of it, before making radical alterations in the disposal of income. One wonders how a man long dead, who in his will has given to his alma mater what he could, in return for what he thought he had received at the hand of devoted, though antiquated teachers, would look upon a system which proposed to use his money upon a few selected Brahmins. Not all the donors of college funds wore the sacred cord in their day; some were just common pass-men till they met — not too late, since they had not been branded and stigmatized — some great and devoted teacher, who, with irresistible hand, broke open the gates of their dormant minds, and aroused them to the prizing of the intellectual life. In not a few cases the donation represents a recognition of the effects of an assault which made an honor-man, in spite of himself, out of one who had always regarded himself as but a pass-man, and had proposed to remain one.

"This pass-and-honors business," said a college teacher of much more than ordinary success, "always makes me think of what would happen if the idea were applied in the gymnasium. The physical director is naturally more interested in the better physical specimens, and would prefer to work with them, teaching them the finer stunts.

For presently there would be an exhibition, and he would derive great *kudos* from the expert performances of the few, in rope-climbing, on the flying-rings, the horse, and so on. So he might say to the awkward, the narrow-chested, and those with slack abdominal muscles (after collecting their fees): 'Oh, go away and lie down on the mat, or do anything else you want to. Don't come around and take my time. You're no good, anyway.' But he can't do that. It wouldn't be fair. No more is it fair for a mental director to leave the untrained, unformed, and awkward to their own devices while he concentrates his attention on the few, with whom he hopes to make a gratifying showing. It isn't democratic, anyway; I don't believe it is right — for they all pay the same tuition; and I'm pretty sure it won't pay, either, in the long run, at least in America."

It is usually assumed by those who wish to abandon the generality of college men to their fate, that a young fellow knows what he wants to "specialize" in when he is twenty or so. Here is another case of an *a priori* judgment where facts are easy to get, were the process not so lowering to the lofty mind of the theorizer. A little experience with students, when they know that you are interested enough in their destiny to wish to listen to their perplexities, speedily dispels that notion. These boys are gathering evidence for a decision, not following out a selected course. Often they think they have made a decision, until they meet some new branch of knowledge professed by some able expositor, who is also a man mindful of his own youth; and then the decision is reversed. To such statements it is answered that the American collegian is then a sort of preparatory school student, not fit to be in college. He is compared, to his disadvantage, with the English university man, that is, for the perfection of the comparison, the honor-man — little is said of the quality of the pass-men, the pariah class. Be it so; grant that the American collegian is as described, yet it is with

him that we have to deal in this country. The force of gravitation might have been better managed, so as to draw down only inorganic materials and break them up on the earth's surface; but not to do that to men, or, in any case, to babies. But that is not the way it is.

Again, if honors helped a man to an envied position in our industrial or political world, as they are said to do in England, there might be some incentive to try for them. Students who are slack enough in college often round out careers in professional schools that astonish all their friends and enemies. If, on the other hand, a moderate record carried with it a stigma, social or other, the less studious group might strive to rise. But neither is the case. Some gentlemen, impatient of this situation, say that it ought to be the case; but that whole matter lies in the community's sense of values; and who can set those? It is easy to prophesy that all this will follow a firm attempt to introduce the foreign system. So was it easy to prophesy that there would never again be a great war; that the Hague Tribunal had rendered war obsolete. There are some people who gain great local reputation by confining their attention solely to theory, impatiently leaving the practice to be worked out by others, and then blaming the others if the theory proves unworkable. Such are the men of whom Kant says: "It is, indeed, the common fate of human reason in speculation, to finish the imposing edifice of thought as rapidly as possible, and then for the first time to begin to examine whether the foundation is a solid one or not."

What we really have in a big American college is a fair selection of samples of the country's young manhood. There is, perhaps, a slight preponderance of the sons of the well-to-do, although the figures for one of our older Eastern colleges recently quoted by its president, do not support this view. Nor does this possible predominance alter the representative quality of manhood of the student-body. But what is perfectly certain, if we accept Galton's

calculations as anywhere near the truth, is that there are not going to be very many geniuses among them, or even persons of pronounced talent.

Now the few and sporadic geniuses easily take care of themselves, for they gain what they put in, just as anyone else does. Sometimes it is the very inefficiency of teaching that drives the superlatively able student to put in more for himself, and so get more out. But inefficiency and indifference do not have that effect upon the ordinary man, who has, besides, plenty of external interests to spend his energy upon. Careless teaching, or teaching directed over his head to the graduate students in the rear of the room, simply confirms him in his belief that, as one man said, after such an experience, "there isn't so much in this high-brow stuff." It frees his energy for what he believes worth while, largely because those who are in it act as if they thought it worth while, for him as well as for them.

But a tribunal of intelligent and interested average men is precisely what the exceptional man needs, both to secure his position, by an intelligent discrimination, as against the specious and showy quack, and to hold up his hands, as a constituency, when he is once thus set apart and "placed." And the average intelligence can do this and will. Let anyone who knows students say whether they can recognize real ability, in professors or fellows, as distinguished from shallow show or mark-chasing skill. Hence it becomes doubly preferable for a college to do the best it can for the average boy.

The American student-body is not to be despaired of. Youth is never to be despaired of. It has generous impulses of all kinds. It worships power and personality, as the race has ever done. It honors honesty, devotion, and fearlessness, and especially conscientiousness. It is, however, independent, and it demands some human interest if it is to put forth effort or acknowledge allegiance.

It will endure even the domineering of a strong, just man. But it is not lamb-like, to be led about on a ribbon by any hand. This is no general eulogium of the American college: it has its faults — though these are to be laid at the door of the educator rather than of the student. It is not meant to say that there are among the undergraduates no incorrigible loafers or hopeless followers of tradition. But there is plenty of individuality — there is so much of it, at any rate, that machine-methods will not suffice. Some so-called educators think that it is enough to devise a system, and then go off — presumably to write their collected works — and let it run itself. But American education, if no other, is piece-work of a sort that cannot be done that way. The patterns are too diverse. There are here no cut-and-dried categories of men; democracy and the feeling of equality are not yet gone, even though, with the progressing settlement of the country, the conditions that produced them have been somewhat altered toward those of Europe.

In a word, this is America, not Europe. European systems may be very efficient in Europe; but it was in wholesale rebellion against them that our country came to be. This nation lives its own life and imposes upon its members its characteristic code of behavior, within its own unique social system. It is into this system that Americans are born; its traditions and ideals are theirs from childhood up. They are quick to scent any incongruity between that system and the sort of preparation to enter it which education offers them. They know the exotic from the native product by a species of instinctive, largely unconscious recognition. They will not, in this age at least, fall in meekly with any and every system which theorists choose to present. It is folly to conclude that the English or German, or any other system developed in a different social environment, under different conditions and traditions, will succeed here. We have a system that is not at all disgraceful, and which has de-

veloped automatically and gradually in the course of our society's evolution. Our business is not to pass moral judgments on this evolution, which we cannot change, any more than to exhibit pique because the process of cell-division does not go on as we should choose. We ought to wish to learn what really has gone on, and what we have to deal with. What we need to do is to understand the conditions within which our activities must be put forth, and especially the real character of the student with whom we must deal. No analogue to the "economic man" will do here. This is a matter of experience and study, of environment and men. Nobody but a sympathetic and devoted teacher, who has taken pains to know the local environment and traditions, and the local type of collegian, with all its variations, has any real right to have an opinion as to what the local educational system ought to be. If some of the excellences of a foreign system, be it European, Chinese, or Fijian, can be adapted to the local stock, well and good — provided only that the one to do the adjusting *knows that stock*. But there is nothing but harm to be looked for from agitation by mere imitators, prophets, or apostles to the benighted. It is to be hoped that the reflection in the water, even though it is rendered deceptively alluring by the ruffling of the surface due to greater than Æolian blasts, will not tempt the possessor of something really good and solid to keep snapping after an illusion.

ACTION, REACTION AND THE SCRAMBLED DRAMA

MANY people are of the opinion that the drama — the audible drama at any rate — is doomed if not already dying. How often, for instance, have we heard the last season or two spoken of as "the worst of all possible theatrical years?" But probably very few seasons in the history of the drama have avoided being branded as something of the sort; and it is possible that the pessimistic comments of contemporary reviewers are nothing more than hardy perennial echoes of Plato's grumblings at having to swallow the none too palatable pill of change. Anything that is constantly changing gets itself constantly cursed; and it is obvious that the drama of to-day is in an unusual state of flux. During the confusion of change there is necessarily a confusion of ideas as to the outcome; for, since things that change must alter either for the better or the worse, there can be at least two opinions regarding the nature of the trend. So there are always to be found a great number of observers who shake their heads and mutter dark forebodings, while others — much fewer in number — go about wearing grins of satisfaction. Among the less gloomy, occasionally, is Mr. H. G. Wells. "I have long since come to believe," says the *New Machiavelli*, "that all new social institutions should be born in confusion." If that belief be well founded, and muddle really is a desirable condition precedent to birth, the present state of affairs may be looked upon as having possibilities. It remains, however, for something to succeed in getting itself born out of the confusion of recent seasons, something the value of which is commensurate with the extent of the confusion.

From the complexity of causes to which are attributable the seemingly unstable conditions prevailing in the

theatre, it would be difficult to select any single one which might be considered the chief. It has often been pointed out that there are too many theatres: and, as has also been noted, the old playwrights are giving place to younger men, the result being that, while the newcomers are contending for the mantles of their predecessors, the dramatic output suffers. There is another fundamental source of confusion in the fact that of late the theatres have felt the effects of a conflict of influences: the clash of the influence of the motion-picture drama with the more deeply rooted and healthier influence of Ibsen.

When, some two score or more years ago, Ibsen discarded the formula for making plays that had been found so effective by Scribe and his school, and undertook the task of evolving a new technique and a more interpretive treatment of dramatic material, he set things stirring. The influence of his innovations is still a cause of change. Such a play as *On Trial*, for instance, novel as it seemed, owed no more to the movies, which are said to have inspired much of it, than to Ibsen. In construction it was a logical development of the latter's expository method: its author merely expounded retrospectively the traditional material of melodrama, and made his exposition concrete by the flash-back device of the photo-play. And just as the techniques of Ibsen and the movies, combining, have left their mark on the framework of *On Trial*, so the influences of Ibsen and the cinematograph, acting against each other, have been in a large part responsible for the recent popularity of swiftly-moving farce and melodrama, and all the plays of jumbled genres that constitute the rather scrambled and diluted drama of to-day.

The statement that Ibsen is even remotely responsible for anything in the nature of melodrama and muddle, is a paradox that the austere author of *Hedda Gabler* undoubtedly would not relish. Great was the good of

his influence: the impulse which his methods of play-construction gave to experimentation in technique has had the salutary result of causing numberless out-worn and useless conventions that had long been ready for the scrap-heap of theatrical devices to be sent there; his analytic treatment of character and circumstance led the way for the closer union of the drama not only with literature, but with psychology, sociology, pathology and, more recently, criminology; and this close-knit drama of ideas and polemics, with the inception of which he had so much to do, goes far toward justifying the statement that playgoers of the last few decades have seen a renascence of dramatic art. Nevertheless, from one point of view it may be said to suffer from the limitations of its virtues. It is drama of a type so positive and uncompromising, so strictly unified and so constricted in plot, that it invites reaction. Our contemporary drama of much movement, loose construction, and mingled moods has ear-marks of such a reaction.

Ibsen's methods were intensive rather than extensive, and set new limitations on the amount of action possible in a play. His interest was less in action than in the significance of action. And to reveal its significance he took pains to run to earth all its causes, however deeply hidden in character and circumstance, and to trace, carefully and concretely, all its effects upon the life and nature of each person in his play. By the time he had thus treated all of the incidents involved in a single situation, the two hours allotted for his characters' traffic of the stage had flitted by. When the curtain falls on his dramas, so much has been laid bare that we see the mainspring of the action and cannot help but realize that he has used the theatre as, in the words of Bernard Shaw, "a factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, an elucidator of social conduct." But nothing to speak of has happened.

When a destroyer rams a submarine, the latter sinks

and is seen no more: but quantities of oil rise to the surface, showing where it went down. In the drama since Ibsen most of the best playwrights have shown a tendency to omit the ramming, and concern themselves with the resulting oil. Ibsen himself did this; Strindberg did it, and so do Schnitzler, Barker, Hauptmann, Gorky, Tchekhov, Stanley Houghton, and many others. Their case is presented in Hauptmann's *Rats*, by the youth to whom the author allows the representative of the "old school" to say, "You deny the importance of action in the drama, and assert it to be a worthless accident, a sop to the groundlings." In the plays of these men, most of the action is mental action. Absorbing drama is the result. But it makes no concessions to the groundlings.

In this type of drama the hero has disappeared. In the *Growth of a Soul*, Strindberg, speaking of John, says that he "understood the motives of all the dramatis personæ, and spoke from their varying points of view. But a drama written for the average man who has ready-made views on all subjects, must at least take sides with one of the characters, in order to win the excitable and partisan public." The object of the dramatist of the new order is not to play upon the susceptibilities of the public, but, for the public's benefit, to throw light upon some of the knotty problems of life, to substitute new and better ideas for the old ready-made views. He aims to do justice to all his characters, to say the much that is to be said on all sides; and he cannot, therefore, put one of his people always in the right, and those opposing him constantly in the wrong. Hence the unvarying virtues of the hero disappear as he becomes more human and fallible; and he soon ceases to be a hero.

Because of its very virtues, this hero-less and life-like drama that concerns itself with action only in its relation to ideas — the drama in which, according to Shaw, "emotions exist only to make thought live and move us,"

has never been able to monopolize the stage. But it has become an influence, a very potent influence. And as a result of its influence, conceptions of what a play ought to be have changed considerably; the whole drama has shown a tendency to become less a stimulus to the emotions, and more an appeal to the intellect. In so far as it has done so, it has weakened its appeal to the public as a whole. The playgoer eager for the mental nourishment which the theatre had so long neglected to supply, was immensely pleased with the new tendency. The spectator who welcomes thought and philosophy as well as philanderings and thrills, was no longer fed upon the lighter fare exclusively. But the seat-holder who is ill at ease in the presence of ideas, who hankers after daring deeds, and heroes whose doings he can unconstrainedly applaud, began to find himself more often uneasy in the theatre than formerly.

The spoken drama was evolving. In time many of those who love action alone might have been led to cultivate a taste for the newer and better type of drama, and would thenceforth, perhaps, have found it sufficiently satisfying. That was possible so long as such theatre-goers were entirely dependent upon the spoken drama. But when the photo-play appeared, they were encouraged to wriggle quickly off the hook and slip back into the sea of theatricality. For the movies, like the Cuttle Well in *Sentimental Tommy*, would not wait a minute. They were ready to receive with open doors the man who was dissatisfied with things as they were; and they eagerly entertained him with the familiar sentimental drool and slap-stick fun and lurid melodrama, the bad woman in black, the good woman in white, the manly hero with carefully parted hair, and all the other cast-offs of the spoken drama that had for long been fostered chiefly by burlesque and musical comedy. Thereafter the legitimate drama saw less of him.

And it very soon began to miss him, and to suffer —

financially, at least — for having snubbed him. The playwright and the critic may accuse this kind of playgoer of lack of discernment, brand him as that most abhorred of humans, "the average man," and shower upon him all the bad names in their critical vocabularies; all of which will never alter the fact that such playgoers there are. Their number consists of all the average and all those below the average; and the drama which is not enlivened with a dash or two of movement is to them simply not drama at all. Granville Barker's *Madras House* and Stanley Houghton's *Hindle Wakes* may give them a perfect illusion of reality; but the greater the illusion grows, the more frequent become their yawns, and the less frequent their visits to that kind of play. They want to see the submarine rammed. And from their point of view all maneuvers that precede the ramming, and all the analyses that may be made of the oil forced to the surface, have nothing to do with the case. They like the playwright best when he follows his "soaring imagination, that often neglects the true to attain the marvelous."

In almost every epoch of the history of the drama it has been considered essential for the dramatist to make his work universal in appeal by adopting the methods of Santa Claus and putting into his plays, as Santa Claus puts into Christmas stockings, a little bit for everybody. Terence and the Renaissance Italians openly chafed at and, more often than not, ignored this necessity. So also do Strindberg and most of the moderns who are making enduring drama. But the majority of the Greeks were not above it; nor Molière and Marlowe, Shakespeare and Sheridan, Dumas and Goldoni. The dramatist of to-day can, of course, suit himself in selecting his exemplars, just as, in many other respects, he has wisely suited himself by declining to please those who are pleased with only what was pleasing to their grandparents. He may refuse to propitiate that section of the public which

clamors for drama in primary colors only. Ibsen, and a great many other people, have said that the majority is always wrong. And contemporary playwrights and the playwrights of the future are free to work upon the supposition that Ibsen was right, and that, therefore, to excite the good opinion of the majority is no part of the aim of good art. But the question of whether or not the tastes of the crowd shall continue to be considered by writers who cherish the drama as a growing art form, is a question upon the solution of which the character of the coming drama will largely depend.

By refusing to let the majority stand in his light the playwright will aid the photographic drama to bring about a division of his audience. He will then find the way open for him to wander as far as he likes into the realm of the symbolic, the mystical and the abstruse; the greater the number of spectators he is willing to leave behind, the farther he can go in that direction. And there may eventually be, as Andreyev is certain that some time in the future there will be, a drama "panpsyche," wholly psychological. By that time it will have long ceased to be "a function of the crowd." Such a drama would run the risk of lacking what Synge reproached the intellectual modern drama with lacking: "that rich joy found only in what is superb and wild in reality." Where then would be the home of murder and sudden death, of Lochinvar-like wooings, of ingenious intrigues, of whirlwind farce, of most of the manifestations of brute incident that Stevenson found so alluring? Would there be no place for *Sumurun* and *Cyrano de Bergerac?* Is it possible that the country will eventually be filled with only moving-picture palaces and little theatres?

A complete and permanent separation of the intellectual sheep from the goats would undoubtedly have its good points. It would permit the serious drama to become really advanced — advanced in the sense of continuously advancing: for the drama would then have as audience

only those who were capable of following with alacrity. Experimentation would be continually opening new fields. Playwrights could then be pioneers in the realm of thought — such as were capable of pioneering, that is — instead of having to wait until a subject had grown stale before adapting it to the stage. Shaw could write plays full of ideas without having to be funny, — if he wanted to, — for he would not have to sugar-coat each idea with humor in order to lure his limited audience into tasting it. But for men with Brieux's acknowledged purpose, there would be no place in this drama. Though Brieux rebels at doing no more than meet the public's demand that a playwright be a "Professor of Energy," he says: "It seems to me that the dramatic author should be an intermediary between the public and those great thoughts of great thinkers which are ordinarily inaccessible to the masses. He ought to offer to the public, in an interesting shape, beautiful and generous ideas. Yes, that is the rôle appointed for us: to seduce the public by placing the ideas of the philosophers within their reach."

But the dramatist with such a conception of his rôle would be in no position to place the ideas of the philosophers before the public when he had got beyond that public's reach. Between the new less conglomerate audience and the great thinkers, no intermediary would be necessary. So the drama as a medium of instruction would be homeless. Such a play as Brieux's own *Damaged Goods*, for instance, would have no place and no value in the theatre; for its audience would include only those to whom the subject-matter was already long familiar, and none of those to whose fund of knowledge it would be the most valuable addition. Thus the didactic, the propagandic drama would reach no more than could be reached by propaganda in essay form, and would therefore be superfluous. In such a theatre, how could Bernard Shaw corner the recalcitrant middle class and knock their heads together, to his great delight and their

own great advantage? He could spread the ideas he wants most to spread, only among those who were willing to come and sit before his lecture platform or gather in crowds to be harangued by him in Trafalgar Square. Brieux would have to resort to the limited possibilities of the pulpit — or try to harness the picture-play.

If the influence of the drama of ideas were to lead to such lengths as this, the great host of "average men" would be left for instruction to the mercies of the movies. And, while the opportunities of the cinematograph for didactic purposes are great, its present tendency is to bring up the country's youth on a mental diet of drivel; and it will, if the imitative instinct is as strong as pedagogues suppose, produce a race of women sick with sentimentality, and men imbued with Charlie Chaplin's sense of the humorous and the matinee idol's idea of manliness. At the film theatres one is hardly exposed to the contagion of "the great thoughts of great thinkers." Of course it is useless to rail at the film drama, except with the object of deriding it into improvement: for one can quarrel with evolution with only exceedingly small success. To-day Matthew Arnold might paraphrase his own remark and say: the films are irresistible; organize the films. It will need big minds to organize the movies, — if by organization is meant making them less trashy and at the same time no less attractive. Perhaps it will be such men as Brieux who will eventually do this. But just at this moment it is difficult to conceive of the picture palaces as the abode of "beautiful and generous ideas."

But the clash of the influences of the films and the drama of thought will hardly work such wonders in the matter of a division of publics. The "average playgoer" need have no fear that the theatre will neglect him entirely, so long as there exists the "average playwright." The average playwright keeps his eye ever on the majority. He does not care to limit his appeal. And if he did the

theatrical manager does not. Those who do will have to seek production at the hands of organizations like the Washington Square Players; the theatre's business man has little use for them. For his business instinct, if nothing else, dictates that his plays be democratic in appeal; and, heeding its mandates, he aims to attract all. The dramatist who writes for the commercial theatres feels the effect of the influence of Ibsen; but he is at the same time sensitive to the hint the movies have given him, that the average man must be kept satisfied. And with these two forces at work on him he has quite naturally become a bit muddled.

The result is an unsettled drama. Sometimes the puzzled playwright openly imitates the films: in the case of the melodrama called *The Battle Cry*, an attempt was even made to combine the two forms. Many plays, as was so plainly to be seen in *A Full House* and *Some Baby*, are speeded up until they almost seem to flicker like screen dramas. In fact, for all the brightness of their lines they might better be photo-plays. In farces of aimless bustle, actors challenge the films to equal the noise they make with their blatant dialogue. Often the dramatist's aim is, apparently, to produce what one drama boasts of being, "the play that has everything." All roads to that end are tried. Plays too full of plot are common; collections of episodes, loosely strung together in sufficient number to last an evening, are not infrequent. In pieces like *Common Clay*, *The House of Glass*, and *Just a Woman*, it is evident that, in their efforts to keep something continuously stirring on the stage, the authors have taken little care to avoid the adventitious and the psychologically improbable, and have been willing to ignore motives in order to hurry on with the story and get to the big scene.

In the contemporary dramas, genres are being mixed incontinently. Pieces that purport to be plays of ideas are leavened with frequent surprises, and vivified by

excursions into melodrama. So we have the purpose melodrama — an entirely new form, arising from the dramatist's Ibsen-inspired desire to be instructive, and his extra-Ibsen acquirement of an inclination to please. Many contemporary playmakers are as obviously didactic as the writers of the medieval Moralities. The fact that their methods are modern accounts for such a hybrid play as *Experience*.

Occasionally, as was the case with *The Seven Keys to Bald-Pate* and *The Big Idea*, the mixture of moods and genres is illuminating; oftener the plays so compounded are dull distressing things that merely sputter ignominiously, like damp firecrackers, and quickly subside.

Abortive as are so many of the attempts to do something that is at once new and entertaining and significant, the present inchoate state of the drama is not entirely unencouraging. "To me," says Constantine, voicing the author's opinion, in Tchekhov's *The Seagull*, "to me the theatre of to-day is no more than an antiquated prejudice, a dull routine. . . . New forms are what we need, new forms." And Constantine shoots himself because he has to bow to the "dull routine." The playwright is not shooting himself to-day. Rather, in most cases, is he trying to be a wolf and a lamb without getting hanged as either. But he is proving himself at least not averse to changing. Indeed, good reason for optimism is to be found in the fact that, in being buffeted about by many winds, he has lost some of his morbid sensitiveness to the superstitions of the past. In his panic he has found courage to defy old conventions. Antiquated technical devices are being daily shuffled off to the storehouse with a ruthless but gratifying disregard for the lamentations of those who wish to keep them as mementos of their youth. Of course, in his desire to please, the playwright still clings to many of the worst. But in the hurry of all this house-cleaning, his search for a dramatic form that will prove remunerative may pos-

sibly lead him to stumble upon something that is at the same time of higher value.

Meanwhile, in the midst of the great muddle, there is a bit of comfort to be found in that remark of the *New Machiavelli*. Of course, as Mr. Wells himself has lately pointed out, muddle is not always productive of good; change is not always growth; we occasionally find ourselves heading up blind alleys. But from the present confusion have already risen the Washington Square Players, whose brief past and pregnant future are bright enough to dispel the gloom of not a few commercial failures. Even the commercial dramatist seems to be willing to stray out of the shadow cast by the playmakers of the past: perhaps, by retaining the best that they have taught him, by increasing his skill, by taking thought, he can add the cubit or two to his stature that will end in his casting a considerable shadow of his own.

THE CRIME OF EFFICIENCY

TO begin with, I am an efficient person. In my profession, which has something to do with the education of youth, its manners and morals, by way of a highly expurgated and pre-digested English literature, none of my colleagues would accuse me of inefficiency. I never set the department by the ears with new schemes, workable or unworkable, nor by my inability to follow a program, I do what I am told, improve on it occasionally, and do it well: so I am competent to write on this subject from the point of view of the slightly raised "masses" or the slightly lowered "classes," whichever you prefer to consider me. And I hold no brief against Germany. I do not think that militarism has caused efficiency; or efficiency, militarism. I liked Germany and her culture (if I dare mention the word) before the war, and expect to do the same afterwards. No! It is here in America, every day, in everything from business to pleasure, that I object to efficiency.

Efficiency is the ability, innate or painfully acquired, of doing any thing in the best way and in the shortest time. This quality has a baneful hypnotic influence; doing a thing well becomes a reason for doing it, for repeating it, and for doing nothing else until we can do nothing else. That is one danger. The other is subtler. It becomes a reason for believing that this thing is the most important in the world, that people who cannot do it or something else equally well are without legitimate excuse for living, that "getting things done" is the sum of life.

My chief objection to efficiency is that it unfits man for life. When a mother feeds, bathes and plays with her baby a certain number of minutes a day, trains it with precision to observe the rules of hygiene, and always to de-

mand whole-wheat bread, it grows up to be a prim little sterilized prig, far too antiseptic to play with germ laden dolls, and utterly disillusioned as to the nutritive value of those long delicious licorice confections called in my time "shoe-strings." "No: barley sugar or nothing at all!" you can hear the sage of six assert as he stands firmly on gray-legginged legs and instructs the candy man. Therefore when life positively refuses to fall into barley sugar lines, and the old lovable alarming world rolls on, distinctly oblivious to barley sugar, the infant is left with his alternative — "nothing."

The statement, "I am an efficient civil engineer," will not prevent fate from making the speaker work in a bank or run a department store; and the poor expert, because he failed to become an expert in life, will be at fault, unhappy and probably a considerable handicap to the next generation. For an expert in life must know not merely how to shoulder a way through the world or climb above it or slip through it, but also to live in it, among its people, at ease, comprehending the "tongues of men and angels," and having not "charity" but understanding.

"But to be thoroughly conversant with one thing, to be efficient in it, is the best way to understand the rest." Is it? Well, ask the efficient banker about the striking silk factory employees. "I have no patience with those fellows — they won't work — don't know what they want anyway. If they had more money, they would only waste it. I know them!" Does he? He has probably never seen silk earlier than in a department store, and his experience with employees is limited to bank clerks. Or take the sympathetic social worker. "The rich are criminal, living on an unearned increment. Chance, not brains, has lifted them above the masses!" Is that so? And has she ever met a millionaire or a society woman? Alas! Efficiency never releases its victims to look at the world around them. They are bound to the thing at hand, straining every nerve to get it done in the quickest manner.

The ways and thoughts of others are as unknown to them as the thoughts of animals, any observation they make is for the purpose of seeing how effectively people "do their jobs" — never dreaming that this is not all of life.

Now life is not a series of ordered events for which fixed rules may be laid down beforehand (the fates be praised for this!), but it is a chance grouping of sometimes ludicrously incongruous incidents, so "out of drawing" that only a cubist could imagine it a decorative design. The coincidence of simultaneously having typhoid and coming into a large fortune occurs for no logical reason; nor is an arrangement of ill-chosen birthday presents, a sick-headache, and the failure of Caruso to sing in your favorite opera, a gift from heaven. "Life is just one darn thing after another" expresses somewhat the idea I want to convey. The man who first solemnly pronounced this judgment did not voice an objection to the plan of life, but rather to its planlessness; so even if we substitute "delightful" for the other adjective, we still might find difficulty in appreciating violets among the vegetables, when judged on the basis of efficiency.

The wideawake middle-class woman who has organized her household so well that she need spend no farther thought or affection on it, next sets about "correlating" her spare time. She takes "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day" so literally as to make Bennett writhe, and hastens methodically from Debussy to Matisse, picking up *en route* information on the Panama Canal. When you meet her, properly furred and gowned, coming from a lecture, she will converse pleasantly on the new inhumanity of art, and keep her eye fixed on her wrist watch because in just fifteen minutes she must be at Carnegie Hall or miss the symphony. Always coming and going, in what repose can her mind think out the problems she hears of every day? Even if she did commit the absurdity of setting aside thirty minutes to meditate (and she is quite capable of it), the human mind does not work that way.

In the midst of work comes the understanding of Hjaestad, in listless idle hours, the sudden snapping together of disjointed thoughts, and an idea is born. There is no "Human Machine" for living. A cloudless sky and the smell of new grass are quite as likely to inspire us with love for our fellowman as the systematic reading of committee reports on the condition of the poor, and we may even give money to help a struggling student after reading *Jean Christophe*. No! love and hate and sympathy are never logical, and a fat or ill-bred missionary is actually capable of inspiring us with a hatred of the heathen which the reports of his church board cannot drive away.

Then there is the host of drab women — perfectly useful at home or in business, perfectly harmless, and as unnoticeable as an office chair. They slip through life unimpeded and unimpeding, and their conversation consists of how she did this at the office, and how he said her work was not as good as Miss Taylor's; or if domestic, cooks and spring cleaning enliven their talk as they darn the stockings. Surely these things are a part of life, but so are one's bath hours and one's lingerie, but they are scarcely more decent topics of conversation because they concern the machinery of existence, and not its product — the flower of personality, and the beauties and tragedies of living.

If efficiency only meant doing one thing well, so that there was time for many leisurely delights, we should welcome it, but we all know it does not. We all know the woman who is asked at the last minute to manage the church bazaar or play at the concert (the other name is always on the program) or cook the dinner. It is wonderful that she can do these things, of course; but is she remembered for the extra pleasure as well as for the extra work, is she loved for it? Alas, is she even lovable? That is the tragedy; so often she is not, so often, prim, swift, unattractive as the machine she simulates, she arranges, directs, and when all is over but the shouting, the shouters

forget what particular piece of human machinery has arranged the excellent things they are enjoying.

I have spoken first of the women of America because there seems some hope of saving them: the men, one fears, are spoiled forever. They are the laughing stock of Europe, in their inability to amuse themselves outside of business and vaudeville, ignorant of the arts, impatient of the length of time it takes "pure science" to show results, smug in their tacit assumption that the bustling American is the last product of the final civilization: they are viewed with indulgent sarcasm by the more leisurely and more cultured European, who can not regard life as such a hand-to-mouth affair, the accounts of which have to be balanced daily, and must always show a surplus on the side of accomplishment. To idle exquisitely is an art which the American middle class can not understand, and "*Ohne Hast, ohne Rast*" is equally incomprehensible.

But the efficiency of institutions is worse! With what vicious regularity the public schools turn out graduates twice a year! Each one has gone through the technically perfect mill, has had so much grammar, mathematics, etc.; except where he has "skipped" a grade for showing some grains of intelligence. Even our museums for the employment of our leisure hours are thus managed. I remember the famous tuberculosis exhibit at the Natural History Museum in Central Park. They had taken pains to invite the youth of the public schools, and had great facilities for "handling the crowds," as the circular stated. They did! Never have I seen a crowd better managed. In herds of hundreds the unresisting children were driven into a lecture room where really excellent pictures were shown them as the lecturer raced through his "stunt" in record time. Then on through the exhibition. "No stopping here," the attendants called out, as some daring

youngster stepped aside to see an interesting detail. A marching army, they passed without pause from door to door of the museum, so wonderfully managed for a bridge rush — so pitiable a spectacle to one who wished them to know the really wonderful things in prevention and cure that the exhibition showed. Each exhibit was well and carefully placarded, but no time was given to read the placards: the writer, who had gone over the ground beforehand, could not even reread those which interested her. The more recent Swedish Exhibition in the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences showed these elements also. I stopped to look at a statue placed in the centre of one of the rooms. "That is no place to stop in a crowd," said the attendant, "Pass to the right." I passed!

One terrible objection to the cultivation of efficiency is that when it is gone, it leaves nothing but a sort of fussy futility behind. How many old men and women one recalls, too worn for work, who still retain the power of worrying their families and acquaintances by a minute oversight of affairs and a thousand suggestions for doing everything. They are querulous, domineering, empty of real advice, only directions as to how to "get things done." That terrible watch-word leaves no time to think whether they should be done at all, till the actual doing of a thing with neatness and dispatch is made a merit in itself — its purpose and effects entirely lost.

In contrast to the many efficient people we all know, I recall a wonderful old lady of eighty. After her husband's death, she brought up a family of four in poverty and illness. It is rumored that she ironed the clothes very badly because she generally read during the process. Her house was not over-neat, the meals not wonderfully prepared, but she read Homer and Shakespeare with her children every evening. They grew up, married well, and succeeded in business and (not incidentally) in living. She herself is the most alive person I know. "Well, child, what's new?"

is her first remark, and she is sympathetic, understanding, and has a streak of humor without bitterness, so rare in the old. The minute she enters a room, something has occurred; life has come in. Yet she is of no "use" — she is pure lovable personality, cultivated through long years. Pure efficiency would have subdued and finally destroyed it.

I know a family living on a mountainside. Their farm brings in about enough to live on, and the semi-successful artist father earns the rest. On my first visit to them I discovered that they had neither clock nor calendar; on my second, I completely forgot this fact. They are full of energy and interest, and live gloriously every minute of the year. I suppose the couple are forty, but delight in life is a great enemy to wrinkles and bad temper. A day with them is so rejuvenating, so adventurous, that one leaves saying: let the machinery go forever, live a simple or a complicated life, only live, and refuse to become a slave to the master of *things* — to efficiency.

A LUSITANIA VICTIM SPEAKS?

SOME readers will remember the account given in our number for July, 1915, of Mr. Edwin Friend and his murder in the *Lusitania* infamy.

Generally when a death attracts wide attention, "sensitives," true and false and near and far, begin manifestations which purport to be communications from, and generally by, the deceased. These manifestations, so far as they are honest, are attributed by one side to (I) the mediums merely expressing their own knowledge. But knowledge often comes that the medium never had. (II) Interested sitters voluntarily or involuntarily telepathing the matter to the mediums. But knowledge comes that the sitters never had. (III) Persons not present doing the same thing. Sometimes this seems proved; and in the nature of the case can never be disproved. The other side attributes the phenomena to the ostensible communicators being the postcarnate intelligences they profess to be. The dozen best investigators are divided between the two sides, or perhaps it would be fairer to say between the spiritistic side and suspension of opinion. With the names of Lodge, Hodgson and Myers on that side, and James, Sedgwick and Crookes [1] working hard, though suspending judgment, the subject certainly appears worthy of serious attention.

Mr. Friend has been ostensibly reported by at least four sensitives, and the reports of three published by Dr. Hyslop in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* for March, 1916. The first, "Mrs. Chenoweth" (pseudonym) had for sitters Dr. Hyslop, who knew Mr. Friend intimately, and Mrs. Friend, and is therefore strongly open to the telepathy solution. Regarding the second, Miss D——, Dr. Hyslop was mistaken:

[1] Sir William has announced his belief in telekinesis and in the soul's survival of bodily death, but, not that we remember, in the manifestations of the sensitives being caused by survivors.

Mrs. Friend was not present. The third, "an unnamed psychic in New York," was reported by a stenographer who Dr. Hyslop says knew the facts; and the sitter, for whom Dr. Hyslop made the appointment (for purposes entirely disconnected with Friend, however) and who was therefore directly and telepathically open to knowledge from Dr. Hyslop. We give extracts from these reports, and also from some involuntary writings sent us by Mrs. Friend. These of course are peculiarly open to the memory solution. How far our record will seem to go beyond such explanations is for the reader to judge. Dr. Hyslop, being already a spiritist, believes the communications to be from a surviving Mr. Friend, but nevertheless believes them to be, as probably the majority of students would expect, colored by the mediums through which they came. Probably he is also one of the many students who would expect a tinge here and there from other intelligences anywhere, but especially from the sitters. The drift of modern scientific opinion (if it is not premature to apply that term to the subject) seems to be toward a notion that mind, unlike matter and motion (why not pack all into *the three Ms?*) is illimitable — that it holds all consciousness that is evolved; and, as corollaries, that, as the Greeks guessed, it is, like matter and motion, one, eternal and universal; with individual manifestations.

The circumstances of Mr. Friend's sailing are essential to an understanding of the ensuing narrative.

He had been associated with Dr. Hyslop in conducting the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, which we will hereafter designate as the S. P. R. There had been disagreements which had led to his resignation, and to his subsequent resignation from the Society, and also that of Miss Theodate Pope, who had long been a liberal patron of Psychical Research. They had decided to found a society which would inevitably be a rival to the Am. S. P. R., and were on their way to

take counsel with the leading members of the English Society, when they were blown up on the *Lusitania.* Friend was lost, and Miss Pope was resuscitated after being thought dead.

Mrs. Friend wrote us, September 15, 1915:

> The first message that I had from Mr. Friend was early Sunday morning the 9th of May. It was so short and unevidential by itself that I did not send it to you. It came to me about 2.15 in the morning and at first I was not at all sure whether it was simply a telepathic message or if it did come from across the border. So I got up from bed and wrote down what had come in words to my mind, and it was with surprise that I felt my hand go on and sign the message with a signature which Mr. Friend often used in letters to me. The message was:
>
> "Take my message, darling, I am well. Boy."

This is corroborated by a neighbor who went to see Mrs. Friend that Sunday morning to help her hope that Mr. Friend would yet turn up among the survivors. Mrs. Friend met the visitor composedly, and said that she knew that Mr. Friend did not survive: for he had communicated with her during the night. So says the neighbor, Mrs. Friend says her interpretation of the message fluctuated between hope and fear.

What Dr. Hyslop got the next day (May 10th) came from Mrs. Chenoweth in Boston. In the following extracts from his reports we omit sundry details given by him for scientific accuracy, but apt to be confusing rather than enlightening to the lay reader; and we insert or vary an occasional word to facilitate understanding, without interrupting it by brackets. It will be worth the interested reader's while to get familiar with the symbol P. F. R., meaning Pencil Fell from the entranced medium's hand and was Restored, and also to put up patiently with the indications Pause, Distress, etc., on the part of the medium, all supposed to be manifestations of the postcarnate communicator—technically the "control." At first the editor was tempted to spare the lay reader these

stumbling blocks, but a few can greatly help an understanding of how these mysterious expressions come. Those who, for close investigation, want them all, are referred to the original report. The passages in parentheses are Dr. Hyslop's remarks to the medium; those in square brackets without initial, occasionally within Dr. Hyslop's bracketed sentences, are his editorial comments; those in square brackets followed by "Ed." are comments by the present editor; the rest in small print gives the utterances, oral or in script, of the medium.

Dr. Hyslop is confident that Mrs. Chenowith knew nothing of Mr. Friend — his previous history or his being on the boat. At the first of these sittings, Dr. Hyslop himself was uncertain regarding his fate: so it is not probable that the medium's impressions were influenced by memory or received telepathically from Dr. Hyslop. Even if they were, what caused her to give so many *dramatically* — to speak and write as if she were Mr. Friend?

These outgivings were in trance, and, as is very frequent with mediums, seemed to be largely reports of visions arising from the memory, near the time of death, of a postcarnate intelligence trying to communicate.

PART I

Sittings of Dr. Hyslop and, later, Mrs. Friend with Mrs. Chenoweth

Mrs. C. J. H. H. May 10th, 1915. 10 A. M.

[Long pause. Sigh as if weary. Long pause. Head turned. Pause and distress accompanied by catalepsy [rigidity. Ed.], which I had to relieve in the usual way. Long pause.] . . .

[Spoken] Oh my, I don't want to see that terrible thing. (What is it?) Oh it's . . . [pause] perhaps it's, perhaps it's . . . [medium seized my hand and held it very tightly. Pause and distress, groans and catalepsy. Soon relieved.]

It's the ocean. [Distress, pause.] Oh, Oh I'm dead. [Here the medium's consciousness seems identified with the one trying to communicate. Dr. H. answers. Ed.] (Who is?) [Suspected who it was.]

[Pressure of hand relaxed.] Promised to report. (All right. I will be glad to hear from you and to have you tell me, when you can, who it is.) [Sigh and then held my hand tightly again. Pause.] Went down. [Pause.] Down. . . [Pause.] It's all over. Perhaps I can help you more now. [Pause.] (What do you mean by "more now." I don't know who is present.) I can't get hold. . . [The statement: "I can't get hold" was quite natural for such a new-comer. He had been lost only three days before.]

It seems "quite natural" to Dr. H. because he is familiar with the fact that nearly all "controls" testify that for some time after "passing over," they are confused and unable to communicate. Whether or not these statements are involuntary inventions of the sensitive (and it's too late to bother with the idea of their always being voluntary) does not affect the possibility of their uniform occurrence meaning something.

[Pause.] Oh. [Distress and sigh.] I have been to my wife.

Apparently referring to the brief communication to her already given. The medium didn't know Mr. Friend had a wife. But Dr. H. did. Assuming, however, that the medium got that knowledge telepathically from him, why should she say that the control had been to her — even if Dr. H. knew it, which he didn't?

(Where is she?) [Pause and then hand made motions of writing. . .] [Mrs. Friend being an involuntary writer, and her husband being alleged to have communicated with her in that way. Ed.]

[Automatic Writing.] You will go to her. I will try and come. E. [The letter E is apparently a signature of the initial of Mr. Friend's first Christian name Edwin. Mrs. Chenoweth had never heard of him.] . . . [Spoken. Ed.] Oh! oh! [distress]. The boat's filling. [Long pause. Reached apparently for the pencil and when offered refused it. Then leaned forward and began motions of swimming and continued them for some moments with accompanying groans at times, and then ceased apparently exhausted, with cry of "Oh!" I helped her back to her position in the chair.]

Remember what was said above regarding the medium's apparently telepathically dreaming the memories of the control. Here apparently she acts out a dream regarding a person she never knew anything about. If it was "spiritual possession," it came through a dream. The symptoms, whatever they may mean, are like these with all the mediums, only with some the visions come while they are awake. Foster so described his to the present writer. But often when they were very intense, he appeared to lose consciousness of anything else, and acted and spoke them out.

[Pause.] I will speak of an apple. [Mrs. F. thinks this refers to a standing joke in the family about F's Adam's apple. Ed.]

[Long pause.] Oh dear! [Rose and leaned forward again.] Oh, I feel so ill. [Pause.] Fred. [Sounded like "red" and so I read it.] Fred, Friend, Friend. (What is that?) [It was whispered and I wanted it more clearly.] I don't know him. F r . . . F r . . . [spelled]. Friend [whispered]. F r . . . [spelled with a trill so that it sounded like "fur" with a trill]. [Pause.] (Go ahead.) [Pause.] (Speak it clearly, if you can.)

Such repeated attempts at names, often with ultimate success, are very frequent among sensitives. They seem at least as apt to be attempts by the sensitive to read the sitter's mind, as by a post-carnate intelligence to communicate through difficulties.

. . . I think somebody who calls himself your friend is here. [Pause.] I guess, I guess I thought too much on the disaster. I see it all around everywhere. I thought too much about it. It's horrible. It's got on my mind. I tried not to. I didn't read any papers yesterday at all. I kept seeing it all the time. (Did anyone try to give his name?) Yes, but I couldn't get it. I could hear something about your friend was here all the time, your friend is here. [Not perfectly distinct.] Friend is here [distinct]. [The medium's subconsciousness supposed that the communicator was a friend of mine, not suspecting that it was the communicator's name.] . . . (I am sorry that so fateful an end came.)

The only hope is that out of the tragedy may come some [pause] clearer light for the cause we love and which I still . . . [the medium paused and then suddenly awakened without finishing the sentence].

Mrs. C. J. H. H. May 11th, 1915. 10 A. M.

[Long pause. Sigh with exclamation of "Oh" as if weary, and then a long pause again. Hand moved slowly across the pad and reached for mine. I offered pencil but it was refused and in a few moments I suspected catalepsy, which I found to be a fact. Some time relieving it and then hand relaxed with distress and cries of "Oh" and groans. Pause.]

Very easy. (What is very easy?) Dying.

Automatic Writing. [With difficulty, got down his initials E. F. and something like a W, his middle initial.]

[Pause and breathing as if dying, and distress.] My work is put before me by this accident for I know about the diff [struggle] ulties [difficulties] to be overcome as many do not and my experiences of the past year have given me a wider knowledge of the erratic movements of the so-called communications now I must test them [distress]. I am as clear in my head as before the occurrence but find some difficulty in overcoming the nervous activities of the light [i. e. the medium. Ed.] [difficulty in keeping control]. (I understand.)

[Like nearly all persons who read records of communications, he had supposed that they were transmitted intact or that the communicator was directly giving his thoughts. But he here implies in his phrase that there is something different from this conception, and later he admitted the place of the subconscious [ness of the medium. Ed.] in the product, a view which I had always endeavored to make him and others see.]

The present editor, and probably others, long since called attention to the frequent seeming blending of the consciousness of medium, sitter and control. This is entirely consistent with the dream character which he ascribes to the whole business.

Who had this little pin I gave you and think of me? [Leaned forward in distress.] Where was I?

[Later regarding this Mrs. Friend wrote:

It was in fact an engagement pin instead of a ring and this is probably meant by the allusion to the phrase "and think of me."]

(Oh you were off working.) [Said to medium.]

Yes. (Stay there.) [Hoping trance would remain.]

Yes, yes. Were we going to England? (Yes.) Yes, yes. (Who was with you?) Yes, yes, but she, where is she? They saved her. [Evident reference to Miss Pope, of whom medium knew nothing. Ed.]

[Long pause.] Where is my sister?

Friend had a sister from whom, he knew before sailing, his wife was expecting a visit. Dr. H. didn't even know that he had one, and of course the medium did not.

[Automatic Writing.] E [pause, and P. F. R.]. (Stick to it.) . . . [scrawls.] (I can't read it.) Myers will help me. [It is probable that he was attempting to give his full name here, with the help of Mr. Myers. The initial E, above, came, but the rest was undecipherable.]

F. W. H. Myers, a leading member of the S. P. R., died some years ago, and several mediums have given very interesting ostensible communications from him.

Oh I am so dizzy. [Pause, medium opened eyes, stared at me and closed them again. Pause.] I wanted to see Lodge.

Sir Oliver, the eminent psychical researcher. Friend did start to see him, among others. The medium knew nothing of this, but *may* have telepathed it from Dr. H.

(Yes, who did?) I did. (Who are you?) I had a report even if I spoiled the work. [He was to present a report for the *Proceedings* and it was nearly ready when the break came.] Couldn't help it. (Why not?) I couldn't help it. (Why?) [Pause and leaned forward.] It wasn't right was it? (No.) It wasn't right for me to go, was it? [to England, as explained elsewhere.] (No.) I saw it at once. (What made you go?) [Miss Pope in questioner's mind.]

[Hand began writing and I offered pencil but it refused.] We didn't agree. [*i. e.* control and Dr. H.? Ed.] [Pause.] I ought to apologize. The light has come. (Was any influence exercised over you to do it?) Yes. (What was it?) Two reasons [first two fingers held up]. One beyond [one finger pointed upward] and one here. My question was taken to imply that I wanted to know if spirits had influenced him. I did not have anything of this kind in mind. [Not telepathy from Dr. H.,

then, and the sensitive knew nothing of the case. Ed.] [The answer involved both influences, one a spirit and the other evidently Miss Pope. But for one incident there would be no way of verifying the statement about a spirit influence. While the two were on the *Lusitania*, a psychic in New York who knew nothing about the situation, except that some trouble had arisen, told us that the two had followed false messages coming from someone impersonating Dr. Hodgson.] [The well-known psychical researcher who died in 1905 and has purported to give many most interesting communications. Ed.] I . . . I grieve. [Pause.] I paid the price. [He went to England, it will be recalled, after sanction from the English S. P. R. for a society here in competition with the existing one. The journey cost his life. Ed.] I heard it in a kind of sad little voice.

[Medium opened eyes and showed she was awake or nearly so.]

What is it? I heard something. I am awake. I heard something. [Such transitions characterize trance mediums generally. The reader has probably already noticed the puzzling transitions from the medium speaking as the control, to speaking as herself. The first is generally in the dream of deep trances, the other when she begins to wake to her own consciousness. Ed.]

Here the medium reports an audition, though a few lines back she seemed to be speaking the words in the character of Mr. Friend. In hosts of other cases, there profess to be mediums "on the other side" reporting for would-be communicators to mediums on this side. It is impossible always to know "which is which."

Mrs. C. J. H. H. May 12th, 1915. 9 A. M.

[Pause.] Edwi . . . [pause and sigh.] Ed . . . [Pause.] . . . [scrawl.] (Stick to it. You'll get it.) Edwin [Pause.] F . . . [Pause.] f r . . . ["f" may have been intended for a capital "F"] F r e. . . (Stick to it. You'll get it.) F r i ["i" dotted] e [pause] . . . Friend. (Good. That's excellent.)

[It is unusual for communicators to try to give their names at the outset of a sitting, but Mr. Friend was familiar with our difficulties about proper names and the uncertainty about communicators when they failed to announce their names, and hence it would be quite natural for him to try to give it at once.] I will do what I can to make my identity a good case. . .

(Thank you, I hope you will.)

It helps me to have this to do for it gives me an incentive to work an object to center on which helps me to forget the tragedy.

I already think I know why so many communicators forget. It is a desire to put away an unpleasant and wearing memory ["and" read as *end* and pencil pointed to the word till corrected]. [Remember that the writer is supposed to be unconscious. This action with the pencil is frequent, and looks as if another intelligence were directing the dream. Ed.]

I know what your plan is for me. You wish me to try and come and communicate as well as I can for her. [Mrs. Friend? Ed.] (Yes exactly.)

I know the plan and I deeply appreciate the seting [setting] aside of the other work that this may be done for it is not new to me to understand how your heart and interest is . . . ["hid" or some word meaning "taken"] up in this case which has taken so much time. [Mrs. Chenoweth, even if she had known of his existence could not have known that he knew of my work with the Doris Fischer case, now interrupted by his messages.]

[Pencil fell, hand stretched toward me, medium leaned forward and choked as if drowning, gasping desperately and face flushed. Fell back heavily and stopped breathing, with face still much flushed. Pause, and reached for pencil. When inserted I noticed hand was slightly cataleptic.]

Apparently a recurrence of the drowning dream. The mediums, just like the rest of us, frequently experience these chaotic mixtures of dreams reproducing actual experience (and sometimes apparently forestalling it) and mixing it with features lacking any apparent significance.

I will do all possible and you know I have more than the purely scientific reason but I jump at this opportunity to help the work. . . (Yes I understand.)

My work and training for it was good enough to help me se [see] the fact and the more recent experiences of my life drove home the truth. . . [His sittings with his wife exercised a decisive influence on his mind in favor of the spirit hypothesis.]

It [read "I" carelessly] will help her also . . It will help her also to have this work going on. I left many things which may be useful in the way of recognition.

Mrs. C. J. H. H. and Mrs. Friend. June 3rd, 1915, 10 A. M.

I am here to [pause] day. (Yes, you are welcome.)

and want to say so much to her whom I have left and who is here. I am so excited that I can be so near and in real communication of this sort although I am not opposed to it nor was I.

[He was very much afraid of the trance in the case of his wife, and opposed it until the controls urged a trial of it, when he yielded, but the trance would not come.]

Little girl [writing became slower] with power to do so much to make a spirit life seem real. I want to come to you. I am not surprised to have you here. I wanted it so. E. E. . . E [long pause] you will be a little patient. (Yes we shall.) with your boy. (Mrs. F.: I will indeed.) for he has some things to learn although his will makes success a thing that must come. It is the thread which makes a glint of gold on the sombre robe of our sorrow for it is a sorrow to have the break in hopes and plans.

[There is something quite characteristic in the language about "the glint of gold" and the reference to their common sorrow.]

[Distress and struggle to keep control. Medium leaned forward and groaned and then fell back.] I ought to have known. [Struggle for control again, groans and distress.] [Pause.] P [pause] P [P. F. R., but pencil fell again.] [Sensitive seems to have again dreamt the final struggle: for she exclaims (Ed.)]

He's dead. He's dead. [Long pause. Hand placed on neck and then came to mine, seizing it. Pause. Opened eyes and closed them again.] Oh my! [Pause.] Everybody is crazy. [Pause.] Who are all these people running about? . . .

[Here he began fumbling with the names Theodora, Theodore and Theodosia, evidently seeking Miss Pope's, which is Theodate, and the visions turned again to the wreck. Ed.] . . .

[Pause.] Look! [Fingers pointed in air.] One up, one down. [Probably refers to the rescue of Miss Pope and his own loss.] Oh I guess it's all up with us. [Pause.] I don't know all these people. [Pause.] Do you know anyone named Ned? [Quite possibly referring to himself: he did so as "Ed" through another psychic. How exactly like our ordinary dream jumbles it all is! Ed.] (No.) [Sitter also shook head.] [Pause.] Are you sure? (Yes.) All right. I don't think I can get anything.

(Can't you get the name of that woman?)

Well, tell me about the English. What about this in England? Has that anything to do with it? [The half grasped idea and the sudden transition, apparently to Miss Pope as control, is just like anybody's dream. Ed.]

(Yes.) I am so crazy about London, England, and everything across the water. I am just sick. I am just sick. Got so much trouble with the nerves in the body. Head is all right, but I'm

sick. It's a shame. (What is?) The whole business. (What is?) [Pause and awakened.]

[Miss Pope was still in London recuperating from the effects of the disaster. The answer to my question to know who the woman was, takes the form of an apparent message direct from her mind, and if so would look like telepathy. It is certain that the language describes her state of mind from what I learned afterward from a letter of hers . . .]

Mrs. C. J. H. H. and Mrs. Friend. June 4th, 1915. 10 A. M.

[Automatic Writing.]

I will try to make clear what is on my mind as soon as I can. I am not quite reconciled to the change but there is nothing I can do to change that, but I may be able to do some of the work I had planned even now from this side. I was here yesterday and have been trying to be patient and get ready for the work with you dear: for I know how you are situated and how much you need the help I ought to give. P P o . . . [P. F. R.] (Stick to it.) P o p [pause] e [P. F. R.] (Good, go ahead.) P o p e. (That's good. Go ahead.)

got there but I got here and she [P. F. R.] (Stick to it.) she is not very happy I know but do not blame her too much you know what I mean . . .

I thought I was to do some god [good] sevice [service] in the way of interesting other people in a new departure and I took the wrong time to do it [This is more than an interesting passage. It was a part of the task assigned to Mr. Friend to interest other people in the work, but it was not in the way of a new departure. We were not ready to put it into effect, and hence the statement that he "took the wrong time to do it" is correct enough, and especially in the light of the consequences to himself] and there has been some criticism yes criticism about the movement and some wonder about what she would do now. She was as much influenced by the messages as I and felt the importance of . . . [Then the dream jumble reverts again to memories of the wreck. Ed.]

[Distress, struggle and oral:] Oh horrible. Please cut me off. [Pause.] [Writing resumed.] E. E. F. Down down down [scrawl] we go. [Struggle and excitement.] (Keep calm.) [Oral.] Oh! [Distress.] [Writing.] Drowning, drowning drow . . . [Struggle and great excitement.] [Oral.] My God, I can't look. I can't look.

[Writing.] E F a . . . [P. F. R.] (Stick to it.)

[Then the dream shifts again. Ed.] yes dear I come again as I have before and as I wish to continue for [P. F. R.]. (Stick to it.) there is so much to do. [Struggle to keep control. Leaned forward and groaned.] (Let me ask a question. Can I?) Yes.

(Do you know where you have been communicating before?)

yes yes of course and she knows too and I am to continue and to try and get this cross reference . . . [he fully appreciated the value of this when living and was probably trying here to establish it between Mrs. Chenoweth and his wife.]

[Spoken.] It is wonderful. (What?) [Not caught.] It is wonderful. It is wonderful. [Pause.] Get my notes?

[Mr. Friend had had a few sittings the previous autumn with Mrs. Chenoweth, she not being allowed to see him, . . . The notes on them were mailed to me just as he was sailing. No one but myself knew that they existed.]

[Automatic Writing.] Do you clearly understand that I grieve to think I went when I did. (Yes, I understand that.)

and that before the cable reached America I was in contact with my little girl and made effort to bring comfort which was hard work under the circumstances. [Stress.] [and reversion to the wreck. Ed.] There was absolutely no chance for a man but it was not so hard for so [erased] me as for some . . . [stress and lost control. Pencil thrown down, and head raised.] Fire, Fire.

(What do you mean by fire?)

[Opened eyes, paused and closed them again.] Oh flames everywhere. [Suddenly awakened.]

Mrs. C. J. H. H. and Mrs. Friend. June 5th, 1915. 10 A. M.

Now apparently comes a new communicator, as different from Friend as Malvolio from Hamlet. How could this utterly different character — and consistent, as his name will show — be got telepathically from the same sitters who apparently did not know him? Or why should the medium dramatize him, and why do it so well? This seems to me the chief nut to crack: how do these people dramatize more characters than Shakspere or Sophocles, and, so far as the characters go, do it at least as well? Or is it all done, as the spiritists claim, by the characters themselves — working, as the present editor guesses possible, telepathically through dreams?

[Automatic Writing.]

Submarines the [Not Read] the devil fish of the sea. [Four words not read at the time.] (Writing too fine and scrawlly.)

[Pause.] We all went down together. Hell can be no worse. The torture and horror of battle was concentrated in the confines of that Lusitania disaster and years of . . . years of painful experience. (I imagine so. Go on.)

were contracted in a few minutes but not all [stress] have the opportunity to return to their friends and express their opinions on the matter as your friend has done to his wife. (That is true.)

The event ought to prove a Godsend to you in pushing forward a mighty good thing. . . To open up a new [pause] country in an intelligent and intelligible way and get into communication with the dwellers of that country and use the ordinary and clear means of expression seems a great [read "real" not seeing the "g"] great [pause] thing to me. (I understand.)

and to cut [read "act"] cut out the flim flam and the knock on wood methods is a mighty big improvement. You do not need to tell me that I am not welcome [not read at once] w . . . [read] I know it but when a man is in a trap and sees another man escape he takes a chance at the gate and makes a dash for liberty. (Do you mean to apologize for spirit rappings?)

Not on your life. I am telling you that I have taken a chance at this gate even if the guard shoots from the cover as I scale the wall ["s" added probably to repeat "scale" as I was delayed in reading.]

I saw that young Friend get a message through and I just dug a trench and stuck by. We knew his business and when the [read "he"] game . . . the ["t" crossed] . . . was up and we were down I followed him and when [distress] I saw his play I trumped his ace and here I am and he will get plenty of chances that you would never give your faithful after death by Billy's submarine. Elbert Hubbard.

["Elbert" read "Albert" at time and last name not read at all. Pencil fell and long pause.]

[Oral Control.] I'm dead. I'm dead. (Who is?)

I am. (You are all right.) I'm dead. [Distress and pause.] I'm dead. (Who is?) [. . . I wanted the name that I failed to read.] I'm dead. (You mean you, the light?) [*i. e.* medium. Ed.] [Pause.] What in hell has happened? I'm dead. (You got that feeling from the spirit. I was not able to read the last name he wrote. I got the Albert, but that is all.) [Still thinking

it subliminal.] I wrote it myself, you idiot. [Reached for pencil.]

[Automatic Writing.] E [pause] Elbert Hubbard. (Good, I understand.) Bet you do. You probably wish I had stayed below. (No, you are all right.) Am I forgiven and will you pass the fatted calf? (Yes, if I can.)

I am not sure of the reception I may get when I get out of this situation but I have had my day and am glad I made the trial. It is not half bad. Mr. E. F. of F. of C—— [Mr. Edwin Friend of Farmington, of Conn. Ed.] is a very kind gentleman and I shall hide behind his interest in the scientific work and let him catch me if he can.

[Pencil fell. Distress and cry of "Oh."]

[Spoken.] Everybody laughing. [Pause, opened eyes and was in borderland condition.] What happened? (Nothing.) Did I come out awful quick? (Yes.)

[This sitting was intended for Mr. Friend, but Elbert Hubbard was either an interloper or was admitted for a purpose. No evidential value attaches to his message. Mrs. Chenoweth had been a reader of his little publication, *The Philistine*, and we may suppose that she knew enough of his style to reproduce him. [Was Mrs. Chenoweth a superior literary artist and dramatist? Ed.] Besides she knew that Mr. Hubbard was on the Lusitania and that he was among the lost.]

[I know enough of the behavior of Mrs. Chenoweth's subconscious to say that she does not reproduce reading or normal knowledge either with any faithfulness or to any extent, though its [her subconscious's. Ed.] habits and limitations no doubt affect the result as a passive medium through which a message must flow. But we know too little about the limits of subconscious action to defend the message for evidential purposes. [This editor, while not yet convinced, as Dr. Hyslop is, that the sensitives report postcarnate intelligences, gives weight to a good deal of evidence that he scouts. Ed.] Normally she would not try to bring Mr. Hubbard or anyone she knew, and she regretted that Mr. Hubbard had communicated, when I told her of it.]

PART II

Sittings of Dr. X with Miss D——

Dr. Hyslop says of Miss D—— that she was not a professional medium, and had never heard of Mr. Friend.

She knew, of course, that the Lusitania had gone down.

Miss D——. Dr. X? May 28th, 1915.

[Two habitual controls — "Mills" and "Lionel" — had appeared when apparently a third asks: (Ed.)]

Can't you keep quieter, can't you keep quieter? I've been trying to send a connection for a long time but it seems as if the line was busy as it were and I've just succeeded. I hoped to find my little wife but she isn't here, is she? Marjorie, I mean.

(No, but I sent her your message.)

You did. Thank you. I knew she wasn't here, but——[attempt at hieroglyphics including an inverted capital "T".]

[Pause.] (Have you gone away?)

No. I was waiting, trying to see if I couldn't draw a certain figure, but I seem to have mislaid the idea as it were. I'll try again soon, but tell her first that I'm watching and waiting with her always.

[Mr. Friend had been a Sanskrit scholar and knew Greek and Latin well. The medium knew neither the man nor any of these languages. Among these hieroglyphics or signs was found the cross three times. This is the sign of Imperator and was not known to the psychic.] Imperator was a mystical, priestly, pompous, long-winded control of Mrs. Piper, who professes to be an ancient sage, and often butts in with other controls, to get a chance to talk. Hodgson held him in great reverence. Some others do not. We shall meet him again.

(Can you make an evidential statement?)

Ask my little wife to look for the honey — no, we called it columbine. It is in bloom in the woods back of the house, way back down the road. We knew — we discovered a great clump of columbine and were going to search it and were going to visit the woods and gather flowers. At least, we planned to, but the best laid plans of mice and men oftimes gang-a-glae. That is Robert Burns, you know. [Pause. Distress.] [On the last walk Mr. and Mrs. Friend had together in the country at Farmington, Conn., they found a plant down the road back of the house. Mr. Friend at the time called it Honeysuckle, but his wife and sister said it was Columbine.]

* * * * * * * *

Watch and do your part. — I am back again. [Then the dream shifts to the Lusitania. Ed.] Lost —— saved — Pope. The connection is good but wires seem to be preoccupied as

it were. Watch your Light. Better papers O better — Oh, yes. I was trying to find definite words —

Posu — bonum — Can't — Definite words trouble but I am finding out that in waiting for Marjorie 4 — 28 — F — waves 4 ocean N. Y. Farmington, Connecticut. [Mr. Friend, as said above, knew Latin. The medium did not. It was quite characteristic of him to use it here. . . The numbers are probably an attempt to name the date. He went down on the 7th of May, the 5th, not the 4th month. The 28 is the date of the present sitting. Mr. Friend sailed from New York.] [Here was drawn a line like a snake, and an angle sloping up toward the right to a point and then falling vertically. Ed.] a mountain spur going straight, almost perpendicular then coming down so suddenly. It is like that — the thought and aims of our lives on the earth. We often talked of the mountain simile as we called it. E. [There was a mountain spur not very far from the home. Its abrupt precipice can be seen from many points. It was called the Pinnacle. The range which it terminated looks like a long wave of the sea. Mrs. Friend says that they never compared this mountain spur with their lives, but that Mr. Friend had spoken of its likeness to a wave of the sea and that they were on the crest of it.]

I am sorry between the spirits there are some little demons around tonight and the Light herself it is [not] all smooth sailing. I am speaking for Mills. It seems as if the whole world of spirits, the mischievous kind, are trying to get in, [strangely significant. The editor believes this passage and all like it often indicate preconceptions of the mediums. On the other hand, "communications" of the most general weight, and seeming to be (if any are) from the highest post-carnate intelligences, are generally free from all such mythologic notions, and contradict them. This is one of strongest arguments for the communicators being what they profess. Ed.] About the mountain spur simile. Our thoughts and lives are like that — tell Ma Maj — I was trying to get her name. She will know it is love. She does as? did. Doesn't she know recognize heart of my heart — ah — that is for her.

(Where were you going?) In England for the Society of Psychical Sir Oliver Lodge. [The psychic knew nothing of this.] . . . Dr. X. have you sent my message to Marjorie . . . you know it is Edwin Friend . . . Edwin Friend . . . tell my little wife to care for herself more . . . tell her she must for I cannot bear to see her not doing so. I will be happy when it . . .

when we are united but she must care for herself and be happy as her condition you know [A child was expected and was soon happily here. Ed.] (Can anyone else help you to reach her?) Yes, oh yes, Hyslop, come. . . . (Through what instrumentality? Give name.) She has more than one. Cheth . . . Chet . . . Chew . . . Chenoweth other Light . . . Say . . . Sewall . . . Soule. April . . . first . . . May . . . Lusitania. Did Nathalie try . . . is the . . . some of the . . . discarna . . . imps . . . try look in the . . . look . . .

[The psychic did not know that Mr. Friend had communicated through Mrs. Chenoweth, whose real name is Soule. The psychic had had sittings with her, but knew her only under the name Chenoweth. . . Nathalie is the name of Mrs. Friend's sister, and as she was present at the time it is possible that the psychic knew it as well as the Marjorie of Mrs. Friend. The allusion to April and May is apparently an effort to say something about the time he sailed. It was the first of May. . . The psychic knew nothing about the relation of Mr. Friend to the events.]

(Can you give an evidential message?)

. . . I remember I sailed . . . Do you remember the Titanic disaster and about a month afterwards there came out in one of the current magazines several poems by some . . . Corinne Roosevelt I think her name was. There was one I was very fond of, it made a big impression on me and I learned it though I had forgotten it entirely until that Friday . . . Friday about eleven o'clock when the verse came back. [The day the Lusitania was sunk? Ed.] It was called *Together* and one line "Ask me not to go". . . It is in memory of a wife in the Titanic disaster who refused to leave her husband. That came back distinctly and then I saw two or three hours later the Masons together — ah together. [The subjects of the poem, after his own passing? Ed.] The poem was published in *Scribner's* about May or June, 1912, I think. See if you can find it . . . maybe it was later . . . I remember. 1912.

[In the *Scribner's* for August, 1912, were three poems by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson and the second one began with the line as quoted.

I cannot leave you ask me not to go . . .]

(Can you remember what you did on the Sunday P. M. a few weeks ago before you sailed, when you and Marjorie were here with me?)

. . . I was trying . . . but can't now . . . try next time I can't remember . . . remember . . . reading aloud.

(What were you reading?)

I remember reading but what read . . . patience . . . I am trying think . . . mind is . . . has been full. My spirit has been full of trouble and I am not sure. I will try to tell you if not tonight. We . . . I loved to read to Marjorie her voice was so sweet in praise. I can here (hear) her speak now, but I wander. . . Don't remember what I read . . . next time . . . think it over . . . try to get it next time. . . Was it Schiller? (No it wasn't.) I can't remember next time I'll try I am called but will come again . . . Good Bye and . . . Marjorie. . . [Mr. Friend had read to Dr. X on that Sunday. He answers the question correctly later. He did read to his wife.]

This frequent memory (?) of generalities, and oblivion of evidential details, is one of the most frequent arguments against the spiritistic hypothesis.

Miss D——. Dr. X. June 11th, 1915. Evening.

(Mills communicating.)

Edwin Friend do you mean? Yes he is coming. No he hasn't come yet but I will let you know. This is still Mills. I must try and stay until some reliable person takes charge or it might be bad.

(Change of writing.)

Here I am Dr. X. Edwin Friend is here now. Have you seen Marjorie? (No, but I sent her your message.)

That is good. I have tried since the last time here but not much . . . telephone out of order as one would say. Miss Pope did you say? Yes, I was thinking of my body. I'm through with it. It's very likely in the wreckage. . . They never found it. . . (Can you finish message you tried last time?)

German poet of period I. Friedrich Rueckert early. . . [Correct. Ed.]

. Is Dr. X. there? This is Edwin Friend still. . . (Yes, go on.) Good. . . On what line? Evidence I suppose you mean . . . insatiable. There is a great deal more. . .

(Can you tell me of our last conversation?) Big . . . Edwin Friend . . . wait . . . I remember hearing you talk of. . . [Pencil dropped and refused. Finished by speaking.]

There is a man . . . tall . . . a doctor. Dr. Mumford hovering around. His presence is felt. He wants you to know he's

here . . . something about sickness . . . LEHIGH . . . EDWIN FRIEND . . . BETHLEHEM . . . CHAPLAIN.

[The sitter had been at Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa., as chaplain. The psychic knew nothing about this or the subject of the conversation.]

Miss D——. Present: Dr. X., and Dr. Y., May 24, 1915.

. . . Where am I? . . . coming. . . Have you seen Marjorie? . . . I am looking for her tonight . . . I send this . . . give her . . . I was looking for her. . . [From this point writing clearer and stronger.] . . . She must save her strength. When I came to her the message couldn't (get) through, but that is the most important, — her health and for her to know that I try hard to reach her. Tell her to tell her to write and I can reach her soon. Tell her . . . and love eternally. Tell her to think. Ask her to remember if she remembers the time we were together and the people were all waiting for something to happen and a young man sang that song and all the chorus was "Till the sands of the desert grow cold." It meant a great deal, a great deal to us then, but more now, . . . a thousand times more. Edwin W. Friend. . .

[Mrs. Friend at first had no recollection of the incident but . . . one of her friends in Farmington, recalled the circumstances clearly.]

PART III

Sitting of Mrs. P—— with a psychic in New York

Dr. Hyslop says:

[There was no reason in the nature of the situation for the appearance of Mr. Friend. He was unknown and unrelated to the sitter, and at least before the disaster to the Lusitania, was unheard of by the medium. Some of the things occurring in this sitting . . . were known only to myself and Miss Tubby, the stenographer who took the record.]

July 9th, 1914.

Mrs. S——. Present Miss Tubby and Mrs. P—— and daughter.

* * * * * * * *

. . . Where's the baby? Where's the baby? (Well, I don't know. I'm not certain.) O dear! (With its mother.) You think it will be helped? (Yes, I think you will be helped.)

[It was not apparent until later in the sitting who the communicator was. Mr. Friend left for England with his wife expecting the birth of a child, but not before his return. Events after its birth proved the pertinence of the reference to its being "helped." Its life was barely saved.]

(Did you know Miss Tubby?) [Medium's fingers imitated typewriting.] [Ostensibly expressing the control, but why shouldn't he have used words? So much of this material is as crazy as dreams! But it *is* dreams — often true ones. Ed.] (Yes, that's right.) [Pause.] (Come again, some time.)

F (F, go ahead.) [Pause.] (F?)

F r [Pause and lips working.] Freund. Freund. [Pronounced [The medium was speaking. Ed.] "Froond," as though in effort at an unaccustomed word or language. . . The psychic does not know anything of German whatever. Long after this sitting she was asked by the stenographer how she would pronounce the word "Leute" and she replied "Loot."]

Tell . . . Doctor . . . that . . . I will . . . not . . . antagonize . . . him . . . now . . . and [pause] give . . . my . . . regards . . . and . . . say . . . old friends . . . yet . . . although on the other side of the fence. [Very deliberately and carefully spoken.] (All right. I will. He will be glad.) . . .

I am disturbed. (Why?) By some of the things that I wrote. I want to correct them later. Tell the Doctor it wasn't my fault.

(I see. I will tell him. [Remember the sitter was a friend of Dr. H., and so there may have been telepathic cause for so much relating to him. Ed.] Whose fault was it?)

I was misled. (Misled?) Yes. (By —— ?) [Speaking went on.] Poor judgment and belief, and, I find now, by misdirecting influences over here. [*Cf. ante*, Ed.]

(Yes, we know that.) Yes, and I want to be upheld and not criticized too severely until I have time to rectify. . .

I want to talk about the manuscript, but I don't know now. I can't recall. (All right.)

But there is a great deal of rehashing. A great deal of work there [It is probable that the reference to "the manuscript" was to the article which he had sent to Mr. Holt on the eve of sailing and which was later published in The Unpopular Review.] and I can be of greater assistance now than I was, and there won't be so much quibbling. Understand? (I do.)

[Sudden start.] There are a great many comrades here that came over with me, and they are asking me to let them have a show. (Poor souls.) And I want to make the effort, but I can't,

all at once. (Yes.) We have a great many here that will be of assistance. (That's good.)

You know we all went down together. You know, broke in half, you know. Terrible disaster. And I am sorry, but I am so glad we have precipitated in our land. God forbid! God forbid! God forbid! And uphold the hands of our President. Although a dastardly deed, it will be repaid in full later.

(Yes.) I want to go, and tell you that I will come again; for I am so weak.

It is impossible with our present knowledge to estimate the degree, if any, of telepathic and teloteropathic influence involuntarily, but most naturally, brought to bear upon the mediums by Dr. Hyslop and his friends, to bring the ostensible Friend around to Dr. Hyslop's way of thinking, and to regret for Friend's share in the differences between them. Dr. Hyslop's record of what took place is of course beyond question, but, as already intimated, there is abundant evidence that the alleged utterances of "spirits" are colored by the sitter and the medium and probably other incarnate intelligence. Dr. Hyslop was not present at this last sitting, but the sitter was a friend of his, and moreover we don't yet know how much, if anything, to allow for teloteropathy.

The foregoing paragraph was in type when there was put in our hands the number of *The Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* for April, containing a violent and, an expert informs us, libelous attack on the authors and publishers of the book called *Patience Worth*. We should not think the matter worth attention were it not that it raises a question of Dr. Hyslop's judicial temper, and that question, not a new one, concerns every reader of his reports.

He accuses us, with the author, of having, for the sake of the sales of that book, suppressed the truth regarding Mrs. Curran's examination by a psychotherapist, and her having learned some Ozark dialect. The truth is that weeks before the publication of the book, we had published in our January number (in what might have

been considered by a critic of Dr. Hyslop's disposition in this affair, an advance notice of that book), an account of the psychotherapist's unfavorable conclusions. And, moreover, though slightly outside the issue, the paragraph later in this number on the Ozark matter, was in type before we saw Dr. Hyslop's attack. When the book was published we regarded that matter as of little consequence, and do still.

Dr. Hyslop's doctrine that a publisher is responsible, short of libel and indecency, for the contents of a book, is his own; but he says: "I have the statement of one man that the manuscript was edited by the publisher, and if that is true the book is made absolutely worthless by this fact." After thus using the hypothetical statement that "if," etc., he is led on by his notoriously, and often usefully, enthusiastic temperament and the feeling he shows in the article (for which feeling there were causes, whether there were reasons or not), to assert positively what he had just ventured to assert only hypothetically: "The publisher *has* [Italics ours] edited it to suit his own tastes." How he knew this we are not aware, and it is not true. We made no suggestions regarding the points Dr. Hyslop raises, but only some regarding form, and far from all of those were accepted by the author.

We said above that of Dr. Hyslop's reports of what took place at the sittings, there could be no question. There still remains, however, the question of Dr. Hyslop's interpretations, and, lest we be rightly open this time to a charge of suppressing the truth, we brave interrupting our exposition to give these specimens of Dr. Hyslop's judicial temper. Yet while we, possibly biased by the natural impulse toward self-vindication, think it our duty to give these facts, we do not think it our duty to suppress the records we had in type before we knew the facts, and we do not consider those records made as nearly "absolutely worthless" by Dr. Hyslop's editing, as he considers *Patience Worth* made by what he assumes to be ours.

PART IV

Extracts from Scripts by Mrs. Friend

Mrs. Friend was the involuntary writer (automatic or heteromatic, as you prefer) who set down the alleged communications from William James given in our pages in July last, in connection with the account of Mr. Friend already alluded to. She sends us reports of seven sittings, in which he ostensibly communicated, from which we can make only a few characteristic extracts.

Mrs. Friend writes:

I am not in trance during the writing, but neither am I in a state of alert consciousness. Sometimes the words come as if spoken, though I hear no voice, and at other times the hand shapes the word before the meaning comes to my mind.

The intimations of the writer's experiences scattered through the reports indicate occasional degrees of unconsciousness greater than she would perhaps naturally realize.

When Mrs. Friend prepares for involuntary writing, she is almost always attended by her twin sister, Miss Nathalie Roberts, who annotates the script; and frequently during the series here quoted, she was also attended by Mr. Norman Parker, Miss Roberts's fiancé.

Farmington, Conn. May 24, 1915. Mrs. M. R. Friend. Miss N. E. Roberts.

[Remarks in parentheses by sitter. Those in square brackets, explanatory notes by sitter; in square brackets with M. by Mrs. Friend. Editor's notes as before.]

[P. = pause.] [S. P. = slight pause.] [U. D. = understand.]

Could no man be deceived by words of slander? Preach the word of God as it is given you. To understand is to live the experience without actual contact with the words and sayings of a sage. No man can understand his teaching, — even so with life. Humble of spirit but regenerate go forth. Lord of the destiny of your purpose, create your life in paths uncut by other hands. Brought out in happiness and released in sorrow shall you (sic) spirit give life to toiling men. Bind in [Written with extreme care.] [The various actions of the writer, of which

we shall meet many are supposed to represent the communicator. Ed.] effort the profound with the [Hesitation, starts word and crosses out.] light of new insight. Consecrate the hours of os . . . [Hesitation, taps with pencil, pause, taps again.]

(You just wrote "consecrate the hours of"). [Vigorous taps of pencil, jerking of arm and hand. Frowns.]

The foregoing seems hardly the sort of thing that Friend would have begun with to his wife. It reads to me like the stuff got off by Imperator, who appears often to butt in without notice.

My suspicion was aroused by the line below, where Friend seems really to take hold, and gives the cross, known to researchers generally as the sign of Imperator, and says that he was "helping" (God save the mark!). He has, however, long professed through various mediums to help new communicators, and perhaps he does. He also professes to be at the head of a gang of sages — Rector, Doctor, Prudens and other hifalutin names. Rector has professed to be the medium for many communicators on the other side, including even Hodgson — mediums being needed by ordinary folks there as much as here.

It's sometimes very hard to take it all seriously, and often harder not to. But who or what is this influence unlike the alleged communicator or the medium or the sitter, that has come in at so many times and places, with so many people? The influence, whatever it was, certainly had great and good effect on the hygiene both physical and mental, of Mrs. Piper and Hodgson, and seemed greatly to promote her clearness and effectiveness as a medium. Perhaps it is a form of the same spiritual energy that seems to well up from the soul under "Christian Science." And this suggestion calls up the other suggestion which seems gaining in frequency, that all soul is one.

Mrs. Friend, after reading the proofs, writes, we think quite charmingly:

Must you slam poor Imperator who has been such a good

friend of mine? I realize that to certain minds his talk is tedious, but I rather hate to have some who have not read of him before given to understand he is naught but a well-meaning fool. His influence *is* beneficial, and we have little enough upon which we can rely with confidence as being helpful in this obscure subject. So I feel sorry when a good friend is not appreciated!

+ helps. Co-twillie [A name Mr. Friend originated for my twin sister. M.] are you not going to let me talk to you?

(Have I seemed remiss, Bruddie?)

Not until I restrained your eager wishes to hear more of M's [Marjorie's, his wife. Ed.] subliminal, could I make you U. D.! I am in earnest! It is not a little difficult to speak to you, but you [his sister-in-law and his wife. Ed.] are my dearest and my very dearest and with all my effort in the world I could not make you U. D. that as I can now. Will you not try, even if it be only a few odd moments of each day, to write? It helps both of us to be in this close contact with each other. I am as well aware as are you, dear Sister, that it would not be well to overwork our dear girl, but oh if you could but understand, and comprehend for one instant the unquenchable desire I have for commune with you both! Stop whenever you find she is tired, you will know, and I am not going to let her work long tonight. It is not possible for me to say much now, but take this as a letter from "Edwin"! We will begin a new series. [Sighs.] Hyslop is much [Taps with pencil, hesitates, crosses out partly written word.] much disturbed by the whole occurrence. I will [Sighs. Indecision as to word evident.] I will make this a L. U. [Hand relaxes on pencil. Laborious breathing.]

Oh never mind tonight. I can get it later perhaps. [Head put down on arm.] . . . Thoughts *will* interrupt! I am still occupied in clearing out underbrush! Oh Child of mine it will come it will come for it was not for just the little [Sighs. Pause.] things we hold that our lives were near and beautiful! Had we not been one in our understanding of *love* it would never have been and never be as it now is. [Heavy breathing.] Courage is the great [Pause.] Courage is the greatest force in life but love. I am convinced that the strength and purpose of your lives is to be fulfilled through that great propelling force. [Pencil rejected, I give mine. Hand pressed to lips, pencil dropped, hand reaches for mine, holds it several minutes.] In time it will be possible to give much of value, of greatest value through you, dear wife of mine. Continue to *desire* to know, and you

shall find the way to know. Continue to prepare for thinking in the terms of science and not forgetting still [Crosses out deliberately.] to search your own hearts for the source and inspiration by which you shall work. U. D.? U. D.?

(Yes, Bruddie. Indeed I do. We will work and prepare ourselves and with your help we may be able to help others.)

Son. Clasp her once in your arms for me.

(I do dear, often.) [Long pause. Expression one of alert interest, hand ready to write.]

Opera contri [Two lines drawn, evidently intended for crossing out. Next words written rapidly.]

Opera semper in volente et semper in spirito [Long pause.] domici fecuit tempore et. [Sigh.] Now it will have to be enough. Find the words in the Latin dictionary and piece them together if you can. It is simple but difficult! [Mrs. Friend writes us: "I had latin for one year in school more than ten years ago and have forgotten it all, and my sister who was present had the same and did the same." From whose mind did this Latin come then? But what motive could Friend have for putting it in Latin? And, to add to this puzzle why did he start a Latin sentence in another of the sittings? Ed.] (Bruddie, we feel it.) I shall not leave you when I stop writing. I stay near always because it is my whole life's desire to make you happy now and to lead when I may and learn when a lesson is given. [Slight pause.] Trust trust trust. In trusting you will be assured that *I am* near.

[Consultation with an authority on Latin makes the above appear like late Latin sent through reporters unfamiliar with the language — writer and typist.]

Nathalie, it is to you that we will look for help. We are still so [P.] closely bound that we can neither suffer without the other perceiving. God grant it may be even more so, that it may grow ever a closer, deeper, sweeter companionship.

(Dear Bruddie, I'll help all I can in every way.)

Norman [Miss R's fiancé.] will not fail you ever. Pray to be as conditionless as were we! (Pray to be as conditionless, Bruddie?) Conditions are the things to be made up! (I U. D. will you go to him there?) Indeed I will. He wishes me to come and I am only too happy to give him some "proof." (Don't forget the milk-bottles!) No! Rich but never gaudy ask Jerry if she remembers that.

[I wrote to Mr. Friend's sister (whom he always called Jerry) and asked her if this had any significance for her. She

replied that she recognized it at once, her brother having said it often in reference to clothes she was getting. I had known nothing about it until it appeared here. M.]

(All right.) [Sighs. Pause. Swift line and back stroke drawn on page.]

Try again. I will be near. Much more to say. All my love to you Wife of mine, and to you Twillie-co. Awfully sorry to have to go now from the pencil! Love regenerated me. Let love regenerate the world. Edwin.

ENDS 9.40 P. M.

June 11, 1915. 9.14 P. M. – 10.23 P. M.
M. R. F. N. E. R.

* * * * * * * *

Sittings help. . . But you are wise to take only such times as you feel ready to receive well. Will you not try morning again?

(Yes. I know it's much better.)

The attention is too near the surface now, and I can be sure of nothing! She colors it much more than I realized. Thoughts can not be turned off without effort. (I U. D. Is it easier to write elsewhere?) Upstairs. (I meant through some one else.) It is so different that I am not able to compare very well.

(Could you tell more about Lionel? You know what I mean.)

["Lionel" is a control of a medium in Boston whose work has interested us a great deal since May. He is troublesome and repeatedly interrupted the efforts of other communicators. M.] [See part II. ED.]

I do, but I am not [Sighs. P.] well acquainted with the facts, though in general, I understand the condition.

(Is it difficult to work with him near?)

It is intensely difficult. She [Boston medium, Miss D——, or perhaps Mrs. Friend? ED.] must not be allowed to have him near her. She must be kept away from his influence and the only way to rid her of him is by making him realize the harm he is doing. It will not be an easy process.

(Can it best be done by some one here, or by some one there — some one who could teach him?)

We cannot control him. We control her and find him there. You U. D. the condition? [Sudden agitation. New pencil given as point breaks to old one.]

Some sort of agitation is very apt to accompany a change of control.

The following looks as if Imperator could contain himself no longer, though on the two occasions when I met Friend for some hours with Miss Pope, I noticed an occasional odd precision of speech of which this sort of talk reminds me.

Believe in the life which reveals deeper significances to spiritual truths, but dimly perceived. Believe and the way shall be opened to far deeper understanding on earth. I mean by that that that spirit had lived a life of undesiring — of the best, that is to say — and now with no hold upon the great problem of the existing soul and the impelling purpose of life, he [Lionel? Ed.] must grope his way to light. But desiring on *her* [Miss D's? Ed.] part to be rid of all lowering spirit converse and [S. P.] prayer on the part of those who use her for a road between the two consciousnesses can build [? Ed.] him and protect her from invading spirits.

I do not want to try to explain things which cannot come to you *whole*. [This recalls the "synthetic perception" in the William James (?) report printed here a year ago. Ed.] . . .

(Can't you try to give me something for Ed. Eitel — something I wouldn't recognize? Not this time, perhaps; perhaps, even if easier through Mrs. Chenoweth.)

Right eye. Ask him to tell you about his right eye. (Good, we will.) 29 or 0.

[We sent this to Mr. Eitel and received in reply a letter saying that nothing had ever happened to his right eye, but about a year ago he had learned the Sermon on the Mount and had repeated it to my husband. They had spoken particularly of the verse: "And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out." He added that this might have significance now, that he understood the practise of those on the other side was to send messages of cryptic meaning. This interested me much and as I thought over the script I realized that there had been "29 or 0" written just after the words "right eye." I went then to the chapter of Matthew containing the Sermon and found to my intense surprise that verse *29* begins: "And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out." M.]

(Excuse me —) [I wished to go on speaking to ask the relevance of "29 or 0" but writing continued without pause.]

Little hand, good night. God love you and guide you and bring your dear brave heart to me when he may. . . [S. P.] Edwin Wunx [A humorous pet name current among

them. No evidential value of course. Ed.] Pope [Miss Theodate. Ed.] is hard to content; let her be in your thoughts.

[This last written very rapidly and letters formed quite small.]

July 11, 1915. 10.27 A. M. 11.00 A. M.
M. R. F. N. E. R.

Brought over from England with the other Light. [Can this refer to either of the preceding "Parts"? It looks like a possible cross-correspondence. Ed.] It was difficult to make the change, but I will come to you as you need me to tell you some things today. I was with Verrall. [Mrs. F. thinks Mrs. V. a famous involuntary writer. He apparently means that he tried to write through her. Ed.] . . . I was there; it was not an easy task however, to talk with her mechanism. I find each one has distinct retardations and accelerations. That may sound unintelligible, but you will find that it has sense! (I believe you!) Great Heavens, [Sighs] how I wish I might inhabit two worlds at once. I have so much to tell you of what happens here! I wish I were able to come directly into consciousness with you, as I can with Myers. [In the other world. Ed.]

But he hasn't told it yet. All that is told conveys little beyond the assurance that the other world exists and is a good world, *and* if much were told it might make life and work here seem too cheap to be worth while.

(Tell me, would that be possible under any circumstances?)

For the time being no, but you have such incorrigible energy and desire to learn the *whole* truth, that it may in time be possible to give you a great realization. This is for Marjorie as well. My desire is not less strong than is yours. I conceive a new state of philosophy in forty years. London is the hardest place to find peace in! [I laugh.]

How I tried to send strength to Pope will never be known, but it was very hard to connect, because of the great confusion of desires. [I had here definitely thought "The desires of Pope or of London."] I am now referring to her, not to London.

Like a cloud which had seemed irrevocably over the crest of the mountain, was the stream of conjuring hopes and fears in her mind. I can only say [Writing has been throughout rather large and laborious.] she needs a loving hand to reassure her of the worth of life and the problems now cast in her path to

solve, to give, [S. P.] to fulfill in some way the work for which we had together begun a long compact.

(Bruddie, I have here a letter to you from Ed [mund. Ed.]. Shall I read it?) I would be very glad to receive such a one. (Tap if I read too fast.) I will. It must be slow and distinct in *thought*. . .

better stop now, but come soon; tomorrow if possible. More must be Marjorie in strength of spirit, you will have the making of the way.

Peace, love, cleave to those things everlasting which shall meet in spirit the greatness of life.

July 14, 1915. 10.47 A. M. – 11.31 A. M.
M. R. F. N. E. R. N. S. P.

Give me the new spirit which I know is here. Let me come more really near today than before. It is my desire to pass beyond the bournes of time and space, when talking with you all together and to feel and have you feel the intimate communication of idea and thought which is possible now as before. Now even *more* than before if you can but make the real the important to you and live by the promptings of your intuition.

Frightful enough it has been Norman, [Miss R's fiancé now first appearing in these sittings. Ed.] to be so suddenly snatched from the surroundings I indeed loved, that I can still think of it only with regret and with [Sighs. Adjusts head.] the realization that more is desired of me than I realized. [Entire context indicates reference to difficulties of communications. Ed.] To suddenly be cast over, as it were, from one side of the river to the other, and realize that only by means of tenuous bridges of thought, which on the other side are not as yet realized, can the river be crossed.

To be . . . *here* with you all there, — Ah, it is not the man who lives who is always the one who bears the sorrow. . . [Then follows a foggy passage and he asks if it's clear. Ed.] . . .

(Not quite. Please punctuate as I read.)

No. [Laughs.] Oh, no. I mean this: — . . . [Hand goes back to make commas.] that which is new, etc. U. D.? (*Yes, indeed.*)

Where is Jerry? [F's sister. Ed.] I will send her a long message when it is possible for her to take it. She needs guidance of the tenderest sort. I came to her the other night and found her in tears over me! I was so disturbed to see her unforgiving thoughts just then! [About that time she reported sundry remarkable dreams of his presence. Ed.]

[It is true that my sister-in-law had felt about this time exceedingly disturbed. Her letters had not spoken of it, but when she read this later she said it was all very true. M.] I want her to try and understand other peoples' unfortunate natures and undeveloped strength. It is necessary that she be part of the household. I am going to reason with her *real* self if I can. She is not strong, but will be better in the hands of real understanding. U. D.?

[Students will not be sorry to be reminded of the passages in the Pr. S. P. R. regarding Sir Oliver Lodge's sister. Ed.]

(Yes, I do U. D. and I hope that even today we may hear from her concerning coming East. We *want* her!)

You may think of another way in which she can be helpful. She wants so to feel of *use* to some one whom she cares for rightly. U. D.?

(Yes, I do. Had you in mind any *special* way in which she could be helpful? Or was it a suggestion?)

Suggestion, but in the flames of the true inspiration, there will be seen the wonder of life. Open the doors for her; it is all that is necessary.

(We will, Bruddie, — *all of us*. I hope she may come here so that the loveliness of the world may be shown her.)

[Writing much slower and more even.] Construct no theories as yet, my dear three, I have much of real value to give, but as it must be given whole, that is, with complete illustration as well as exposition, I must wait yet a while before I [Sighs.] start out. [Very S. P.]

Oh, there was a great work left to you! My part I do not renounce now. I am but the speaker, however, and *you* have to *relate* not to tell alone, but to bring into relation with life and modern life at that! . . . Be sure to come again soon; it does her no harm, but only gives strength of that unknown sort which can make all the world seem rosy. Edwin [P. Sighs.]

July 17, 1915. 3.34 P. M. – 4.22 P. M.
M. R. F. N. E. R. N. S. P.

Pope mailed letter for you Monday. [Incorrect if referred to preceding Monday. M.] Feels blank; try telepathy between her and you. Mother wants me to send Jerry [His sister. Ed.] this message. Life must be a practice of patience and a development of the best in the person. Live to find the real love, child; it will come in time to you.

Now my dear two and my darling wife, it will not be long before it becomes much easier to send messages. I wish you

could be near though, always. Sometimes I wish to say things which never get said, on account of interrupting circumstances. I am just a child still in so many ways and need so much the love and understanding you give. Oh, please remember this, [Sighs. Shakes head. Expression serious.] when you are talking over the problems, that it is the true, the good, the lovely which count in the end. To look into hearts as I have not been able to hitherto, is my privilege now. . . Rose colored wrapper, — it was beautiful to watch you, my little girl. . .

* * * * * * * *

(I infer that you mean that they actually come back here to earth.) No, I do not mean that they come back for the sole activities of their lives; I mean they come when possible.

(Aha! Now we're getting it. I got stuck because you said "some return to the *old* state.") [Sighs.]

I am sorry. I should have known that those words would confuse. I will tell more later. She wants to go and I know it is necessary. God bless you all my darlings. I am in your hearts more often than you know. Edwin.

August 5, 1915. 12.18 P. M. – 12.45 P. M.
M. R. F. N. S. P. N. E. R.

Swing away free from prejudices Norman. I will help much more than you have an idea of. [Pause. Sighs.]

Think how strange to have you all together once more and me not among you in that intimate way which speech [Pause. Sighs.] and companionship [Pause. Sighs.] make so dear.

(You cannot regret it more than we do, Edwin.)

More, perhaps, because I realize more wholly the nearness of you all. It is not though to speak of continual regrets that I come to you today, but rather to speak of deepened hopes and the possibility which seems ever more possible. . . .

The individual is indeed not less individual when he gives of himself to his friend. I speak of this because you want to learn how to apply the life of spirit to the life of every day, and it is [Sighs.] one of the most fundamental conditions of the life of spirit to give and take. [S. P.] Thoughts expressed and those unexpressed or unexpressable in the common tongue of men are notwithstanding the very most [Pause.] sacred part of each man. . .

(. . . The point which you have raised is one we have been discussing.) [Which suggests that perhaps it was really they who raised it in the medium's mind. Ed.]

The common view in the world which you are in is one which

has to be cast aside when coming into the stage of the life just beyond. Is there any reason why this new conception of the intercourse between mind and mind need not be made a part of the [S. P. Sighs, moves head.] work which each man lays out for himself? I can not leave you before I tell you that it makes a great, great difference in the [Words written slowly.] apperception of the new order if there is some understanding of this thing. [The teacher of philosophy seems pretty well in evidence. But his wife had his ways, I am told. Ed.]

Will you please ask Miss Pope to give me her thoughts in the morning on waking? Not sad thoughts of my departure, but earnest thoughts of the world of spirit being so near as to meet with the higher points of your world of doubts. Oh, dearest of all people, my thoughts are with you and my love is reflected by your love.

August 10, 1915.
M. R. F. N. E. R. N. S. P.

Pity it is that you cannot see the [P.] meanings more clearly still! [S. P.] There is much to say and much which it will need time and patience to [Sighs.] give you in full. This means, to be more precise, that we intend to make a new start in the house in Boston [The family was about to move. Ed.] and will ask that you make every effort to come daily when it is possible. I mean this must come after the child is with you, but when the great event comes you must not be alarmed nor fear the consequences of the [Hesitates a moment.] trouble.

(I don't think we will any of us feel alarm, Bruddie, — we know you'll help.)

My dear sister it will be my desire to be with you in every moment of that time. . . Oh child of mine how much you taught me! Yet I need it still, your teaching, through your constant thought. I need it and when you can give it with absolute conviction that we are close and one in thought, it counts more than you know. But to return to the berries. I wish you would *please see Hyslop* as soon as you well can. He will not [Pause, swallows, sighs.] go for a time. [I had thought, from a letter I had received from Dr. Hyslop some days before, that he was already in the country. He was, however, still in Boston and two weeks later when I went there I saw and talked with him. M.]

Presumably the sitters thought the same: so here appears to be from *some* source a fact contrary to the con-

viction of medium and sitters. It could not then be telepathed from the sitters. There is no lack of similar instances.

I am sure that he would be glad to help if you want to have advice. Please, please do not do anything without careful consideration of the *consequences*. Men so often forget just this! They regard life as a merry game which is not of [Slight pause.] preëminent importance. It is not *life* that counts to them but incidents.

. . . I mean Theodate. [Miss Pope. Ed.] [Writing here much slower and backhanded.] She will need a watch far more profound than the one which now is given; be careful because *you* can change the fading phantom from a horror to a part of the profound in life. [Seems to refer to Miss Pope's recollections of Lusitania experience. Ed.]

(We will do our all to help her and give what we can.)

To her let me say: Theodate find beauty and truth in peace. Find a new sense of the vastness [Moves head from left to right slowly. Sighs deeply.] of life and try thinking not of life as [Pause.] a tremendous puzzle but rather as a tremendous mystery. [Pause.] When you have touched the very essence of existence as have we, you can but find a peace in the ——— [Slight pause. Crosses out the word commenced. Soft sigh.] Oh I am not near enough to say that yet! I was so near I felt it perhaps possible but it is not as yet. I desire a deeper realer commune with you. I want this to be our life together still, and want it to be the beginning of a great mighty [unity? Ed.] of self in self to the very ends of this great universe. How much it will mean to have a new [Frowns, hesitates for word.] glimpse into the wonder of Life through the eyes of motherhood. God bless you and lift you ever more truly to the powerful life you shall lead. . .

Verily as you ask I come to you. + [The sign of Imperator. What follows, and not a little preceding, reads like him and suggests the frequent apparent interflow of consciousness. Ed.] Peace among you for it is now time to be lighting [Holds pencil "à la Piper," between 2nd and 3rd fingers.] [Certainly a suggestive circumstance: for Imperator was the chief control of Mrs. Piper's later period. Ed.] the great way. Peace among you for I stand ready to command the life that lives in utter serenity. [Pulls self up in chair. Expression one of great peace.] Lo, it was not in darkness but in light that the spirit came forth, it was not in spirit but in the very essence of life

which is love that the [Soft sigh.] bright light shone. Where you walk let there be life, — love, — peace. Where you live let there be sincerity profound. [Pause.] Love is no vain dream, it constructeth all of Life. Peace I say, unforgetful of my words find you your path and lead those who dare to follow.

[Writing changes again. It is firmer and pencil is held in ordinary manner. Line drawn deliberately.] [Manner of expression changes too, though there seems to persist a trace of the Imperator manner. Ed.]

You are now nearer than ever dearest little wife. . . If you give me a part of each day in solitude I will bring to you the strength you need from without.

[Long pause. Expression of intense *giving* on face. Hand slowly reaches for mine. I give it and as I hold it feel Edwin's presence with a clearness quite new. Hand then reaches for N. S. P.'s and holds it for several moments. Pause before writing commences.]

Leave me tonight with a deeper knowledge of the spirit communication that is possible to us.

(We do Brother darling.) [Quick sigh.]

God bless you, God bless you. I am with you always in thought. Edwin.

[M. R. F. sits for several minutes with right hand covering eyes after writing ceases. I have to leave for telephone but when I come back she says she has felt Edwin's presence more profoundly this time than ever before.

N. S. P. agrees that the impression of E.'s presence was particularly vivid and as I have already noted, I was more deeply aware of it than before.]

While some readers are going to feel with the family in all this, not every one is; but perhaps the main question is how *they* felt, due allowance being made for their natural desire to feel.

Casual readers on these subjects, and especially those who talk without having read at all, say that the sensitives give us nothing but twaddle. If that is said by anybody who has read the foregoing or, more especially, the alleged communications from William James in our issue for July, 1915, and, most especially, those from G. P. and

through Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Holland in the Pr. S. P. R., we hope he will forgive us for wasting his time.

We are not yet prepared to say that these utterances come from discarnate intelligences, but we do say that while much of them is incoherent and trivial, much is worthy of careful consideration, as tending at least to widely increase our knowledge of the scope of mind.

We do not greatly expect that a future state will ever be a matter of clear earthly knowledge. Much realization of prospective conditions vastly better than those educating us here, would tend to unfit us for that education, involve an entirely different conduct of this life, and in many ways destroy its significance and worthwhileness. But a reasonable and hopeful faith has often been a good stimulus to our living here, and knowledge enough for such a faith would be a great gain to many. Yet while faith rightly based upon knowledge is a virtue, faith without knowledge is of questionable value, while faith against knowledge is intellectual suicide.

Many of those inferior faiths have lately broken down, and with them not a few of the good ones, and with those, much of the interest in the things of the spirit, and even in morality; and in their place has grown up a crop of crazy schemes of life and politics, and of sordid ambitions for wealth, power and the other glittering things which are desolating the world. Anything holding out a visible chance of replacing the faiths that have been lost, has seemed to minds as great and of qualities so different, as those of Lincoln, Gladstone and James, to be worthy above all other things of most earnest study.

EN CASSEROLE

Our Quadrennial Upset

We must have our regular presidential election next fall, reason or no reason, as if the war were not trouble enough. At every election we complain of the bother and expense — whose greatest item is the upset in business. There is probably not a single amendment to the constitution as valuable as would be one restricting this necessary evil, as our English cousins do, to the real occasions for it, including among occasions, the end of a period of power by any party supposed to be long enough to involve risk of making it too hard to oust them when desirable. The English do not seem to have any reason to object to a government holding seven years unless specific occasion shall earlier develop a pronounced vote against it in the House of Commons. They have frequently enjoyed freedom from elections for that period, and when they have not, it has been for good reason. The possible value of success would appear to justify our experimenting in the same direction. Even if the result led to an average of greater frequency of elections, there would at least be a reason for each, which there seldom is now.

What, in our Case, is in a Name

We are constantly receiving letters indicating that their authors interpret our title to mean that we don't care to publish anything likely to be popular, and some of these letters are, to our surprise, from people of so much intelligence that it seems worth while, although we are sure it must be superfluous to most of our readers, to explain our position in that regard.

We selected our title not from any desire to be unpopu-

lar, but with much regret that we inevitably must be, and of course the title is sometimes misunderstood, as probably any title really significant must be. So there is probably a certain advantage in a title, like The World, The Sun, The Star, etc., etc., which means nothing — But we thought that our title's relative disadvantage would be offset by its frank acknowledgment of our disabilities, its implication of our showing up popular fallacies, and, not least, its challenge of attention.

Perhaps, too, it may not be beyond the bounds of modesty to say that we have been ambitious to set what example we may of telling the truth as one sees it, as tactfully as we can, but without regard to the question of popularity.

In short, while we heartily wish that every article we publish could be popular, we started out to publish a majority which cannot be: hence our title.

Pacificist and Pacifist

SPEAKING of names, why not settle the rivalry between these two by calling a man who doesn't care to prepare against Japan a pacificist, and one who doesn't care to prepare against Germany, a pacifist.

As to Scraps of Paper

HERE is a pretty little story which explains so many things, that we do not think it should be restricted to private circulation. It was told us by the brother of the dignitary concerned, the narrator and the principal being persons entitled to complete confidence.

Said dignitary delivered a lecture at a German settlement on this continent. After the lecture, he was taken to the home of the leading citizen, where half a dozen other old German residents were invited to meet him.

After cigars were lighted, the host delivered himself to the guest of honor substantially as follows:

We all, as Germans, highly appreciate the evident pains you took in your lecture to avoid saying anything regarding the war that might hurt our sensibilities. But I want to assure you that your kindness was superfluous. We do not approve the action of our people there. For myself, I have been here thirty years, during which I have done business with Germany and gone there about once every three years. When I first left, people carried out their business agreements faithfully, and no precautions were necessary. But at each visit I have noticed a deterioration in business honor. I have had to fence around agreements with more and more precautions, until now my people have become a nation of sharpers.

Denkmalitis

It happened the other day at a faculty meeting. This particular professor of German seldom uttered a word in faculty debates; hence our mild surprise when we saw him portentously rise from his seat with the air as of one who would say: "Listen; we have great matters to impart!" He took a paper from his breast and began to read. Our surprise deepened into astonishment; then changed into scarce concealed amusement.

The professor of German was delivering a protest and a eulogium. It seemed that a statue of one of the former presidents of the college had recently been unveiled on one of the battlefields of the Civil War. The college had not been invited to the unveiling. Hence the professor's righteous wrath.

The protest was, in the nature of the case, a perfectly proper one. What astonished and then amused us was the eulogium: for the professor felt called upon to snatch the golden opportunity offered by the protest, to instruct us in the virtues of his hero. And such virtues! Alexander and

Hannibal and Cæsar and Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington and Ulysses S. Grant all rolled into one could not have deserved more laudatory epithets. "Distinguished," "courageous," "ever illustrious," "heroic," "self-sacrificing," "disinterestedly patriotic" — one blushed, after a while, for one's own inexcusable inconsequence, and longed to crawl away under the table.

It was all true enough, to be sure. The professor of German was not lying about the old general: he was indeed distinguished, patriotic, a good fighter and all that. And yet the professor of German *was* lying. *We* knew it, and were amused. He did not know it, and so read on, rapt in a devoted enthusiasm.

For the old general had his weaknesses too. He wasn't altogether patriotic, unselfish, self-sacrificing. He wasn't altogether illustrious, determined, far-seeing, brave. He had his eye on many a main chance for himself; he often got sick of his job; he was jealous of his brother officers; there were times when he was nearly frightened out of his skin. To say this is simply to say that he was very much like the best, and the worst, of us — no virtuous hero in a warriors' heaven, but a tolerably iniquitous flesh and blood human being.

The professor of German, neglecting all the darker side of the old general's character, was simply manufacturing a myth. Fortunately for us, we had humor enough to see through it. Unfortunately for the professor, that saving humor being absent, he was the victim of his own fervent fabrication.

In imagination I saw the professor suddenly transplanted to his native town. It is a festal day. Little girls trip through the streets bearing garlands in their hands. Little boys, fitted out with miniature *Gewehre*, hurry with their papas to some common meeting place. Their papas — great solid fellows — have on their Sunday best. Some carry rifles and have feathers in their hats.

I see the professor now. He is standing in the town square, which is filled with all the little girls and boys and solid papas and mammas. His hat is off, his bald head shines in the sun. He is reading from a paper. Behind him is a bronze military statue at which every now and then he waves a hand.

It is the same old professor. I hear the fervid words roll out — *der tüchtige Mensch, der herzhafte Sieger, der Unüberwindlicher, Unwiderstehlicher, der tapfere Held berühmt in Ewigkeit.*

The professor is at it again, manufacturing a myth, leaving out all the dark sides, all the feeble human sides, spreading a mere man into a hero and a god. But look at the audience — all the papas and mammas and the little boys and girls! Do they know that it is a myth in the making? No — the professor is safe here. No one will laugh at him. The more fervid his enthusiasm, the more uplifted, the more humanly expurgated his description, the more will those listening ears thrill with the glory of his recital, the more will those eyes glisten, the more will those breasts swell with noble emotion.

For this is a land where every village glories in its myths — a land of *Denkmale.* What American traveller has not seen them? At first he looked upon each military statue as something of note, and religiously consulted his Baedeker to discover who the illustrious hero was. But the task grew so that he gave it up at last, learning to turn his head the other way when a garlanded *Denkmal* hove in sight.

Yes! it is a land where every man and woman and every little boy and girl is brought up to believe — fervently, religiously — what isn't true. You cannot put up a bronze statue of a man, and then calmly talk about his domestic vices. You cannot hang garlands about his metal neck, and then proceed to tell how he manœuvered himself into a promotion. The bronzeness of it forbids! You've *got* to lie! Or at least you've got not to tell the truth.

And so there is Germany! A land of *Denkmäle* — a land of myths — a land of fervid delusions — a land of unintended lies! Every mother's son and daughter of a German is brought up in the belief that the land is a land all made up of heroes — heroes such as there never were before on land or sea. Germany, in short, to every denkmalited German, is humanity glorified: for are they not here all about him, the proofs — the illustrious, never-to-be-forgotten, never-to-be-sufficiently-exalted proofs that in these dauntless ones Germany has risen to the gods?

The Germans to-day in truth are fighting for a myth. German *Kultur*, the mission of Germany as the savior of the world — this is the fervid delusion, born out of the thousandfold recalling of the fine and the heroic, and the thousandfold forgetting of the sordid and the base. German men, in short, are to-day shooting down their neighbors for the sake of a Fatherland that never existed, — a Fatherland grown out of just such sentimental falsities as our good professor of German delivered in faculty meeting with so consumingly pathetic a devotion.

I am glad that in our sleeves we laughed at the pæans of the German professor. Should the day ever come when we lose the fine American gift of laughing at our heroes, swift will be our descent to the Germanic depths of patriotic self-delusion.

An Example

Sometimes the absence of memorials is more to be deplored than their excess. There lately died in New York a man whose name deserves to go down with those of Macaenas and Lorenzo di Medici and Grolier; but it will not, partly because while the arts they fostered were expressed in letters — the most enduring things we know — or in the material nearly as durable of marble, bronze and pigment, the art he cherished lived but in passing vibrations of the air. The poetry of Horace, the statues of

Michelangelo, the pictures of Raphael are abiding today; but when the Flonzaley quartet passes, some musical performances probably as near to perfect as any yet heard on earth stop, and soon the tender and generous soul who made them possible will be remembered, not here, but only as we attain access to the Cosmic Memory.

It is greatly to be deplored that such a character and such an example as Edward de Coppet's can abide not as an individual object of contemplation and imitation, but only, at least during the present limited phase of our faculties, as its influence passes on through other lives. But any record of it is worth while, and to make any is a privilege. The need of such influences in New York was well illustrated by one of his Wall Street compeers who asked: "What sort of a crank is that man de Coppet who spends such a lot of money on fiddlers? Now there's his partner, who's a man of sense: he spends his on a yacht."

It is over thirty years since de Coppet began to gather quartet players, mostly amateurs, at his little house in one of the Sixties near Broadway. He was himself a fine pianist, but seldom if ever played for his guests. His wife, however, who was equally gifted, enjoyed playing with the strings, and attained unsurpassed discretion and delicacy in adapting her instrument to them. She had a brother too, long since returned to Europe, who was an admirable violinist. It is worth mentioning by way of episode that he succeeded, as first violinist of the quartet founded by Richard Grant White, the father of the lady who founded the English opera at the old Academy of Music. When this gentleman last played, he was well over eighty, and seldom is anything heard to equal his playing of Beethoven, even at that advanced age. It may amuse some of our readers to learn that their editor succeeded White, after one intermediary, as cello in that same quartet. Those who know will testify that he plays badly enough to keep the announcement a duly modest one.

But to return to the admirable de Coppet. Fortune for

once knew where to smile, and some dozen years ago he built a roomy house on the West side with a music-room just the size for a quartet, and in proportion and simple decoration that are a delight to the eye. About this time he conceived the idea of a quartet that, instead of meeting like most previous ones whenever they could struggle free from teaching or orchestral playing, should be free from all other duties and able to practice together all they pleased.

De Coppet scoured the conservatories of Europe to get track of their most promising recent graduates, and he got together two Italians, one Swiss and one Belgian, all full of temperament, enthusiasm, proficiency and hard work.

Meantime the search for instruments had been going on. He already had several, but their timbres were not all of the same kind; he wanted a set that would show no difference in quality of tone from the low C of the cello to the highest harmonic of the first violin. At last he thought he had everything ready, and started his quartet at his villa Flonzaley on Lake Geneva near Lausanne.

The men of course could be expected to come nearer to uniformity every day; but there was one faintly jarring element that could change but very slowly if at all, for which there was no remedy short of substitution. An ordinary connoisseur would not have noticed it, but de Coppet did and his men did. There was nothing for it but to scour Europe for a new viola. The tone of the one on hand was beautiful, but to those fine ears its different timbre varied appreciably from the virtually uniform one which pervaded the other instruments. After a wide search the viola was found, and probably no other set of instruments with timbre so nearly identical was ever played together. Generally the instruments played in a quartet belong respectively to each artist instead of to one collector, and the four men playing are each apt to stick to his own as a matter of course without thinking of the others.

For some twelve years now, with very little interruption by sickness or accident, they have been playing together virtually every day — an opportunity probably unprecedented — to secure uniformity in all the indefinable things which make up expression.

All this was not only encouraged and stimulated by their generous friend, but guided by his unerring taste.

There is one particular in which, whatever may be the differences of opinion regarding other particulars, the Flonzaley has been more fortunate than the other admirable organization with which it has worked in a rivalry whose generosity has been an honor to both, and whose stimulus has been a mutual benefit. The Flonzaley during its whole existence has not had to change a man. This crowning piece of good luck is the unique feature to which, whatever may be due to other features, is largely owing any justification there may be for those who have the temerity to claim that, so far as such a matter can be judged without direct experience, de Coppet probably gave the world the greatest quartet it has ever known.

For the first five years it played only at Flonzaley and in New York for de Coppet and his friends. When the quartet got as near perfection as a general audience could appreciate, he occasionally let it appear in public for charity. For work of exceptional interest and novelty, like Schoenberg's and Stravinsky's, he has occasionally invited audiences large enough for public halls. But the quartet is not at its supreme best there. The place to enjoy its many perfections is in the room its creator built for it. But of course even his hospitality could not there give its benefits to everybody capable of enjoying them, and he gradually let it tour both America and Europe, and, naturally, become self-supporting. To the last, however, he continued the old generosity to it and his friends, having its tours so arranged that it could frequently play at his house. In this way he was a centre of beneficence as well as of art-

development which few men have had, or rather have made themselves, the privilege of being. How many must find happiness in recalling when the lights, except those shaded over the music stands, went out; the ear trumpets clattered as the big one (for the bass?) went into one ear of the host (for the great music-patron was deaf) and the little one (for the higher notes?) into the other; Betti held his bow poised a few seconds, then suddenly bent forward toward the strings, and the wondrous tones began!

De Coppet loved to spread happiness because he loved people, and enjoyed having people love him and show it. A special illustration was given at a dinner he gave under peculiar circumstances. While his work was not what is usually considered public, it was not without recognition, though no practicable recognition could have been adequate. The tenth anniversary of the quartet was, however, utilized by some two hundred friends to invite him and his sympathetic wife to a supper at Sherry's, where he was made the victim of sundry speeches — a surprising proportion of them good — and presented with a massive old English silver tankard of the best period. It was when he had found out who were the promoters of this *fête*, and had them to dinner at his house, that the shy little man who had to get a friend to read a speech for him at the supper, showed how his heart worked. After he had connected himself with the half dozen telephone receivers he needed around the table, he said in a half bashful way that was very touching: "Suppose that hereafter those here address me without the formal prefix to my name."

He was always frail, and his career of beneficence (the quartet was but one element in it) was cut short in his sixties. On a recent evening, the music — his favorite number of Beethoven — was early, and as the company were starting in to dinner, he fell: the artists rushed to raise him, and he died in the arms of his quartet.

Patience Worth and the Ozark Dialect

REFERRING to an article in our number for last January, and regarding the very vexed question whether Mrs. Curran took up, during her early residence in the Ozarks, the peculiar alleged Early English forms used by Patience Worth, we have had a letter from the author of a book who laid the scene of a novel in that region, after spending considerable time there. He says:

"I never met the legendary pure-water English, though it must be admitted some phrases of that nature are to be found among all back-water English settlements, as in Kentucky and Virginia; I think, though, not so much in the Ozarks. Patience Worth does not suggest anything I've ever heard spoken."

Olympia in Transit

THE persistent tinkle of trace-chains, accompanied by the low chuck-chucking of hubs upon axles of heavily-laden wagons, recalls consciousness at a most unseemly hour to the realization that it is circus day; and we hurry into our clothing that we may not miss seeing the vanguard of blood-red wagons laden with sky-blue planks and poles, surmounted by an informal group of sleepy-eyed, roughly-clad men, and drawn, not by man-made machines, but by life-full horses. Yes! It is the circus! — just as advertised! — just as for weeks anticipated!

The gorgeous caravan, appearing like a heaven-descended bit of Aurora's retinue, rolls along, fancy-quickening van following fancy-quickening van, their closely-drawn canvas covers barely concealing the mystic golden figures beneath, while from the tiny iron-barred windows of many of them there protrudes the sniffing snout or hairy paw of some strange creature from over seas. And last — and as a climax — from a cloud of dust

and of animated human witnesses there emerge — mighty shuffling form after mighty shuffling form — the elephants! Life is always mysterious, but these are moving mountains of mystery!

We are always longing for the good old days — for the pageantry of the middle ages and the festivals of Greece and Rome; but could we be carried backward through the centuries, and sit on medieval bleachers or grandstands, I doubt not our disappointment over the pageantry of the past would be sore, and we would exclaim: "Ah me! I saw a finer thing than this in the circus parade on the streets of my New England city in the days of His Excellency President Woodrow Wilson." Even the triumphs of the Roman Emperors were less cosmopolitan: for there were no Red Indians nor Japanese jugglers in Cæsar's train, and no "Blood-sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ."

But the Olympic games! What would we not give to see *them!* and what strides we might make toward Grecian perfection if those Hellenic festivals could but be restored! Indeed, we have, with much effort, made an attempt at reviving these congresses on their athletic aspect — we have at least the form, even if not the spirit, of the old meet. Imitations are, however, imitations, and always inferior to the perfect model, and we fear this imitation resembles its kind. An institution that arose spontaneously under the quickening force of religious feeling, in a country of the size and population of one of our middle states, is likely to prove unwieldy and wooden when manufactured to fit the whole modern world — a world uninspired by a genuine fervor for bodily perfection. Faith creates forms; not forms, faith. Besides, the modern world is too large for the old-fashioned Olympia.

Not one person in a hundred thousand can visit our imitation Olympic games, but all can see the circus. Olympia must grow perambulant, become none other than "the greatest show on earth," and, though with scant

recognition of its service, hold before its audiences the ideal of physical perfection.

Seated under the great canvas sky, a sublimated shade from Hellas might well start with wonder as the athletes come running into the rings, and exclaim, "Ah, these are men! What suppleness! What dexterity! What daring! What variety of events! What absence of brutality! Ah, I like that flying trapeze and the beautiful riding! And how much better to clothe the contestants in the hues of the rainbow, yet with unhampered display of the human form! We went naked, for we could do no better. And the women! We had none of such grace. You must know that the statues made by our sculptors were not copies from life, but of ideals in the artist's brain." Yes, in this itinerant amphitheatre are gathered the athletic élite of the world. It is an Olympia more cosmopolitan than any ever known to the ancients, with exhibitions six times a week, rather than as many times in a quarter century.

It has been urged that our quadrennial imitation Olympia will be a great stimulus to athletic development. Alas! athletes are born, rather than made; at any rate, only the athletic child ever becomes a record-breaking adult. Not a child in a million will ever travel to one of our so-called Olympic Festivals, and the legends of these events are likely to lose their efficacy in long transit. But the real Olympia in disguise — the circus — exists for the youth — in fact, adults visit it "only to take the children." In passing, the show leaves in its wake a real trapeze or springboard in every back yard, and the impulse to swinging and tumbling which it imparts lasts until its return. One will never know how very much of the physical unfolding of the race in modern times is due to the stimulus of the circus.

And we adults who "go to take the children" — we have our muscles tightened and our hearts quickened while we feast our eyes upon the human body as we would wish to have it; for, as Wilfrid Gibson sings,

> . . . in the circus ring there's more delight
> Of seemly bodies, goodly in sheer health,
> Bodies trained and pitched to the perfect pitch,
> Eager, blithe, debonaire, from head to foot
> Aglow and alive in every pulse, than elsewhere
> In this machine-ridden land of grimy, glum,
> Round-shouldered, coughing mechanics.

And these are no athletes for a day, who soon cease their exercise, wax intemperate in meats and drinks, grow obese and degenerate. These are athletes for life, and must know the feel of health so long as their Olympic career may last.

The chariot race is run, and the amphitheatre is fast emptying. The animal tent — that weird Arabian Night's dream — begun by the Romans but vastly improved in its modern moving metamorphosis, is already folded and awheel; the greater beasts that go afoot move silently, save for the clanking of their manacles and the occasional warning cry of a keeper, casting strange shadows as they lumber down the arc-lit avenue — a procession of mystery — the mystery of life on its grandest scale.

As we fall asleep, tired but happy, we are lulled, as we were in the morning aroused, by the rumble of wagons and the silvery rattle of harness, as Olympia transfers itself, to make manifest the doctrine of bodily beauty on the morrow to the expectant denizens of a distant community.

The Liquor Question

How few people attach an exact meaning to what they hear and see! We have had a great many letters regarding our articles in October last on *National Prohibition and the Church* and *National Prohibition and Representative Government.* The first of those articles was a plea against the question's being settled by religious organizations; the second was a plea against the selected repre-

sentatives of the people shirking their responsibility to consider and vote upon the question, by the proposition to throw it back to the people. Neither article touched the question of prohibition itself. Both treated only of methods. In face of these facts we are constantly receiving intimations that we are in favor of the "saloons." We are in favor of them only under severe regulation. We believe in a license system, provided a proper way can be found to put the power regulating the licenses into the hands of the people in the community best fitted to exercise it. The difficulty is, like the difficulty in most American political matters, keeping the power out of the hands least fitted to exercise it; but even the danger of that we suspect to be less than of a prohibition which does not prohibit, and we have yet to hear of one which does.

Apropos of this subject, you may care to see this sensible letter from a Lutheran clergyman regarding the paper on *National Prohibition and the Church:*

> After reading a few pages I cast it aside, because the author plainly is stating things which are not so found in fact. When he asserts that the Lutheran Church has as a church allied itself with the "Anti-Saloon" or "Prohibition" movement he is saying something which he can hardly substantiate. The Lutheran Church has allied itself with none of these movements, but has always taken a sound and sane stand on these matters, namely, the Biblical stand that neither the sale nor the use of intoxicants is wrong or sinful, but that the abuse of liquor as well as the abuse of anything else is sinful and should be avoided. Any laws which assure a doing away with any abuse of anything are certainly desirable.

The Illiberal Liberal

I WENT to the Cézanne exhibition last week, with a friend. It was not Cézanne, but the friend, whom I loved.

To be frank, it was no time to visit an exhibition on which we held differing views. It was the last lap of

that kind of a time which the occasional visitor to New York has, and which the visitee, pleased by its novelty, drinks to the dregs with her. Pocahontas was keeping up on will-power and coffee, I on will-power alone. Nevertheless we made a conscientious round of the gallery.

I don't like Cézanne. To me the most interesting picture of the lot was "The Sisters," because it looked so like a Gavarni caricature. His geometrical colored pieces merely reminded me of very bad carpet designs, which would have been rejected on the spot for untidiness, if they had been submitted to any manufacturer. I cannot rid myself of a feeling, quite as sincere as any other conviction I possess, that the Futurists and their kin are playing a grave, immense practical joke on the world, and that Mr. Burgess' Goops are far better examples of the same genre than anything the rest have done. I cannot see moods in wiggly legs, nor why Cézanne's heirs should charge seventeen thousand dollars for the most moody of pictures, while so many French babies need ten-cent cans of condensed milk.

But I'm conscious of my wrongness. I know that I am a barbarian as far as the pragmatic circle of Cézannism extends. I also know that I cannot help it. My intellect simply won't spread to take in the higher aspects of Futurism seriously; and I think I should be pitied and trained rather than blown up. For how can one help one's angle of vision?

But this is what happened to me:

We halted, after various vague lavender trees, before a piece called "Flowers." It seemed that the Master had started to sketch a long-stemmed La France rose, wearied of well-doing, and made a parti-colored mathematical design all over the background. It did not particularly excite me, but Pocahontas began to have thrills.

Then all at once she began to find things in the picture, exactly as you find the old gentleman's three mysterious daughters outlined among the trees of his

farm, or little Lulu's dog and cat concealed in the lines of the nursery furniture. I helped her, very much pleased at the diversion. I remember we found a bunch of lilies of the valley, some nasturtiums, some irises, and a great deal of mignonette. We had a wonderful time.

Much encouraged, I moved on with her to the next picture, called in the catalogue a Ditch. I shouldn't have thought so, but the fact once granted, I innocently enough began the game again. There was an excellent Liberty Bell to be found in the foreground. I pointed it out to Pocahontas, and excavated gayly on. The next things I found were some tomato cans and a bottle.

"It's one of those ditches contractors fill in," I was explaining to her cheerily, full of a discoverer's enthusiasm. And then I found that I was quite, quite wrong, and inexcusably flippant, not to say sordid. It was an error, it seemed, to find anything but atmosphere and surfaces in that particular ditch. And I, in especial, was most 'scruciatingly wrong to be bored by Cézanne.

"But it's not my fault," I expostulated. "I simply haven't a brain or soul that is able to like him, any more than you like raw oysters. You *know* you don't like oysters — "

But it appeared that comparing Cézanne to an oyster was the worst thing I could have done. I was a worm myself, a mollusc. And the worst of it all was that I could see Pocahontas thought it was sheer brutality, a wanton yielding to the baser instincts of my nature, that I wouldn't be stirred to my depths by all forms of Futurism.

"It's unworthy of you," she said tearfully, "to mock at things that mean as much to me as Futurism and *vers-libre!*"

(This was unfair. I hadn't said a word about *vers-libre* since the day before.)

"But, Pocahontas dear!" I protested meekly, as we left the gallery, "it was I who showed you the very first

free verse you ever saw, and told you the principles of its construction — and you said you were going to make some as soon as you got home."

But this had no effect at all. And our farewell was chilly with a sense of outraged art on her side, and outraged hospitality on mine. And Pocahontas and I are very fond of each other!

Of course it wasn't really a quarrel. And she'll write back sweetly and so shall I, and presently it will be fristed if not forgotten.

But on my way home from the station, I fell to musing sadly on the illiberalities of the Liberal. I thought about my Freudian friend, who was so severe with me because I would not attribute my most patently indigestion dreams to the disguised struggles of thwarted love, wherein I concealed my throbbing identity under the guise of a too-hot chicken-dinner, and the unplaced object of my affections became an elusive cold plate. I thought how vainly I'd tried to explain to the Freudian that I always dreamed of chicken-dinners after too much chicken à la Maryland, and how sternly he had turned all my best arguments against me, till I was nearly convinced that I *had* an unrequited love, ignorant as I'd been of the fact.

And then I thought of a relative of mine, the lone remaining specimen of rampant Atheist I know, and how he bullies people who like a little, ever so little, religion left to brighten life's weary road.

I thought of the intense-eyed vers-librist youth from Moylan, Pa., and how he hurls Billingsgate, from his safe eyrie in London, on everybody not of his way of thinking.

I thought also about a young married couple I met once, who concealed their honorable state till the poor little bride nearly had a nervous breakdown, because they dwelt together in Greenwich Village's more hectic parts, and "If the Freedom Club knew we were really married," Etheldreda explained to me under a weeping

pledge of secrecy, "they would — would thi-ink we were nar-row-w!" Then she cried some more, for she was not so enlightened as her bridegroom. She simply adored him, poor child, in such a doormatty Victorian fashion that she thought she believed everything *he* did.

I thought, one by one, of all the liberal, advanced, rampantly vanguard-of-thought people I'd known, and how few of them could be made to believe in the sincerity of a mind which preferred the existing order of things, or thought such a mind should be borne with at all. Then I wondered if it were only the narrow people who were broad.

To me there are many things which are beautiful and significant, and some which aren't. My own pleasure is in quiet harmonies and ordered forms. But I am only one person, and this is only my own range. And I know well that to diverse men the Everlasting Rose has diverse shapes; that they may find her

in the Holy Sepulchre
Or in the wine-vat . . .

Or in the curious twists of curious things which seem to me only unnatural, posant, silly, hysterical. I am sure that for them the Rose is there. If they see beauty and significance where I cannot, I am not angry. So why should they be angry? And if their faiths are so fragile that they cannot bear my viewpoint, are they faiths at all?

Why, do you suppose, Liberals are so illiberal?

Suffrage Sabotage

A CONTRASTING instance of the illiberality of liberals is in the following, which a contributor sends "especially because the papers seem to ignore the subject." We do not recall seeing any allusion to it. The whole matter is a fine comment on woman's fitness for political functions, but does not touch the question of her fitness for many much lighter ones.

To place a spike between the cogs of a machine, thereby rendering it useless, or deliberately to produce imperfect

or defective products, pales when compared with a resolution passed at a recent state convention of the suffrage party in New York City. This resolution embodied a refusal to contribute to *any charities* until women were allowed to vote. Thus to place a spike in the charity machinery of the City and State goes far beyond the dastardly acts of the English militants. Burnt churches, slashed and defaced pictures may in a way be replaced or repaired, but the child's bent spine, the crippled knee, the little starved frame must have attention immediate or too late.

Even under ordinary conditions many noble and deserving charities that should especially appeal to women, like the Home for Crippled Children, Babies' Hospital and the various children's aid societies have great difficulty in meeting their pecuniary demands; but now when so many purses are opened only to the needs of Belgium, Poland and other devastated war districts, the very existence of some of these institutions is threatened. That a large body of American women could deliberately pass such a resolution is as shocking as some of the acts of the war.

But beyond the dire results that would follow such a refusal, looms the absurdity of the abstract proposition. Suppose the adherents of every cause should make use of the same method — that demands for free trade, protection, good roads, lock canals, etc., if not granted should be met by a cessation of charity contributions. Or suppose farther that the anti-suffrage party should pass similar resolutions. It is plain to certainty that women passing this one have not yet reached a point of sufficient poise and judgment to qualify them for the suffrage.

"A Shameless Confession"

We told our friend who, in the article on poetry in this number, made what he called the shameless confession

that he would rather have written two of Whitman's lyrics than the *Harvard Commemoration Ode*, that if he insisted on leaving that confession in, we should have something to say about it; and he told us to go ahead.

We consider his state of mind typical of the great peculiar curse of the age. The old religious sanctions are so far outgrown that many of those who think, and more of those who only think they think, have sadly weakened in their allegiance to the ideal which we express by such words as morality and duty. They have taken up new allegiances which are good as far as they go, but do not go to the foundation of all sound producing and living. The scientist has limited truth to experience and laboratory tests, the artist — in words or pigments or clay, has put beauty before morality, and the German has put The State before both. All are parts of the same movement, and all are false. As Godkin said: "Science has killed the imagination," even as its own servant. Poetry and the representative arts are decadent, and law, good-faith and morality are ignored by the immoral state.

The greatest poetry has come in times of intense conviction — Homer's when the gods were as real as men, Dante's when religion ruled his world, Shakespeare's when men's souls were vibrating from the religious conflicts under Henry VIII and Mary, Milton's amid the sublime passions of the Commonwealth, Emerson's under the New England transcendentalism, Tennyson's amid the youthful enthusiasms of modern science, and Lowell's great *Commemoration Ode* was perhaps the most thrilling of all trumpet calls to duty, and fairly throbbed with the high devotions of the Civil War.

No wonder that a poet confessing that he would rather have written a couple of pretty lyrics suspected himself of saying something shameless.

To the Faithful

We mean the two of our readers who proved their interest in spelling reform by sending for the pamphlet on the very important and sadly unappreciated subject, which we offered free. We wish to assure them and any others, if any, who are interested, that our silence on the subject in the last number and the brevity of this note on it, by no means signify that we have abandoned it. We merely wanted to give the unconverted a rest, and, moreover, our attention was specially absorbed by the exceptional events of the time.

The Unpopular Review

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THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

BY the Devil we mean the corruption of the Republican party, including not only the pork barrel, but protectionism as a fixt principle, when at most it should be only an occasional expedient. And too, there is the infinite variety of the Colonel!

By the Deep Sea, we mean the vast uncharted depths of Democratic ignorance and stupidity.

"You pays your money and you takes your choice."

For our part, we prefer the devil. In the first place, he's proverbially a gentleman, and the country has generally been best governed by gentlemen, except the only time when it was governed by a demi-god — a rustic one, and he had an unusual proportion of gentlemen associated with him.

In the next place, you know where to find the devil, and how to renounce him and all his works; but on the uncharted deep sea of stupidity, you never know where you are "at." You never know when the democratic labor lobby which has now given itself a local habitation in Washington, as well as a name, is going to try to rip civilization to pieces, beginning with the whole fabric of law and order which contains the best experience and a large part of the virtue of mankind. Demos means well, and is entitled to sympathy and help; but he hasn't yet learned enough to be safe.

As to the candidates — well you probably know as well as we do, and perhaps better; but you must let us say that we think Hughes's persistent holding of his mouth

shut until he was nominated, was among the strongest, wisest, purest and, take it all in all, finest things we know of anybody ever having done.

Puritans and Quakers and Baptists and that sort of folks never have fascinated our imagination, and yet we should not be slow to tie up to a certain Oliver Cromwell or John Fox or to one Charles Evans Hughes.

But alas! after we had written our praise of his keeping his mouth shut, the time came for him to open it, and in his speeches we naturally find the faults of his qualities. His steady keeping of his eye upon his goal prevents his seeing contingent considerations that might be obvious to many men of less steadiness, and even to some of more: in short he is somewhat narrow. His criticism of Mr. Wilson's foresight in the light of his own hindsight is narrow, — and unhandsome. He has not, up to this writing, told us anything that, in Mr. Wilson's place, he would have *done*, and his saying that he would have insisted on this, that and the other, is saying no more than that he would have *said* simply what Mr. Wilson *has* said. But these defects do not cancel his positive merits, and are largely the mere obverse side of some of them.

Perhaps a greater thing about Mr. Hughes's candidacy than even the man himself, is the action of the people in selecting him. Their call for him under the circumstances showed more sheer intelligence than we can remember any people having ever manifested before. The act was one of crystal-clear judgment, and we didn't dream that our people were up to it. It has done more than even the Civil War (for there was a large element of passion and fanaticism then) to stiffen up our somewhat wobbly faith in democracy.

Mr. Wilson, however far he may keep his personal morality and practice in different pockets, certainly, to a considerable extent, does so keep his political morality and practice. That is proved by his monkeying with the

nominations for the New York post-office, his bidding for the support of the proletariat by signing the Clayton Act, and by urging for the supreme court a man whom few leaders of the bench or bar would have thought of, and whom, despite the necessary timidity of the bar in offending judges, a very important — probably the most important — portion of the bar opposed.

To these criticisms of Mr. Wilson, however, must be added the recognition that he appears to have made our points, and civilization's points, with Germany, and still has kept us out of war. And war, my masters, is a more serious thing than is universally recognized by us who have been getting used to it while sitting here piping, when folks in Europe are going around, when they can go, without sons and husbands and fathers and legs and arms and ears and eyes and even faces. Horrors are generally worth recognizing. And when a man, without loss of self-respect — a loss that is the greatest of horrors — saves a nation from being overwhelmed by them, he deserves something better than nagging.

If the administration is Republican, we know, if we know anything, that all the forces of corruption will gather around it to get rid of the income tax, and in its stead log-roll up a "protective" (Heaven save the mark!) tariff.

Now, as to the income tax, there must be a little rejoicing in Heaven over this humble scribe, because he has repented some opinions regarding that tax which he printed some years ago. Since they were formed, their bases have been entirely changed by the geometrical advance in human nature which he has seen, in a very long life, with his own eyes, but which some philosophers more learned, but younger, declare has not taken place at all.

Until the American corporation tax of a few years ago, we believe there had never been an income tax which was not fundamentally a war measure; and while admitted by economists to be theoretically ideal, they were

regarded by the longer-headed thinkers as twin-brothers of the father of lies, and oppressors of the just, the ingenuous and the unprotected, while favoring men without scruples and full of evil resources. Gladstone and Disraeli, apart in almost everything else, united in hating income taxes, and promised again and again to relieve England of them, but were always prevented by the popping up of some "small war." When the first British income tax was repealed after Waterloo, Brougham moved that all records of it be destroyed as incompatible, on account of its inquisitorial character, with the dignity of a free people.

Well, the English people, by long practice, have got in the way of paying the income taxes; and they have come to be regarded somewhat in the light of debts of honor. Thus in Great Britain the objections to them have largely disappeared. Here they were imposed by those who do not have to pay them, largely in reaction from tariff taxes, which all had to pay and still have to pay — the poor to an outrageous degree. But the objection that the income taxes could not be fairly collected has not been found to hold in nearly the degree that was feared; and as taxing is at best a very rough-and-tumble process, our income taxes are not so bad as taxes go, or anywhere near so bad as a "protective" tariff is sure to be.

But granting for argument's sake all merits claimed for the income tax, there is still, in the tax's present shape, one objection to it so great as to be hard to exaggerate, and it is to be hoped that it at least will be overthrown when the Republicans are dominant. To explain the great objection, we must go back a little. During the debates in Congress over the income tax, it was frequently announced that it was expected to derive an increasing portion of the revenue from that tax. Now that the people whose main expenditure is for necessities are finding out that the tariff taxes them out of all proportion to their richer neighbors, most of what is left of the tariff is apt sooner

or later to disappear, and the present expectation is that an increase in the income tax will take its place. In that event, unless the exemption is decreased, the only national taxes paid by nine-tenths of the voters will be those of excise, of which they are hardly conscious, and even if the exemption from the income tax is reduced to the lowest point where it will pay to collect the tax, not more than one-quarter of the voters will consciously pay any national tax. In either event a vast majority who do not consciously pay will have free swing at the money of a small minority who pay the bulk.

During the last fifty-five years everybody has paid; but not everybody realized it, and that fact has probably done more to promote our unprecedented national extravagance than any other cause. What is our prospect now that the taxes of nine-tenths of the voters are materially reduced? What will be the prospect when the tariffs are cut off altogether, and nine-tenths of the people vote what the other tenth shall pay?

Such a situation is so absurd that to reach it seems incredible, and yet it is not as absurd as was the exemption of the French nobility from taxation before the revolution, or the virtual exemption of so much of the land in England to-day. France got out of it, we know at what cost; and England is getting out of it more cheaply. But in each of those cases, the interest of the majority was to get out, and in our case the interest of the majority is to stay in. What possible way is there out?

Restricting the franchise, even if desirable, seems impossible without a revolution, and a revolution effective against the will of a majority is unthinkable. It is, however, far from unthinkable that extravagances may carry us on to a lack of the capital needed for industry, and that short commons may bring on some sort of revolution that will land us into some sort of reorganization, of which we can imagine only that it will be less absurd than the situation that seems within sight.

It is very simple to say: Reduce the exemption. But to get a majority consciously to pay taxes requires the vote of a majority. Have the majority of the American people sense enough to do it? We rather suspect they have, if they come to realize the situation. One reason we think so is the tendency of the submerged classes, especially *our* submerged classes, to rise; and the rapidly growing tendency of the fortunate classes, especially *our* fortunate classes, to help them. And both these tendencies, despite foolish outbursts of class legislation that tend to check them, are on the geometrical increase. And yet! — Can we keep along with a small minority paying the taxes and a large majority spending them, until the situation is cured by so slow a process as the increase of the tax-paying class; or will the anomalous situation land us in bankruptcy first?

The issue is not very clear-cut in the campaign, and if there is a republican congress, probably it will not be afraid to decrease the exemption. That would at least be a palliative. But until the majority of the people become conscious taxpayers, there will be a constant increase in the tendency for the majority to levy taxes which the minority pay. As the world now stands, this, to our mind, is the fundamental question of the time, and is the fundamental weakness of democracy. The Republicans seem more apt to guard against it than the Democrats. But the Republicans threaten protectionism! That danger from them, and the proletariat control of taxes by the Democrats, indeed place us between the devil and the deep sea. This time around, however, all things considered, we prefer the devil.

But the balance is so nearly even, and so many things may happen before election, that we are not saying what we shall prefer then.

Since the foregoing was in type, something *has* happened, and we no longer have even a shadow of doubt.

The president and his party have set up minority rule in place of republican government, and that for a minority not entitled by superiority over the rest, to rule them. The professed motive for this action was fear of an intolerable general disaster through a strike, but no such fear was entertained by the Republicans, which seems to demonstrate that the real fear of the Democrats was of the labor vote, and that their action was that of cowards and demagogues. The president's course was apparently under the influence of his "intimate friend and adviser, Mr. Gompers," as a Washington correspondent has called him; and it is hard to consider it that of a brave man or one with a soul above his political interests. Yet he is entitled to at least the credit of proposing a resolution securing later revisory action on the hasty legislation he recommended, but his party was not even up to that.

Better a thousand times than that legislation, would have been the strike. We did not believe, and evidently the Republicans in Congress did not believe (and so we doubt if the Democrats did) that it would amount to much: anyhow, public opinion was against it; the laboring classes would have suffered most from it and soon turned against it.

Above all the impossibility of success in such a conspiracy against the community would have been demonstrated. It has got to be demonstrated sooner or later, and that would best have been done now, even though the trick was tried while the militia were away. This part of the job could have been attended to by the police.

The opinion has long been growing on us that in any conflict between labor and capital, the only thing government has any business to do is to stand by and see fair play, and that such a course will save trouble and lead soonest and surest to a just settlement. This time the meddlers have only muddled the job, put off the inevitable day of reckoning, disgraced themselves and the country, and,

we believe and hope, secured the defeat in the next election which they sold themselves to avoid.

Fatuous as the opinion would be considered by the unions, we believe that the whole miserable business has been a serious set back to them and hence to the elevation, partly through them, of the proletariat into direct-tax-paying, and therefore responsible, citizenship. Many people who before sympathized with the unions, or were, at worst, tolerant of them, *now* fear and hate them. As for fear, there is, we think, less occasion for it than is often supposed. While many of the unionists, but by no means all, are, like some other characters in history, ready for any crime that they think will promote their cause, by no means all are; and in the minds of cowardly politicians, their strength is greatly exaggerated. In numbers, not to speak of intellectual and moral strength, and still less of financial, they are but a seventh of the voters. Their only strength is in organization, and the supporters of law and order can more easily than they play that trick when it is forced upon them. It looks not a little as if it were forced already. In any event, we believe the party in power has hastened that inevitable but salutary day; and we believe and hope that that day will mark the regeneration, not the destruction, of the trade unions.

The unions themselves have survived several breakdowns in their national organizations. These breakdowns have generally been caused by the illusion that a small minority of men, not the most capable in the country, can govern it. This megalomania was never as excessive as now, and the president and Congress have just given it an enormous stimulus, which may be a fatal one. But if it is, the unions will probably survive as heretofore, and make a new organization, for which, it may be hoped, experience will provide more temperate aims and more realization of the rights of the majority, and respect for them.

THE PROBLEM OF POVERTY

I. By a Platonist

ON the slip-cover of Mr. Ernest Poole's story of *The Harbor*, which I have just read rather belatedly, we find this legend of the publishers': "The central character is a young man who, through his intimate contact with people and particularly through his study of humanity as it ebbs and flows in the great harbor, comes finally to see the inner meaning of things." And we learn that the book is regarded by one at least of our great newspapers as "the best American novel that has appeared in many a long day." Of the literary merit of Mr. Poole's work this is neither the time nor the place to speak. As a mere piece of fiction it will be outbid by some noisier competitor tomorrow, if it is not already forgotten; but as an honest and forcible presentation of a vital problem it has more than passing interest. Not that the author has brought any new thoughts to bear on the vexing questions he propounds, or has reached to "the inner meaning of things." It would be truer to say that he has not thought at all; and indeed the value of his book lies in the clarity with which the current ideas and emotions of the hour find expression in his pages, without taking any color from their passage through his mind or suffering any distortion from an original imagination. He has not reacted at all against the popular creeds, but has acted towards the seething body politic, to use a crude metaphor, as a whistle serves an engine, through which the pressure of escaping vapor issues with a sound to warn and even to alarm.

The plot of the story may be recalled. A young man, who develops into a writer, has been brought up in peculiarly intimate relations with the shipping of New York harbor, and a good deal of the book is given up to vivid

pictures of the multiform life about the shores of the North and East Rivers. At college — Princetonians have not been slow to recognize their alma mater in the unflattering scenes — he discovers the emptiness and dull conventionality of academic tradition; one can scarcely say academic education, for apparently he learns nothing in chapel or lecture room. But here he becomes acquainted with a rebellious youth from the Middle West, a certain Joe Kramer, who distinguishes himself by doing a little independent thinking, as his creator understands thinking, and who is destined later on to exert a decisive influence on the hero. "Do you know who's to blame for this stuff?" queries our indignant young philosopher. "It's not the profs, I've nothing against them, all they need is to be kicked out. No. It's us, because we stand for their line of drule. If we got right up on our honkeys and howled, all of us, for a real education, we'd get it by next Saturday night. But we don't care a damn" — an observation which is not without a measure of truth. One is not surprised to learn that Joe had as little reverence for the tradition of literature as for its teachers: "This darned library shut its doors," he would growl to himself, "just as the real dope was coming along. But there's been such a flood of it ever since that some leaked in in spite of 'em."

Owing to his good fortune in meeting Joe, our hero came out of college with some "enlightenment" despite his professors. But at first, through his love for a girl he had known as a child, and now sees again in the plenitude of her charms, he is thrown much with an engineer named Dillon, her father, a dreamer absorbed in schemes for making New York the great organized centre of the world's trade. The quiet assurance of the man captivates him, and he is carried away by the stupendous vision of a society regenerated and controlled by the hand of scientific efficiency working in harmony with the beneficent powers of capital. With a reminiscence, one imagines, of

the Temptation in the Wilderness, the author conveys us, with his hero, into Dillon's offices high up in the tower of a down-town building, from whence we look out over the panorama of the city and the bay, as upon the kingdoms of the world, lying now in haphazard confusion as things have grown up by chance. And then the engineer displays his charts of the harbor as it is to be, with its continuous docks and vast organization of machinery. Along the heavy roofs of steel are drawn wide ocean boulevards, with trees and shrubs and flowers to shut out the clamorous business below; and the port itself is no longer a mere body of water, but has beneath it a whole region of tunnels, through which is flowing the endless traffic, unseen and unheard. All this the city was to build, and as landlord was to invite the shipping and railway lords and the manufacturers to come in and "get together," and work with one another and the city in the mighty plan. "That's what we mean nowadays by a port," explains the deviser of the great project, "a complicated industrial organ, the heart of a country's circulation, pumping in and out its millions of tons of traffic as quickly and cheaply as possible. That's efficiency, scientific management, or just plain engineering, whatever you want to call it. But it's got to be done for us all in a plan, instead of each for himself in a blind struggling chaos." Later, as a writer of "glory stories," the inquisitive young man gains the intimacy of the financial magnate who, from his office in Wall Street, is controlling all these new forces of reconstruction. And as the money-lord talks, and lays bare the tremendous schemes of promotion that find their centre there in those quiet rooms, our hero beholds again the vision he had beheld in the tower; he feels the dazzling future, as it were rushing upon the world, a future of plenty and power, governed by the keen minds and wide outlook of the strong men at the top.

Then comes what a Greek tragedian would call the *peripeteia*. Suddenly Joe Kramer reappears upon the

scene, and the supposedly blind unconscious instruments of the vast reconstruction, the laborers who supplied the physical energy for the moving traffic of the harbor, are united in a strike against their masters — a strike which in the eyes of their leaders is merely the beginning of a universal revolt against an age-long condition of servitude. At first our hero is on the side of the employers. "What's your main idea," he exclaims to Joe, "in stirring up millions of ignorant men? Your stokers and dock laborers are about as fit to build up a new world as they are to build a Brooklyn Bridge. Can't you see you're all just floundering in a perfect swamp of ignorance?" But he is carried by Joe down into the stoke-hole of a vessel and made to see the terrible existence (in itself overdrawn, if this were a question of truth) of the slaves to the demon of fire and to the god of efficiency; he is admitted to meetings of the strikers in which the feeling of participation in a common cause breaks down the barriers between workers from all parts of the globe. Gradually he is transformed by a clearer perception of what it all means. These tragic people gripped him hard. The crippled dockers in their homes — with their women and children, their agony, and the fear of starvation looming up before them — brought a tightening at his throat. But it was not only sympathy that moved him; doubts of his former creed were awakened within him, and admiration for the power of this new ideal that was teaching multitudes of men to act as if impelled by a single purpose. Far to the South, high over all the squalid tenement dwellings, rose that tower of lights he had known so well, the airy palace where Dillon had dreamed and planned his clean vigorous world. He saw its lights gleaming above the city as though nothing was happening here on the water front. He thought of the men about him. How crassly ignorant they seemed. And yet in a few brief hours they had paralyzed all that the tower had planned, reduced it all to silence, nothing. Could it be, he asked himself,

that such upheavals as these meant an end to the rule of the world from above, by the keen minds at the top? Was that great idol which he had worshipped for so many years, that last of his gods, Efficiency, beginning to rock a little now upon its deep foundations?

Outwardly the strike fails, under the combined conspiracy of capital, the press, and the government; but to our hero it is no failure, rather it is the mere skirmishing preparatory to the great battle that is to alter the whole course of civilization. Nor is it a question of labor only, a temporary dispute over dollars and cents; it is the fermentation of a new philosophy that is to supplant all the old beliefs — a philosophy of sheer change, involving a perfect trust in the undirected will of the universe, whether manifesting itself in the unreasoned instincts of mankind or in the dumb forces of brute nature, to move ever of its own accord on and on to better destinies. "I believe," says an English novelist to him one day, putting into words what has long been gathering in his mind, — "I believe the age we live in is changing so much faster than any age before it, that a man if he's to be vital at all must give up the idea of any fixed creed — in his office, his church, or his home — that if he does not he will only wear himself out butting his indignant head against what is stronger and probably better than he. But if he does, if he holds himself open to change and knows that change is his very life, then he can get a serenity which is as much better than that of the monk as living is better than dying." Thus the idol of Efficiency, whose devotees dreamed of a world managed and made beautiful by the hands of science and money, is shattered before his eyes, while in its place rises the image of the People, as themselves, moving by the sheer centripetal force of sympathy and by obedience to their changing instincts, securely onward to happiness and peace. As the publishers of his history proclaim, somewhat grandiosely, he is brought to know "the inner meaning of things."

No one, we think, will read this book without feeling that it is a faithful echo of the currents of thought sweeping over a large portion of the world. Mr. Poole has spoken the truth as the majority of his contemporaries see it, but it is still possible to ask whether he has spoken the whole truth, or even the truth as it is. What if there is a terrible omission in our perception of the facts of life as he gives it back to us in this allegory? What if the fluctuation of our minds between the ideals of scientific control and socialistic combination should prove to be a sign that we have lost the clear steady conception of anything really worth while to be gained by controlling or combining? Is there no conceivable excellence of the soul itself but efficiency on the one side, with the confidence in progress wrung from the increasing mastery of material forces, or, on the other side, sympathy with the instinctive thrust of masses of men pressing for their close-seen advantage? Or, even granting the possibility, unrecognized by Mr. Poole, of reconciling the control from above of scientific knowledge with the clamor from below of immediate wants, where is the promise of happiness in such a world unless something else is added?

This is just what strikes us in the philosophy of Mr. Poole's book, what indeed sends us with a feeling of contraction and depression from almost all the sociological books we read, whether they take the form of fiction or "science" — this naïve ignorance of individual life as a thing possibly valuable in itself and worthy of cultivation. The complete lack of any such idea is apparently unconscious, but the effect is felt. Through all the clamor for life, pure life, liberated from the mouldy grip of antiquity, if you listen attentively you will hear the troubled, bewildered voice of men who, like gearless ships, are desperately signalling for aid. You need not be deceived; this joy which is promised to men if they will abandon their allegiance to any fixed law, is a pure illusion.

Suppose we took the crude antithesis presented to us.

Is it true that he who throws himself unreservedly open to the stream of change will attain to a serenity which is as much better than that of the monk, as living is better than dying? History would scarcely admit it. I suspect that a Saint Bernard, in the seclusion of his convent at Clairvaux after one of his expeditions into the world, won from his absorbed contemplation of a God who knows no shadow of turning, a peace and a strength of which there is no intimation in the fretful literature of change. It was not the love of nature as we understand it which caused him to say to his friends, in his gracious manner of jesting, that his wisdom came less from books than from meditation in the woods and fields; it was rather his conviction that power is gained in the silences of the soul. And he was a powerful man. From his cell he spoke words that shook the governments of the world; there has probably never been a man who exercised more practical authority over his contemporaries than this monk whose life was but a dying.

But this criticism is only in the interest of historic truth, and has slight bearing on the problems of the present. We certainly are not pleading now for the monkish ideal of life. The question comes closer to us when we apply the test to those men who, to Joe Kramer and his like, are the drones of our own civilization. Now, in considering Mr. Poole's diatribe against the universities, we ought to remember that, with his narrowly and typically contemporaneous view, he is looking at these institutions strictly as they are at the moment. We must recollect the degree to which the academic aim has been modified under pressure from without, and how largely instruction has become scientific and economic, dominated by the future interest of the student in material efficiency and social reform. The keynote of education is given by that maleficent phrase of Ex-president Eliot: *For power and service.* One need only examine the statistics of courses elected, or hear the talk and public dissertations

of undergraduates, to learn how prevalent is this ideal. At the same time the college has retained a certain tincture of tradition, and still professes, however meekly, to impart instruction in the humanities. It has so far lagged behind in the march of progress that it has become neither unrepentantly an engineering school, nor frankly an experimental station for applied sociology, nor yet exclusively a combination of these two. A certain amount of "drule" is still thrust down the throat of recalcitrant youth in the form of "cultural" and useless learning.

Now what is the consequence of this indolent compromise? The instructors for the most part feel themselves to be lecturing, so to speak, *in vacuo*. "The faculty, as a whole," says Mr. Poole's honest young collegian, "appeared to me no less fatigued; most of them lectured as though getting tired, the others as though tired out." Alas, these "poor dry devils" were not so much tired as baffled. Those who were carrying large classes through the acceptable courses in science and sociology might be jaunty and, in the presence of their less favored colleagues, a trifle supercilious; but most of them probably felt the unreality of their work in the class-room, in comparison with the vitality of similar interests in the practical world. As for the others, those who were clinging to the shreds of the humanities left them, they no doubt talked with the desperation of men beaten in the race, and, like as not, could give no articulate reason why they should not be beaten. Too often, the college professor is a man who has been deprived of the opportunity of dulling consciousness *in dem Strom der Welt*, and has gained in return no strong conviction of the privilege of scholarship in itself and for its rewards to the scholar himself.

A glance at the academic literature of the past hundred years would show a remarkable change in this respect. In the early part of the nineteenth century an earnest man who gained a fellowship at Oxford or Cambridge was congratulated as if one of the prizes of life had fallen to

him. Now, take up any book of the present day, and if it touches on the universities, it will probably affect the mocking tone of *The Harbor*, or, with more dignity, will smile away the scholar's pretensions to serious consideration, in the manner of Hugh Walpole in *The Prelude to Adventure*. The Englishman's gentle irony is really worthy of quotation at some length.

> There are those who adopt Cambridge as their abiding home, and it is for these that real life is impossible. Beneath these gray walls as the years pass slowly the illusions grow. Closer and closer creep the walls of experience, softer and thicker are the garments worn to keep out the cold, gentler and gentler are the speculations born of a good old Port and a knowledge of the Greek language. About the High Tables voices softly dispute the turning of a phrase, eyes mildly salute the careful dishes of a wisely chosen cook, gentle patronage is bestowed upon the wild ruffian of the outer world. Many bells ring, many fires are burning, many lamps are lit, many leaves of many books are turned — busily, busily hands are raising walls of self-defence; the world at first regretted, then patronized, is now forgotten . . . hush, he sleeps, his feet in slippers, his head upon the softest cushion, his hand still covering the broad page of his dictionary . . . . Nothing, not birth nor love, nor death must disturb his repose.

That is the English university from the outside, just as Mr. Poole gave an American college from the outside, but the voice of the scholar from within is not so very different. I was struck the other day by a passage in the catalogue of Blackwell, the Oxford book-seller, copied from L. R. Farnell's obituary of the late Ingram Bywater. After drawing a portrait of the learned Aristotelian as a "perfect example of the votary of the life intellectual," a man of noble presence and distinguished manners, fond of his peers and capable of shining in such society, Mr. Farnell concludes thus: "Such a life and such a type may not be thought to be the highest; but if Academies are still to continue and to flourish, we must hope that such life is to be counted happy which pursues a spiritual ideal

and preserves it undimmed to the end." Handsome words you will say. They are; but why this deprecatory comparison with a career in the world? why this deference to opinion? It is, I fear, because the Oxford don, like the rest of us, has grown a little doubtful of the value of life itself as it may be developed in the privileged leisure of learning. We are half apologetic for the man who, primarily for himself and secondarily for others, esteems it a thing worth while to raise his thoughts into communion with the great minds of the past, and honors the labors of the spirit so to purify itself that it may be at home in the world of Ideas. Only those scholars are quite free of this kind of distrust who, as practical scientists or sociologists, turn the college into a laboratory for the mill or the legislature. The much-decried vanity of the *vita umbratilis* is in fact only one phase of the general doubt of any positive value in life, with the added disadvantage that he who lives in the shadow of intellectual studies is deprived of the narcotic of unreflective action. If the emptiness is clearer to the college man than to his brother in the world, it is because, after all, he still has some opportunity for reflection, and retains a vestige of the habit of self-examination.

Without subscribing to the Nietzschean remedies, one may point to the accuracy with which Nietzsche has touched the two sources underlying this state of "nihilism," as he names it. "A 'scientific' interpretation of the world as you understand it," he says, "might consequently still be one of the stupidest, that is to say, the most destitute of significance, of all possible world interpretations. . . An essentially mechanical world would be an essentially meaningless world." The corollary to this saying is headed, *The Moral Fashion of a Commercial Community*, and runs thus:

> Behind the principle of the present moral fashion — "Moral actions are actions performed out of sympathy for others" — I see the social instinct of fear, which thus assumes an intel-

lectual disguise. . . . . How little joy must men now have in themselves when such a tyranny of fear prescribes their supreme moral law.

These are the two bases of the critical phase — which is also the sound phase — of Nietzsche's philosophy, and no one, I think, will fail to be struck by their correspondence with the two aspects of life as presented in *The Harbor*. As we contemplate the world converted into a huge machine and managed by engineers, we gradually grow aware of its lack of meaning, of its emptiness of human value; the soul is stifled in this glorification of mechanical efficiency. And then we begin to feel the weakness of such a creed when confronted by the real problems of life; we discover its inability to impose any restraint on the passions of men, or to supply any government which can appeal to the loyalty of the spirit. And seeing these things we understand the fear that is gnawing at the vitals of society. If you do not at first see how this social instinct of fear may enter into the scientific interpretation of the world, consider Mr. Poole's parting retort upon the governments which for the time suppressed his revolutionary friends:

Your civilization is crashing down. For a hundred years, in all our strikes and risings, you preached against our violence — you talked of your law and order, your clear deliberate thinking. In you lay the hope of the world, you said. You were Civilization. You were Mind and Science, in you was all Efficiency, in you was Art, Religion; and you kept the Public Peace. But now you have broken all your vows. The world's treasures of Art are as safe with you as they were in the Dark Ages. Your Prince of Peace you have trampled down. And all your Science you have turned to the efficient slaughter of men. In a week of your boasted calmness you have plunged the world into a violence beside which all the bloodshed in our strikes and revolutions seems like a pool beside the sea. And so you have failed, you powers above, blindly and stupidly you have failed. For you have let loose a violence where you are weak and we are strong. We are these armies that you have called out.

There you have it. You cannot escape it. Germany has been the most scientifically efficient country of the world; it has approached most nearly to the ideal of the Harbor as this was seen in the dreams of a Dillon; and Germany has not only been unable to prevent the catastrophe of the most hideous war in history, but has been the prime cause of that war. Scientific evolution without a corresponding moral evolution, scientific evolution absorbing the thoughts of men to the exclusion of other considerations, has not brought greater control of the savage passions of men, but has simply created more efficient instruments for the use of those passions. We pretend, of course, to be shocked by this uprush of barbarism through our civilization, but in reality we are not much surprised. Deep down in our consciousness all the while we have known the fear of this amid all our boasted optimism. Fear — there has been, and is, a great fear at the heart of the world. Among the proletariat it is the fear, not wholly unjustified, of being exploited as mere inhuman cogs in a machine; for what, they have asked themselves, has scientific evolution to do with the heart and spirit or with human hopes and joys and regrets? And so the proletariat has banded itself together as a fighting army against its exploiters. Mr. Poole exalts this uniting bond as sympathy, but it is sympathy which derives its holding power from a community of fear and hatred, and is therefore purely destructive in its nature. It may ruin society; it can build up nothing. On the other side, among the intelligent and successful, this fear has taken the form of humanitarian repentance; it has reared a morality of sympathy and sops in place of obligation and command. Humanitarianism, as Nietzsche showed, is merely an intellectual disguise for the social instinct of fear; the attempt to keep men in subordination by kind words. There is no doubt of the fact. This instinctive fear has been troubling the organizers and masters of society for many years.

They have betrayed its presence by their charities, by their hatreds, their abstinences, their restless pursuit of amusement. Beneath their bravado they have had an uneasy consciousness that not all was well with their programme of scientific efficiency, and that some day the whole complicated fabric might come toppling down about their ears; and now the hideous confusion of war has risen like a spectre to leave them with no defence against the questioning of a society to which they had made themselves responsible.

Those who regard the present war as essentially social in its character are right. It is, at bottom, not so much a conflict of governments as the outburst of passions which have long been seething in the breast of mankind, the outburst of fear most of all, the fear of man for man. And that fear we shall not eliminate by more scientific efficiency; we shall not eliminate it by any means, but we may possibly change its direction and its object.

Fear, we suspect, has always been a stronger motive in human conduct than we like to admit, however the world at large may seem to pursue its even and stolid course. We live by allowance, so to speak, and have no security in our tenure. Everywhere about us are unseen forces which, at a moment and without warning, may leap upon us out of the darkness. A little chance, and our means of support may be rent away from us; an infinitesimal organism floating in the air we breathe may suddenly turn our vital powers into torment; at the best we are but debtors to the grave. For two thousand years each generation of mankind has been repeating to itself the Virgilian felicitation of the rare man who has put under his feet all the fears of life and inexorable fate.

Among the Greeks and Romans this lubricity of fortune was symbolized in the so-called envy of the gods; with the Christians it was transformed into the jealousy of the Lord. But it corresponded with the same feeling in either case, the haunting suspicion that there is some-

where a Power jealous of man's autonomy and certain, though by methods often strangely incomprehensible to take vengeance upon arrogant self-assertion or overweening confidence in the favor of fortune. Man cannot imagine himself in a world of immoral chance or unmeaning change; if he reflects at all he is driven to translate the devious work of fate into a law of retributive justice.

The spectre is of a Power that man cannot escape. He has fled —

> Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
> From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
> But with unhurrying chase,
> And unperturbèd pace,
> Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
> They beat — and a Voice beat
> More instant than the Feet —
> "All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

Such is our position today. The wrath of a celestial Judge we may have argued or laughed away, but it does not follow that we have reasoned ourselves out of the ancient dread; we have merely brought down fear from heaven to earth, giving to sociology what we have taken from religion. Having made the People our judge, we have attempted to appease our deity by a service of sympathy, only to discover that we have put into its hands an instrument of revenge. Sympathy has been grasped by the People as a law of combination for themselves and in defiance of their rulers. The result is not harmony, but a division of society such as we see it portrayed in *The Harbor*.

And so, if fear is an inevitable factor of human conduct, it is reasonable to ask whether the old religious dread may not be a sounder motive than social sympathy, whether there may not be some truth in the discarded saying that the beginning of wisdom is to fear God and keep his commandments; or, at least, whether we should not be advised to acknowledge once more the existence of a Nemesis, or power that makes for righteousness, or

whatever we may choose to call the law that speaks to the heart of a man and holds him individually responsible for his acts. Possibly, if we had listened less to the voice of society, and more to the voice of duty commanding us to make ourselves right with our own higher nature, we might be walking in safer paths than those into which the social instinct of fear has led us. Possibly, if we thought less, or made less pretense to think, of the material prosperity of our neighbor and more of the health of our own souls, we might ourselves be a little less liable to the temptations of material success at any price. Our scientific efficiency might be directed for the real welfare of society, and we might be in better place to demand the orderly conduct and allegiance of others.

All this is not meant as a plea for inefficiency or for idle revery; nor is it a call to shirk the pressing problems of organization and labor. There is a truth of human nature as there is a science of material forces, and the better efficiency is that of a soul which has first come to terms with itself. Even he who, to those absorbed in business, seems to have withdrawn into the contemplation of ideas as into a harbor of refuge, may have found a certain value in life itself which it were good for the world to understand. But at least, whether for the scholar or for the man of affairs, it looks as if, first of all, we needed somehow or other to get the fear of God back into society.

II. By an Aristotelian

The preceding essay led us to read Mr. Poole's book, and to want to say some things about it which that paper did not say. We assume that anyone reading this will have first been through that.

We don't feel quite so sure as our predecessor that "as a mere piece of fiction it will be outbid by some noisier competitor tomorrow:" for we don't think equally good works of fiction pop up every day, or even every year. Yet as a solution of the problem of poverty, we are

sure it will prove ephemeral. It offers none, unless it be pillage. Nor do we think, as our fellow critic does, that the hero had any "good fortune" in meeting Joe, or that Dillon is intended to be a mere "dreamer," or that Joe's visit to his office "high up" where he is presented with

> the stupendous vision of a city regenerated and controlled by the hand of scientific efficiency working in harmony with the beneficent powers of capital,

had in the author's mind any "reminiscence of the Temptation in the Wilderness." There was nothing diabolic about Dillon, or mistaken in the emotions he inspired, whatever may have been their later course. Nor do we believe that the author bothered himself as much over the respective effects on the soul, of "the ideals of scientific control and socialistic combination," as he did over their effects on the stomach. They are as much as we care to tackle; and we even go so far as to think that to a proper condition of that organ, we can reasonably hope to find that his "something else is added."

But before proceeding to these problems, we want to say a word more about the book: for amid the sort of thing that American authors are pouring forth today, it is of consequence — more consequence, we think, than our co-critic allows. We may not be a good judge, however, for, among other reasons, we don't read much fiction or panacea writing; but we pay him the compliment of saying that we believe he reads no more of either than we do.

The Harbor's claims to consequence do not rest solely on its having been put to press a score of times within a year: it gives stronger ones — unusual powers of description and of character-drawing in bold outlines — occasional fine dabs, very true, but not quite those subtle touches by which Thackeray and George Eliot make the reader fairly squirm with delight. (There are prettier

expressions, but none more true.) The author's sympathies, too, are quick and deep, and he carries the reader with him. He has, moreover, a fairish gift of humor — enough for bold every-day purposes, but not enough to prevent his sympathies leading him into absurdities. He is absolutely honest — to the degree of honestly saying many things that flatly contradict each other. The book is evidently largely autobiographic. He gives a very interesting account of his early practice as a writer during two well-sketched years in Paris — he always worked from models, which explains much of his sincerity, and of his being an artist and not a thinker.

There is no such reverberation in the book as the knocking at the gate in Macbeth or the clang of Trix Esmond's falling salver: such things don't seem to be for this age. Nor for it are such sentiments as led the young Stuart and Colonel Esmond to touch their swords. But the age has its own causes and characters, and we don't know a stronger or truer display of those of any age than the last talk in this book between the anarchist Joe and the hero and his father and sister.

The characters are not great or complex, but they are consistent, make their own situations and are made by them, and this not merely mechanically, but with a glow of feeling, warm enough to pervade the reader. The author is equally effective with his groups and crowds.

The scene painting too is good. Most of the outdoors is on the water, and the reader is really there at all hours, and under all effects of day or night. This work is best in and about New York harbor. The city itself is not as well done as Paris, perhaps because there's not as much to do.

The climax of the book being the strike, the characters are principally built up in relation to it, and the final adjustments of their lives, so far as the book follows them, are effected by it. So the work hangs together well. Very little in it is episodic. Though it starts with the

author's, or hero's, earliest recollections, and follows him for twenty-six years, all is connected with the chief event.

On running through the book a second time, our idea of its consequence grows. We cannot recall a more vivid book: it's really worth reading — *your* reading.

Though its main theme (in getting into which the author is a little slow, but by no means tedious), is the remedy for poverty, its success is not to be accounted for like that of the books which hold out easy Utopias. While the author hardly seems to recommend it, the only remedy he really indicates (whether he realizes the fact or not) is, as before hinted, pillage, and of course the justification for the pillage is the standard fallacy that all things made by hands equitably belong in the hands which made them. This places him among that large class of writers headed by Tolstoi and Ruskin, in whom the imagination is developed at the expense of the reasoning powers, and runs riot in contempt of them.

The success of such a book as this, despite the pleasure it gives, calls for the attention of those who have really studied its problems, which the author gives no evidence of having done. All the showing he makes is, after his hero has been in intense sympathy with an engineer at work developing the port of New York, to switch his sympathies over to a striking mob who are trying to get control of the said port. Incidentally he makes Joe Kramer, one of the leaders of the strike — a promising college-mate of the hero — demonstrate, in the failure of his own life, the unsubstantiality of the principles to which he devotes it. But after all this, the author makes his vision of a regenerated society one where everybody will own everything.

Now that's not a bad sort of vision, at least this Review ought not to regard it as such: for we are somewhat in the habit of luxuriating in that identical vision our-

selves. The only difference between the people, including our author, who generally indulge in it, and us, is that their "everybody" is the mob of to-day, while ours is the people who will have had the experience, discipline and education — the general leveling up, of a millennium or two to come.

The author or hero (the novel seems so frankly autobiographical that the reader does not discriminate the two) is led into a strike through his intimacy with Joe and by reporting it for the press. Beginning with reasonable doubts of its justifiability or efficacy, he is gradually led by his sympathies to endorse it.

During all the proceedings, without once stating the demands which start them, he doesn't seem to be visited by a single idea on the subject beyond a realization that stokers have disagreeable work, and stevedores sometimes dangerously rushed work, that they don't live in much luxury while a few other people do, that they occasionally get killed by accidents or overwork, that in times of strikes they and their families sometimes lack food, while the men are apt to have too much drink, and that under these circumstances there develops among them an enthusiasm of the crowd which, though it has attracted the attention of scientists, chiefly pathologists, for over twenty years, and is regarded by them as a madness, the author gives no sign of having heard of before. He himself enthuses with them, and apparently regards this enthusiasm of the crowd as the chief hope of humanity — as being capable, if you can only get together enough of it, of doing in a revolutionary burst more than has been done by all the experience, science, inventive genius, jurisprudence, and administrative power that man has known. Of study of these things, he gives no more evidence than of knowledge of the psychology of crowds. His nearest approach to it is in an outline sketch, and a very good one as far as it goes, of Dillon planning a reorganization of the harbor, and in some brief mentions of interviewing

a few captains of industry. But not the name of an ethnologist, historian, economist, jurisconsult or statesman does he mention; not a quotation from one does he give; or a sign of the remotest idea of how civilization and its plant have been built up, or what essentials of its preservation and progress have been recognized. His only suggestion of a remedy for the poverty and injustice we all acknowledge and deplore, is to get the crowd into possession of everything as soon as possible.

His worship of the crowd begins at a suffrage parade.

> These women and girls were all deeply thrilled by the feeling that for the first time in their lives they were doing something all together — for an idea that each one of them had thought rather big and stirring before, but now, as each felt herself a part of this moving, swinging multitude, she felt the idea suddenly loom so infinitely larger and more compelling than before that she herself was astounded. Here for the first time in my life I felt the power of mass action.

What the action was for, was with Bill — the author impersonated in the hero, a minor matter. His sister was in the parade, however, and he says of her radicalism:

> Now if Sue had a child with a stomach in trouble, I suppose her way would be to quickly remove the entire stomach and put some new radical thing in its place.

And yet before he finishes, he advocates just that himself.

After Bill depicts the stokehole in a way that we have the authority of an eminent engineer for pronouncing overdrawn, Joe unconsciously admits an advance among the stokers over the old-fashioned sailors:

> The age of steam has sent the old-style sailors ashore and shipped these fellows in their places. And that makes all the difference. These chaps didn't grow up on ships and get used to being kicked and cowed and shot for mutiny if they struck. No, they're all grown up on land, in factories where they've been in strikes, and they bring their factory views along into these floating factories.

After hearing Bill's account of the trip, and Joe's idea of making the stokers masters, Bill's wife says:

"I don't believe in this — I hate it! It's simply an insane attempt to pull every good thing down! It's too awful even to think of!"

"We're not going to," I told her. ". . . if I ever tackle poverty and labor and that sort of thing it'll be along quite different lines."

I did not talk to her father [Dillon the engineer] of Joe — his plans for a strike were his secret, not mine. But with Eleanore pushing me on, I described the hell I had seen in the stokehole.

"You're right, it's hell," her father agreed. "But in time we'll do away with it. . ."

"How?" I asked.

"By using oil instead of coal. Or if we can't get oil cheap enough, by automatic stokers — machines to do the work of men."

I thought hard and fast for a moment, and suddenly I realized that I had never given any real thought to matters of this kind before.

Nor has he since. When he announces his intention of doing that, he generally gives a fine description of scenery, or vivid catalogue of other visible objects. We shall see a specimen or two later. As my co-critic says, there's no thinking in the book. There's other stuff, however, of very great merit.

About this time Bill observes of Joe, proving that he thinks he has learned more from him than we are aware that we have:

I know there's something in all his talk, I've known it every time we've met. His view's so distorted it makes me mad, but there is something in it you can't get away from. Poverty, that's what it is, and I've always steered way clear of it as though I were afraid to look. I've taken your father's point of view and left the slums for him and his friends to tackle when they get the time. I was only too glad to be left out. But that hour with J. K. and his stokers gave me a jolt. I can feel it still. I can't seem to shake it off.

Soon after, he reflects:

I still feel certain Joe's all wrong. . . But he and his kind are so dead in earnest — so ready for any sacrifice to push their utterly wild ideas — that they may get a lot of power. God help the country if they do.

He paints the misery and degradation thick. But he can't stay convinced that the worse the degradation is, of the less use must be the remedy of having the degraded control things.

All his "thinking" is pervaded by the usual vulgar notion that the misery of these people is the result of oppression from above, when the fact is that generally it is not a result of anything, but simply an absence of something — of more effective work on their part. Many of them are drawing more wages than they earn. Of a dollar due to the enterpriser's ingenuity, often half goes to the helper when he didn't really earn it. And when his misery *is* a "result of anything," it is often of blind bucking against the System of Things, in some unjustifiable idleness or violence.

After a tough week with the dockers, in which he saw several accidents and felt the strike brewing, he says: "Battered and worn from the day's impressions I wanted to be alone and to think." And this is his "thinking," and an entirely typical specimen of it:

I made my way in and out among trucks and around a dock-shed out to a slip. It was filled with barges, tugs and floats jammed in between the two big vessels that loomed one at either pier. It was a dark jumble of spars and masts, derricks, funnels and cabin roofs, all shadowy and silent.

And so on for ten lines more of very good description. Then he gets to still more "thought," which to him really means little more than a succession of artistic images:

I thought of the trains from all over the land still rushing a nation's produce here, and of the starlit ocean roads, of ships coming from all over the world, the men in their fiery caverns

below feeding faster the fires to quicken their speed, all bringing cargoes to this port. More barrels, boxes, crates and bags to be piled high up on the waterfront. For the workers had gone away from their work, and the great white ships were still.

I thought of what Joe had said that day: "When you see the crowd, in a strike like this, loosen up and show all it could be if it had the chance — that sight is so big it blots you out — you sink — you melt into the crowd."

Something like that happened to me. I had seen the multitudes "loosen up," I had felt myself melt into the crowd. But I had not seen what they could be nor did I see what they could do. Far to the south, high over all the squalid tenement dwellings, rose that tower . . . where Eleanore's father had dreamed and planned his clean vigorous world. It was lighted to-night as usual, as though nothing whatever had happened. I thought of the men I had seen that day. How crassly ignorant they seemed. And yet in a few brief hours they had paralyzed all that the tower had planned, reduced it all to silence, nothing.

They didn't do it so it would stay paralyzed, and they never have, not even in the French Revolution.

Without any reasoning process whatever, Bill became identified with the strike. He was swept in by the contagion of the crowd.

A relief work is started, and his wife goes in, thus of course endorsing the strike, as he had done. Its terms are not even named; its justice or wisdom has hardly been thought of. The author admits this later, for he says:

But though by degrees I felt myself drawn to these men who called me "Bill," when alone with each one I felt little or none of that passion born of the crowd as a whole. . . I would feel myself in a hopeless mob, a dense, heavy jungle of ignorant minds. And groping for a foothold here I would find only chaos. But back we would go into the crowd, and there in a twinkling we would be changed. . . And again the vision came . . .

Yet his reason will occasionally revolt.

But at one point, late in the afternoon, some marcher just ahead of me suddenly started to laugh. At first I thought he was simply in fun. But he kept on. Those near him then caught the look on his face and they all began to laugh with him. Each moment louder, uglier, it swept up the Avenue.

And as it swelled in volume, like the menace of some furious beast, the uncontrollable passion I heard filled me again with a sharp foreboding of violence in the crisis ahead.

"Why are you here?" I asked myself. "You can't join in a laugh like that — you're no real member of this crowd — their world is not where you belong!"

But from somewhere deep inside me a voice rose up in answer:

"If the crowd is growing blind — is this the time to leave it? Wait."

Sympathy on top again, and thus, intellect not being strong enough to take control, he wobbles through.

He gets his head cracked and is carried to jail, where those who have gone with him are singing; and here is his resulting process of ratiocination:

And slowly as I listened to those songs that rose and swelled and beat against those walls of steel, I felt once more the presence of that great spirit of the crowd.

"That spirit will go on," I thought. "No jail can stop the thing it feels!"

And at last with a deep, warm certainty I felt myself where I belonged.

We think he was. That's the natural place for a person of that make-up.

As civilization overcame barbarism, the spirit that was to redeem the people didn't last.

I went into many tenements, into homes I had come to know in the strike. And they, too, were different now. Their principal leaders taken away and their headquarters closed by the police, the disorganization was complete. . . That strange new spirit of the mass which they had created by coming together, was now dead — and each one felt the weakness of being alone. . . I found them packing tenement rooms, gathering instinctively in search of their great friend, the crowd.

The reaction goes farther, but, most paradoxically, only to excite his ridicule. In spite of its overwhelming power, "law and order" was only an interest of "angry trades-

men": where the philosophy and statesmanship of the country were, he does not indicate.

I saw something else in the papers that night, a force greater than all battleships. As a week before I had felt a whole country in revolt, I felt now a country of law and order, a whole nation of angry tradesmen impatiently demanding an end to all this "foreign anarchy." . .

What change was coming in my life? I did not know. Of one thing only I was sure. The last of my gods, Efficiency, whose feet had stood firm on mechanical laws and in whose head were all the brains of all the big men at the top, had now come tottering, crashing down. And in its place a huge new god, whose feet stood deep in poverty and in whose head were all the dreams of all the toilers of the earth, had called to me with one deep voice, with one tremendous burning passion for the freedom of mankind.

A very admirable sort of passion, where it inspires reason! But by this time, with him there's nothing in efficiency but mechanics. Discretion, initiative, ingenuity are all outside of his philosophy. And his "one tremendous burning passion for the freedom of mankind" is for its freedom to destroy what has been created by the prudence, skill, energy and economy of those ordained to lead it.

After all, the poor fellow with his bandaged head is unable to think it all out.

The Judge fined me ten dollars and let me go. He said he hoped this would be a lesson.

Joe looked at me curiously:

"How much of a lesson, Kid, do you think this strike has been to you?"

"Quite a big one, Joe," I said.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I haven't decided."

"How is Eleanore taking it all?"

"She's not saying much and neither am I. We're both doing some thinking before we talk."

"You're a quiet pair," J. K. remarked. "I shouldn't wonder if you'd nose along quite a distance before you get through — I mean in our direction."

One would think he had got pretty far, but he didn't really know himself, and apparently doesn't yet. His fine imagination and overpowering sympathies, excellent and effective as they are in his proper sphere as artist, are not exactly the tools to *know* with.

But his imagination can't let the thing go. Dillon says to him:

> And what has it [the strike] done? It has taken your time, health, money. It has left two good workmen stranded — you and me. And I don't see that it's done the crowd any good. What has the strike given you in return for all it has taken away?
>
> "A deeper view of life," I said. "I saw something in that strike so much bigger than Marsh or Joe or that crude organization of theirs — something deep down in the people themselves that rises up out of each one of them the minute they get together. And I believe . . . that when it comes into full life not all the police and battleships and armies on earth can stop it."

He doesn't bother his head about where it's going.

> The look in Dillon's eyes was more anxious than impatient.
>
> "Billy," he said, "I've lived a good deal closer than you have to the big jobs of this world. And I know those jobs are to get still bigger, even more complex. They're to require even bigger men." I smiled a bit impatiently.
>
> "Still the one man in a million," I said.
>
> "Yes," said Dillon, "his day isn't over, it has only just begun. He may have his bad points — I'll admit he has — but . . . he'll make a world — he's doing it now — where ignorance and poverty will in time be wiped completely out."
>
> "They're not going to leave him alone," I said. "I'm sure of that now. Whether he grafts or whether he's honest won't make any difference. The crowd is going to pull him down. Because it's not democracy. The trouble with all your big men at the top is that they're trying to do for the crowd what the crowd wants to do for itself. And it may not do it half so well — but all the time it will be learning — gathering closer every year — and getting a spirit compared to which your whole clean clear efficiency world is only cold and empty!"
>
> He must have caught the look in my eyes.
>
> "You're thinking that I'm getting old," he said softly. "I

and all the men like me who have been building up this country. . . ."

As I looked back I felt suddenly humble.

He still had his hands full:

Joe Kramer came to trial for his life. Before his case went to the jury, Joe rose up and addressed them. And he spoke of war and violence. He spoke of how in times of peace this present system murders men — on ships and docks and railroads, in the mills and down in the mines.

Would there be fewer accidents under proletariat management? Haven't the peaceful processes of law been protecting the workingman more and more during the last dozen years, and caring for him when hurt? And haven't the workmen, through their beneficent, if often misused, unions, brought *this* improvement about without violence and without even strikes?

At the end of it all the author, as Bill, says:

I tried to think of this harbor as being run by this common crowd — of the railroads, mines and factories, of the colleges, hospitals and all institutions of research, and the theaters and concert halls, the picture galleries, all the books — all in the power of the crowd.

"It will be a long time," I thought. "Before it comes, the crowd must change. But they will change — and fast or slow, I belong with them while they're changing."

I was walking by myself along a crowded tenement street. Immigrants from Europe, brothers, sons and fathers of the men now in the camps, kept passing me along the way. As I looked into their faces I saw no hope for Europe there. Such men could take and hold no world. But then I remembered how in the strike, out of just such men as these, I had seen a giant slowly born. Would that crowd spirit rise again? Could it be that the time was near when this last and mightiest of the gods would rise and take the world in his hands?

Now this "last and mightiest of the gods" of Mr. Poole — the contagious madness of the crowd, which the author candidly shows as overcoming his reason — is, as we have intimated before, simply a variety of insanity

that the experts have recognized, agreed upon, and discussed for twenty years, without Mr. Poole apparently knowing anything about it. And this distracted world is full of distracted books that are full of it. All of them are fiction, though only a part of them profess to be. Some, like Mr. Poole's, are very good fiction, and that makes their madness all the sadder and the more dangerous.

Our author gives a fine depiction of the wobbling amid the problems and passions brought out by the strike, of a man of imagination, sympathy, and honesty; but imagination, sympathy, and honesty are not an adequate outfit for handling social questions. And one reason why his picture is so good is that he is evidently giving his own experience. The best touch of all is that, with his disappointments and broken head, he really ends up without any convictions — or at least any more definite than that the crowd is going to get ahead somehow, right or wrong, and that, right or wrong, he's going to stick by them. His artistic power is not the apparatus needed to reach definite and sound convictions, but he knows too much and has too good sense to feel firm in those to which his sympathies dragged him.

Of the evolution of human rights, including those of property, he either knows nothing or cares nothing. It is enough for him that his stokers are miserable. They work to the beats of a gong. He takes no account of the fact that not many generations ago similar work was done at the stroke of the slavemaster's whip. When the furnaces need to be fed faster, the engineer signals by an electric light. Our author makes Joe translate this gentle message as "the Chief Engineer's way of saying 'God damn you, keep up those fires down there! Time is money. Who are you?'"

The authority for the exegesis is not given; the accuracies of the scholar are not exactly in our artist's line.

Of the first basis of civilization — that what a man

makes is his own, — he has some conception: for he makes one of his characters say to the stokers:

> I believe that you'll go right on — that you'll strike and strike and strike again — till you make these tenements own these ships. . .
>
> For a ship may be equipped with the most powerful engines to drive her — she may have the best brains to direct her course — but the ship can't sail until you go aboard! You're the men who make the ships of use, you're the men who give value to the stock of all the big ship companies! You are the ship industry — and to you the ship industry should belong!

But he does not follow his conception very far: for in the very passages he has quoted, he labors under the delusion that steamships are principally made by mechanics and navigated by stokers. The thousands of inventors from Jason and Noah down, through him who made the compass to him who fixed it to work on an iron boat, through Watt and Edison to the latest naval architect — all these men don't count with our philosopher: at least he takes no exception to the utterances of his characters, ignoring them — ignoring too the men who charted the skies and the ocean, invented the logarithm and the observer's tables, gave him his quadrant and his chronometer; and the man who uses these and the captain above him. Nor does our author seem to take into account the men who made and saved the money that went into that ship — dribbled in through savings-banks as well as through the great concerns of Lombard Street and Wall Street; or the financiers who gathered it and directed its course.

The mechanics made the ship, the stokers navigate it, and when justice prevails, the mechanics and stokers will own it and direct all its delicate and complicated processes. The people with whom the author-hero throws in his lot say this, and, for all that can be learned from this book, it is wise and just.

True, the author gives a few words of uncertainty after the strike, but nothing clear; and naturally in *Who's Who*

he causes himself to be announced as a "Socialist," whatever that may mean in his case.

Now to determine who made the ship or carried out any other complicated enterprise, it is only necessary to reflect that whether or not we approve the fact, before Moses led the Israelites out of the wilderness, and ever since, the world has consisted of a large mass of ordinary men and a few superior ones. To-day, if the superior ones do not devise and regulate work for the ordinary ones, the ordinary ones simply starve.

Till lately they were cared for as slaves, with no property of their own. Now they are cared for as employees, many of them with money in the bank, and not a few owning their homes. But they, or the blatherskites who profess to speak for them, take no account of the advance they have made and are making. Much thanks the superior man who helps them to it, gets! If a certain type of author wants to represent them, he picks out the most backward, and *ex vi termini* the poorest and most worthless, and charges the backwardness and poverty and worthlessness to the men who keep him alive. The man who does this *is* sometimes rapacious and cruel, but it is as unfair to represent him as typically so, as it is to represent the common man as typically worthless.

That the stokers are a wretched set of bums incapable of getting or doing any work that is more than barely human, is, according to our philosopher, the fault of the men who not only own and direct the ship, but support endless schools, play-grounds, dispensaries to prevent men sinking so low, and hospitals and asylums to take care of them when they do.

Amid all the perplexities and problems caused by the inequalities of men, and therefore of their fortunes, our author finds that the only way to a serene mind is through throwing oneself unreservedly on the stream of change.

It is mighty true that no one who does not will attain any serenity. As Spencer points out, and an episodic character in *The Harbor* cites without credit, change is the fundamental condition of life. It is true that to resist all change is to resist the universe; but no sane man doubts in his deliberate moments, that some change should be resisted, and none more than that from property to plunder, from order to anarchy.

While we heartily agree with our fellow critic that "power is gained in the silences of the soul," we also hold that it is to be gained in many other ways, and that the art of applying it to present-day problems calls for a vast amount of study, that no one man could do, of man's work, both in the library and in the marts, — with which study, as already intimated, so far as it concerns social relations, the author of *The Harbor* gives not the slightest sign of ever having troubled himself. But of the study needed by an artist, he gives very effective and agreeable evidence.

In our respect for the problems of the stomach, we are unable to find much that is maleficent in the fact that instruction has become largely "scientific and economic," and we doubt if Mr. Joe Kramer, or his creator, would have been better satisfied with it if it had been more "cultural", though we wish to assert very strongly that we should be — despite our intimation that our leading interest is in the problems of poverty; and we are glad that before the war it seemed to be the leading interest for this generation, and we hope that, after all possible is done to make peace secure, it will be again.

Although an assertion that a proposed scheme will not work involves no responsibility to propose one that will, we have no objection to hazarding some guesses regarding the agencies likely to diminish poverty. Pillage will not, but will only, by the destruction of capital, make poverty more general. The hopeful agencies are, we think,

those slow ones that go to increase the poor man's productive power, his chance of getting what he may produce, and his security in the possession of it. We do not believe that legislation or anything else can do much for the *sudden* lifting of the mass of mankind. While general conditions can be slowly improved by regulations for health, education, safety, insurance, prompt payment of fair wages and the like, the advance must fundamentally depend upon the energy, intelligence and economy of the workers themselves: without these, no amount of opportunity will be embraced. Now so far, it has been Nature's way to develop these qualities in very varying degrees and in exceptional persons: she has developed a few individuals who have led the rest. But throughout her realms, both inorganic and organic, she shows a decided tendency to even up — a law of equilibration, as Spencer has termed it; and this is as marked among men as elsewhere. The proportion of them who have character and capacity is increasing, and, as conditions are improved by them, will increase faster: so there is reason to hope not only that in time virtually all men will be able to rise above poverty, but that time can be progressively hastened by the means we have outlined. And among those means none is more essential than the security of private property. Property in common on a basis of virtual equality has often existed, but only in conditions so primitive that there was no property to speak of. It has often been tried in more advanced conditions, and always failed; and always must fail while there are marked inequalities among men themselves.

The author's plea that because the world that has been directed by its able men, is now at war, the direction should be taken from them and given to the mob, as represented by the stokers and stevedores who inspired his ideas, seems almost too puerile to notice. Nobody claims that the direction of the world has been ideal, unless it is somebody of about the same grade of intelligence

as those who claim that to give it to less capable directors would make it more nearly ideal, or as those who ignore that civilization has progressed in spite of wars, and that even wars, like earthquakes, make an approach toward stable equilibrium of the forces which produce them, and that therefore disturbances contribute to future freedom from them.

When men of imagination monkey with questions of economics and social relations, what do we get? Plato proposing to do away with the family; Ruskin occasionally in the insane asylum, and between times doing with his pupils the work of navvies; Tolstoi masquerading as a peasant and a shoemaker, and forsaking his family in a crazy wandering to his death.

Mr. Poole is an artist — a very considerable artist, but greater artists than he have been driven mad by struggling with these questions, and like him, have contributed nothing to their solution. As a rule, artists, even for their own safety's sake, would better leave them alone.

The same, as abundantly illustrated, is true of that other delicately organized class, the women. These two classes belong at the summit of humanity. They had better leave the foundation work to sturdier, if coarser, natures.

Mr. Poole is still young, and we are hoping yet to benefit from the exercise of his undoubted powers in fields fitter for them.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON LITERATURE FOR LADIES

OFTEN have I pondered upon the anomalies and mysteries of periodical literature for ladies. Just now half a dozen specimens are tossed beside my couch, and as I reflect upon the edification and exhortation that I have absorbed, it seems that I must be in a bad way mentally, morally, and socially. Mentally, I am evidently fit only to be led through neat little fiction by-paths carefully cleared of all natural growth, terminating in marshmallow grottoes where a lady and a gentleman wax doll beam, surrounded by waxen infants. Morally, I am apparently almost an imbecile; for I require elementary instruction in bodily hygiene, am urged to unfold sorrows or symptoms for editorial comfort and uplift, and am supposed especially to delight in admonitory chats upon sex and marriage relations. Socially, I seem compelled to classify myself as one of three types: either I am a Wife and Mother (of amazing limitations); or I am an Expectant Bride (fluffy and foolish); or I am a Business Girl, needing to be gently but firmly restrained from over-indulgence in chewing-gum and gentleman friends.

Why is it, I wonder, that the women's periodicals, always shrilly asseverating their noble ideals of Woman, are nearly all carefully adapted in their text to infantile or arrested intelligence? They are so imposing, so expensively attractive in their equipment, with their sentimental richly-colored cover pages, their many graceful illustrations, their beautiful printing, their picture pages of fashions and artistic novelties. But why, oh why, as I read them, must I blush, not so much for my sex as for the conception of my sex that they represent? Apparently this conception takes no heed of the women who

can direct their households and manage their children with skill and grace and competence; of the women of quick intelligence and humorous perceptions, able to reason for themselves; of the thousands of women who are sharing in the work of the world to-day as doctors, lawyers, business women, investors, teachers, librarians, scientific workers, artists, craft and industrial workers of every kind. No — we are all a flock of beautiful, but fat-headed, little sheep, yearning to be led by our editorial shepherd to a neatly walled sheepfold hung with messages of daily cheer, and decorated in perfectly toned cretonnes. Of course it is proper that we should know something of political and social questions; so they are presented to us, not, — Heaven forbid! — in direct, clear-cut outline such as ordinary (but apparently male!) intelligence would relish, but preferably in "letters" from a kind and condescending Son to a simple little Mother! "What is meant by Conservation? I would keenly like to understand," bleats mamma. Gently and laboriously the noble offspring expounds, with every precaution against any shock to the mind; for he says, "I know, my dear Mother, just what is the matter; Conservation is a word so big and important looking that it frightens you." Now, personally, I consider that the Rollo Books are wells of knowledge far preferable to this.

Granted this point of view, it is natural enough that not until such a subject as equal suffrage, for instance, had become of nation-wide importance, should the doors of the ladies' periodicals open to it a genteel crack of admittance. Even now there is always a veil of wordy platitudes handy for wrapping exposed subjects. The current literature that, to my mind, appeals distinctively to women seldom finds its way into the world through these portals. Take Miss Glasgow's careful novels of woman's development, alive with the spirit of to-day; take Miss Addams' studies of *A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil;* or Mary Antin's vivid story of her girlhood,

or Miss Ferber's coarsely drawn but graphic sketches of woman in business, or Dr. Shaw's record of life-long service — did any of these make their first appearance in Literature for Ladies? The guardians of those protected precincts would have doubted and forborne. They strike their keynote in what they conceive as "sentiment" — so we are presented with the composite photograph of a shadowy male, and the information: "Eight matinee idols posed for this picture, types of men girls like to marry. Is your husband there?" Or, worse yet, in flaunting type: "How does a widow feel: heart hunger, aching loneliness; where can she find forgetfulness? Read *A Widow's Story*, in our August issue." And this vulgar, shameless commercializing of sentimentality or sorrow, we are asked to accept as inspired by high ideals of womanhood.

However, it has occurred to me as a comforting reflection that a probable explanation of all this is that most of the women's periodicals — at any rate those with the most glaring ear-marks of their type (Can an ear-mark glare? It can) — are edited by men. Really, this is perfectly natural. A man makes his Authorized Version of the feminine creation, and assumes the existence of no other version; no matter how many women of how many minds he may encounter during this earthly pilgrimage, he recognizes as Feminine only the qualities that inhere in the female of his own creation. Look at Mr. Howells. Woman apparently means to him a single type, a type that under modern conditions of living the Fool-killer has greatly diminished from this earth. It cannot be that Mr. Howells has never known another kind of woman; only somehow the identity of her has not penetrated his brain cells. In a somewhat shorter life-span, largely spent with women and girls, I have met only two of the Howells brand — and in these two the Howells characteristics were offset in one by housekeeping

efficiency, and in the other by a genuine literary gift. I suppose the man lady-editor must have met large numbers of sensible, quick-minded women, in business, in professions, and in home life; but just the same, he is perfectly capable of believing that Woman voices her heart-cry (of course Woman always *has* a heart-cry) in earnest public discussions on "How my husband told his love," or "Why I will not spank my Little One."

Another thing the man lady-editor appears firmly convinced of is that he must continually conduct a crusade. It doesn't make much difference what sort of crusade, so long as woman's uplifting influence may be invoked for reform and regeneration, and woman's limitations are fully allowed for. We have had crusades against public drinking cups, and against towels, and against slates, and against unsterilized greenbacks, and against hatpins; crusades to abolish the fly (the scholastic attainments of many of our youth are now formally evidenced by the number of gallons of extinct flies they are able to muster); crusades for international peace (these were prior to 1914); crusades for the adoption of babies; and crusades for school instruction in subjects once carefully screened from the cheek of the young person. We are earnestly adjured that reform is our mission, and we are admonished as a stern duty to enroll ourselves under the standard of whatever crusade may be at that moment ravaging the columns of Literature for Ladies. I reflect that not only would it be somewhat exhausting to accept the responsibilities thus thrust upon me, but that if I wanted to do so (which I don't) I should probably soon become highly detestable to my family and friends, most of whom seem fairly satisfied with their management of their own affairs. Why, I wonder, am I to be dragooned into a "movement" just because I am a woman? Why am I to be badgered, and preached at, and exhorted? All editors, of course, hold brevet license to preach, but

I have never observed in the editor of the *Nation*, or *Collier's*, or the *Scientific American* or the *Independent*, or the *Saturday Evening Post*, this passionate determination to adjure their readers to brush their teeth daily, not to squander cash on purple neck-ties, and to band together to abolish tobacco.

"This is all very well," observes Precautia, who has listened tolerantly to my winged words. "I have felt that way myself, now and then. But how do you explain the immense circulation of the women's periodicals? — women must want them, or they wouldn't support them."

Quite true. Heavy-footed explanation is always expected to come tagging after her sister, quick-glancing opinion. Perhaps the best explanation is the time-honored argument of the theatrical manager: "We give the public what it wants," — which, analyzed, usually means "We give the public what we think it wants." The editor of the ladies' periodical suits his product to his own conception of his public — and his public takes what he gives it, as the public is wont to do. Besides, there is a great deal in the product — as I admitted in the beginning — that is of perennial feminine attraction. I confess an inherent weakness for fashions, recipes, and household equipment; I read about them with avidity, and "try" them all, in my imagination at least; and I admit that despite the gilt gingerbread of its superstructure, so long as that superstructure rests on a foundation of practical information concerning clothes, meals, gifts and parties, Literature for Ladies is likely, undisturbed by the scoffer, to pursue its way unchanged, rejoicing, and self-satisfied.

PEACE BY FORCE

THE very common impression that sweet reasonableness has replaced force in the settlement of controversies between man and man is without foundation. Nearly all controversies are settled by force. The contrary impression is due to the fact that the force is so overwhelming that it is rarely resisted, and therefore is seldom seen in action.

As the matter is very commonly put, individuals do not fight over the issues between them; they refer the controversy to a court; why may not the system be extended to nations? The conclusive answer is that individuals do not refer their issues to a court; the reference, and the settlement, too, are forced upon them by a power too great for them to resist.

In every controversy one party is in possession. He doesn't want any trial or arbitration. By it he might lose; he could not gain. The other party is out of possession. In primitive times he would use force. Not now being allowed to, he seeks a trial or an arbitration. He has everything to gain and nothing to lose.

The state, which will not allow the claimant to help himself to whatever he thinks belongs to him, establishes a court, and tells him he can go there and present his case. If he accepts this invitation, the other party has no option whatever. He *must* go into the court and defend his possession, or judgment will be given to the claimant, and the judgment will be enforced by all the power of the state, and if need be, of the nation. There is no agreement between the parties to leave the matter to the court. If the claimant goes to the tribunal, the other man has got to go.

From the time of Hamlet down, and probably from the time of Hamlet up to the beginnings of orderly so-

ciety, there have been complaints of the law's delays. But while the length of court calendars is one reason for delay, another is that one party or the other desires delay, in the hope that something will turn up to strengthen his case. If two men wished an immediate decision of their relative rights to a possession, they could get it easily. They would not be confined to the courts, the amount of whose business might involve delay; they could get a competent and impartial person to hear their respective statements, and give them his opinion. In the state of New York there is a legal sanction and legal form for this, which is, in its beginning, voluntary, and therefore real arbitration. But in its final stage it is quite apt to come back to force. The judgment may be filed in the Supreme Court, where it has all the force of a decree of that court. The system was established in the expectation that it would enable business men to settle their controversies with insignificant delay and expense. The arbitration committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce has recently made an encouraging report on the use made of this process. And yet, in comparison with the amount of litigation, very little use has been made of it.

Much of what is called arbitration is not real arbitration, because it is not voluntary. It is compulsory, and differs in no essential feature from litigation. The exchanges have arbitration committees, which settle controversies between members. But the member against whom a claim is made must defend his possession before the arbitrators, or suffer judgment by default, just as he would in court, and if he does not submit to the award he is suspended, or expelled. In other words, his business is taken away from him. It is a heavier penalty than the law courts would impose: for they would only seize the possession, and give it to the claimant. Force appears at every stage of controversy, with exceptions too small, or too few, to affect the general fact. Peace between

individuals is maintained by force. Justice holds the scales in her left hand, but the sword in her right.

This analysis of the settlement of individual controversies indicates the extreme difficulty of any international arrangement that should enforce a settlement upon two nations at odds. If individuals can rarely be induced to yield their interests to any power short of the Government, there is small chance that nations would be more ready to do it.

We Americans have never regarded ourselves as a warlike people. We believe that we have taken the lead in substituting arbitration for force. Yet when a war ship of ours was destroyed in the harbor of Havana, although no one supposed the act was sanctioned by the Government in Spain, or that in Cuba, we refused mediation or arbitration, and made demands upon Spain that inevitably involved war.

The most advanced position for the promotion of peace ever taken by any responsible statesman was the declaration of President Taft that even questions of national honor (which means national pride) ought to be submitted to arbitration. Sir Edward Grey responded favorably to that suggestion, and the result was the negotiation with England and France of the most advanced scheme of arbitration that has appeared to be practicable and has received the approval of Governments. It proposed the reference to arbitration of all issues of a justiciable character, and whether any controversy were justiciable was to be determined by at least four out of six High Commissioners appointed by the two Governments concerned. Thus at least one of our own Commissioners would have to agree with the three Commissioners of, say, England or France, to compel us to resort to arbitration. But the United States Senate would not assent to even so slight a waiver of our sovereign rights, and made such amendments to the treaties that Mr. Taft did not feel it worth while to go on with the negotiations.

The Senate amendments left the matter pretty much where it was before.

The Hague Tribunal exists, and resort has been had to it on a few occasions, but in matters of relatively small importance, not involving national policies or destinies. The Tribunal has no means of enforcing its judgments. And this is the point at which it will be most difficult to procure effective action by all nations.

In his recently published *Confederation of Europe* Mr. W. A. Phillips shows that the Holy Alliance grew out of the dream of Alexander I for the prevention of war. But what use would be made of the associated military resources of several nations? England promptly recognized that the Holy Alliance might use its military forces to preserve the peace when endangered by a popular rising against despotism. The English people would never submit to the use of its troops, under the direction of Russia and Austria and Prussia, to crush any peoples' aspirations for liberty, and England gradually disentangled itself from the Alliance.

In the summer of 1914 a Confederation of Europe might have been used to rob Serbia of its sovereignty, while leaving it independent in form. This would have effected the purpose of the Teutonic empires to check the development of the Christian States of the Balkans and bolster up the Moslem empire on the Bosporus. Such a confederation might be used next year to prevent an effort by the Poles to recover their national existence. It might undertake to equalize maritime conditions by transferring some of England's colonies to Germany, and, whether we were inside of the confederation, or out of it, it would almost certainly erase the Monroe Doctrine, none too popular in Europe.

It looks simple enough on paper to provide that a confederation of civilized nations shall judge between two of its members who have a controversy, and use a fusion army in enforcing its decrees. But what nation

can be sure of the interests that will control the fusion, or of the objects for which it will use the army? And with uncertainties there, what nation will buy peace at the price of its sovereignty?

Probably every improvement has had to contend against a vested interest, and the most conspicuous cases are, of course, when the contest has been of arms. This has led not a few to use such expressions as that "every step that the human race has made toward civil or religious liberty has been made by war." The most spectacular steps of course have been, but it may well be questioned if the slow evolution of the common law in the English Courts has not been more potent for Anglo-Latin liberty than all that Cromwell or even Washington ever did. So far has this fallacy taken possession of even some very intelligent minds, as to lead them to question whether, with war abolished, humanity would continue to progress. Another school, certainly entitled to equal confidence, holds that human progress has been in spite of war, and that the abolition of war would remove the greatest obstacle against it. The question in detail is certainly perplexing, but no general fact is more obvious than that notwithstanding, and perhaps largely in consequence of, the greater magnitude and destructiveness of each month of war, brought by the increased control of Nature's energies, wars have been growing shorter and less frequent as civilization has progressed, and conversely, as civilization has progressed, wars have grown shorter and less frequent. It would not seem an improbable conclusion, then, that anything tending to diminish war would tend to promote civilization. War in itself, irrespective of its purpose, is not a desirable function, any more than is the carving up of a human body by a surgeon's knife, irrespective of his purpose. War is often justified as the less of two evils; but so may any evil be the less of two. But as evils are disappearing from the earth, the number of those which justify wars to destroy

them, must be diminishing. As for war keeping alive the military virtues, there will be no need of the military virtues when there is no need of war. There will, as far ahead as we can see, be enough call for heroes in the conquest of Nature in the jungle, the ocean and the air, from tempests and tigers down to malaria and microbes.

We can hardly suppose that war will be stopped by any arrangement between nations short of a Government of the World that will be to the national Governments what the United States of America is to the state governments. But with the exception of the original Thirteen, and of Texas, the states are outgrowths from the Union, and not independent nations merged in one. The original Thirteen were homogeneous and possessed common language, history and interests, yet the difficulties of merging them into a single nationality were many and serious; it took several years to accomplish it; and a later generation fought four years to prevent its dissolution. It is a bold flight of the imagination that shall picture all the nations of the civilized world confining their activities to parochial affairs, and submitting with docility to a universal central authority.

Two forces are making for peace, and we have more to hope for from them than from any federation of nations, or a single sovereign nation of the world. The peace sentiment of the world has been growing everywhere outside of Central Europe. Everywhere outside of Central and Eastern Europe the influence of public sentiment upon Governments has been growing. With more publicity in Foreign Offices, public sentiment will have a greater opportunity to exert itself upon Ministers and Ambassadors who get their countries into a position where they must fight or swallow their pride. The increasing power of the people, together with the growing aversion to war, will materially reduce the danger of collisions. Disastrous wars are fast disappearing, and the present war may put an end to more than one disaster, as the

war of 1870 put an end to one. Democracy has not yet proved the power for peace that it was expected to be, but democracy averse to war will cut the claws of general staffs, and put restraint upon Ministers of Foreign Affairs. The present war may not be the last the world will see, but the recollection of it will control men high and low for many years. In March, 1913, the German Chancellor warned the Reichstag that a general European war would be appalling beyond anything that had ever been known of warfare. Yet he was at that time carrying through the new army project, avowedly for the purpose of offsetting the unfortunate results of the Balkan war in breaking the power of Turkey and putting Serbia into the ascendant. A few months later, according to the statement of Signor Giolitti in the Italian Parliament in December, 1914, Austria made overtures to Italy for a movement against Serbia, the Austrian Archduke still having ten months to live before his assassination should serve as a pretext for the present war. But anticipation is a very different thing from realization. All the Chancellors and all the Ambassadors now know what a general European war is, and it will be many a long year before another Count Berchtold will precipitate one. In the meanwhile the forces which make for the world's peace will be gaining strength.

DOMESTIC FREE TRADE, AND ORGANIZED LABOR

THE progress of civilization means more and more respect for the rights of others, and therefore carries with it an extension of jurisprudence into new fields — fields where new ideals have been fighting for that moral recognition which must necessarily precede legal recognition. All too slothfully the law follows moral standards upon which the greater mass of the people are united, but its inevitable tendency, though slow, is to occupy the same field and, by coercive methods, to make these moral standards effective upon all. With a commercial nation in peaceful times, this progress of civilization is most notable in the problems of industry. Practices once defended become indefensible, and methods of business which were once lawful become unlawful, either by statute or the evolution of judicial opinion. The extent to which, in the last few decades, moral judgments and legal restrictions have improved and refined the methods of business competition, and purged them of oppression and persecution, is one of the happiest chapters of American history.

The protection of the public from the exactions of monopoly, as well as the protection of the individual from oppression, is largely secured by a modified competition which makes it possible for the independent worker or employer at any time to embark in any occupation. Industrial freedom is a public necessity. As long as the opportunity for independent operation receives the support of the law, large combinations will avoid the excesses which invite competition, and will act with that moderation which is the best public protection. The principle of free trade in domestic commerce is one important phase of this practical philosophy of industrial freedom. Whether it be

regarded as a protection to the individual or in promotion of public welfare, it is essential to both producer and consumer that the markets of the nation should be open to the products of all enterprise, and that the facilities of distribution, whether railroads, merchants or contractors, should be free to serve all.

Not only have the methods of large corporations in opposing this freedom and destroying their rivals met with public reprobation, but a series of effective laws has been enacted against them. The unfair practices of the '70s and the '80s, for which there was then no adequate relief, now sound like a chapter from the Middle Ages, and those who decry government commissions and our anti-trust laws, should not confine their attention to the acts which have been more recently enjoined, and the corporations which have been dissolved, but should ponder the greater evils which would surely have arisen if the law had not cried a halt to such unfair practices. The insatiable appetite of the monopolist led in a few instances to explosions in a rival's factory, torn up railroad tracks, and even loss of life, just as the mad pursuit of the closed-shop principle led to the dynamiting at Los Angeles. The omnivorous tendencies of the trust are no more dangerous or heretical than the obsession that industry belongs exclusively to organized labor: for aside from the temptation to criminal outbreaks, each leads to concerted oppression. To-day such abuse of economic power is unlawful in many ways, even when it does not involve a breach of the peace. The big fish is not free to swallow the little fish after the ruthless manner of a quarter of a century ago. The old-time notion that competition is the life of trade has yielded to the slogan that fair and honest competition is the life of trade. Competition, whether in the ranks of labor or of capital, is attended with evils of its own so distressing that it can be tolerated only where it rewards him who serves the people best. As one court picturesquely states it:

The trader has not a free lance. Fight he may, but as a soldier, not as a guerilla. He may praise his wares, may offer more advantageous terms than his rivals, may sell at less than cost. But from the very nature of the case, it is manifest that the right of competition furnishes no justification for an act done by the use of means which in their nature are in violation of the principle upon which it rests.

To meet guerilla warfare in business, and keep the channels of commerce unobstructed, government has made strenuous exertions: the federal government has enacted and enforced a sweeping anti-trust law, and has created boards and commissions to supervise business and see that fair play prevails. State governments too in many instances have followed the same general line of reform. No artificial barrier shall be allowed to keep any line of merchandise from the market, and thus impair the consumer's sovereign right of choice when making purchases. Public necessity and industrial freedom are one in demanding this.

In pursuing this ideal we have entered a new era of competition, in which the requirements of the law more nearly conform to what the moral judgment of mankind regards as fair and just, and the Federal act of 1914, creating the Federal Trade Commission, is the final culmination of this free trade movement. It declares unlawful all "unfair methods of competition," and empowers the commission to enjoin such practices. Included under the term "unfair methods of competition" are the various business practices and arrangements which have been condemned as violations of the anti-trust law. Price discrimination, or selling goods at an arbitrarily low price in one community to drive a competitor out of business, and exclusive contracts which compel the customer to abandon competing goods, are forbidden wherever they tend to substantially lessen competition or create a monopoly; and restrictions are placed upon intercorporate shareholding and interlocking directorates. But all these

specifications of forbidden practices which obstruct freedom of trade do not exhaust the scope of the general clause forbidding "unfair methods of competition," the interpretation of which is to a large extent left to the commission itself. The business surprises lurking beneath the cover of this broad but simple statement are for the future to discover. We have written into the law a broad and undefined standard of right and wrong, leaving a governmental commission to determine, according to the ordinary judgment of mankind, what in business competition is fair and unfair — what is right and what is wrong. The law hereafter is to be built upon an ethical substructure; it has extended its confines to the frontier line of moral judgments, and the gap between law and morals has been bridged, — their fields are coterminous.

The establishment of this Federal Trade Commission with power to enjoin unfair methods of competition is epoch-making in the history of our government and jurisprudence. It emphasizes more than anything else the era of domestic free trade and improved competition, where every producer and trader must act with due regard to the rights and equities of his rivals.

The first case before the commission arises on the complaint of the Silk Association of America, which alleges that certain manufacturers of mercerized cotton are dressing up their cotton fabrics to look like silk, and are selling them as silk. This, said the Silk Association, is an unfair method of competition, since it deceives the public into believing that the cotton fabrics are silk, and thereby, through fraud, subjects the silk manufacturers to the competition of the cheaper fabrics, and destroys the reputation of genuine silk merchandise as an article of superior strength and durability. It is claimed that these acts of fraud circumvent the true principles of competition, and destroy a free market, just as much as acts of oppression and coercion. Not only must all goods be allowed to reach the market without obstruction, but there can be no

true competition benefiting the public, unless consumers are free, without constraint and without fraud, to select the articles which they prefer. We cannot sanction competition in fraud and dishonesty.

If the commission decides that it has jurisdiction of complaints like this, the country will find itself groping in a new field of industrial law: for while we have pure food laws requiring the proper labeling of food stuffs, there are no adequate statutes dealing with the misbranding of dry goods and other merchandise. If such practices are condemned under the Federal Trade Commission Act, our people will secure protection from frauds of this nature as effectively as those of Great Britain do through criminal prosecutions under its Merchandise Marks Act.

The Silk Complaint is but an illustration — but one detail — which emphasizes the profound changes that are being made in our industrial law, and the Federal Trade Commission is but one agency working in this direction. To-day a man can embark in a business enterprise with far more security from the unjust attacks of his rivals than ever before. The Interstate Commerce Commission assures him that his goods will be carried for a fair freight or express charge, as compared with those of other shippers. The Federal Reserve Board prevents any ring of financiers from interfering with his banking. The Federal Anti-Trust law forbids any acts of coercion or oppression or any artificial arrangements to exclude him from the market, while the Federal Trade Commission, including all that the anti-trust law includes, crowns the whole code by declaring that nothing unfair shall be done against him in the form of competition.

But of what avail are these safeguards — of what advantage to society is this elevation of moral ideas and their enactment into law, if organized labor may still turn from the ordinary prosecution of its affairs, and direct its enginery to destruction? If improved compe-

tition and security from unfair attack naturally follow the progress of civilization, and are notable developments of this generation, how far can labor expect to be excepted? Within the scope of this question lie the most important political and industrial problems which the country is facing. Organized labor, supported by the Federal Industrial Commission, peremptorily demands the unrestricted right to engage in strikes, boycotts, or other economic activities not involving a breach of the peace. This is the battle cry of the Federation of Labor. It refuses to see in the magnitude of its operations or their injurious effects on individual or public welfare, any occasion for qualifying this right. The right must exist, though it carry the power of starvation or bankruptcy, says Mr. Gompers. At the behest of the Federation, Congress enacted the Clayton Act, which is hailed as Labor's Magna Charta — its emancipator from the restraints that hamper the rest of the people, and if the Supreme Court holds, as it surely must, that this law accomplishes such a result, Congress will be besieged by an angry labor party claiming that it has been hoodwinked. Both of the great political parties had these demands served upon them four years ago, and both were confronted with their repetition this year. From the point of view of the union workers, there is no question of compromise: nothing less than the permanent establishment of this principle will work their full emancipation; it involves absolute rights which are eternally theirs, and such rights cannot be qualified by law, even in the interest of public welfare. They refuse to recognize any parallel between the activities of labor and the activities of capital, and deny that limitations imposed upon the employers' right of combination furnish any ground for limiting the rights of workers.

The point is fundamental. It meets us at the very threshold of all industrial and commercial inquiries, and must be thoroughly investigated and properly settled before we can intelligently progress. In every direction

it challenges our attention. Is it either just or practicable that while capital is severely hobbled, labor should be licensed to blockade the channels of commerce or to exercise its combined economic power to injure individuals or the public? Can we reach any permanent and peaceful adjustment of this question, with regulated capital and unregulated labor?

In attempting to answer these questions the activities of labor should be classified under two heads: one dealing with manufacturing, or the conditions of employment in production, and the other dealing with commerce, or the sale and distribution of commodities in the markets of the nation. The original function of lawful unionism in this country was the peaceful strike of a group of employees to improve their working conditions. Although such strikes were originally illegal under the conspiracy laws of England, which we assumed at the time of our Independence, and also under some of the early decisions in this country, our courts, by a process which Mr. Gompers would call "judicial legislation," began at an early stage in our history to hold that such strikes were lawful. Now the question of the legality of such strikes has long since passed through the transitional stage, and is foreclosed and settled. For a century no court in this country has decided the contrary, and the danger of such a decision is inconceivable.

But labor unions have not been satisfied with the power thus extended to them through the wisdom of our courts without the aid of legislation, and, like nearly all human institutions, have reached rapaciously for greater power. They have extended their operations into trade and commerce, and have sought by the use of union labels and boycotts to determine what articles should be transported, sold and distributed. From the strike which related to manufacturing alone, they have turned their attention to the commercial distribution of the completed article.

This is a new field. As was said by Chief Justice Fuller in one of the earlier decisions under the anti-trust law: "Commerce succeeds to manufacture, and is not a part of it. Buying and selling and the transportation incident thereto constitute commerce."

In furtherance of this departure into commerce, probably at least half of the labor unions of the country have adopted union labels to be used upon their products as they are circulated throughout the channels of interstate and intrastate trade. In the early history of union labels most of the courts held that the unions did not have such a proprietary interest in the product as to justify the courts in the protection of such labels from infringement; but this difficulty was soon surmounted by the enactment of laws in over forty states which gave the unions the express right to adopt union labels, and the remedy of injunction or criminal prosecution in case of infringement. To-day over a billion, probably several billion, union labels are issued annually, and the large sums of money spent in connection with their advertisement have made them familiar objects to the consuming public. Even in industries where the union label is not in general use or where the union involved has not adopted a label, various other devices are utilized to prevent the distribution and sale of open shop products, and monopolize the market for those that are union made. Non-union machinery, for instance, is to be driven from the market through the refusal of labor to assemble, instal or operate it: for under such circumstances few will venture to purchase it. Labor's interest in industry no longer terminates with production, but extends to the facilities of distribution — the public markets, and appeals to the consumer. The closed shop principle in production is followed by the closed shop principle in distribution; the demand that non-union men shall not be employed in production is followed by the demand that the products of non-union toil shall be kept from the market. The public must be deprived of its

right to purchase them. The methods employed by labor to accomplish this end bear a surprising similarity to the methods employed by capital; and in many cases capital and labor work hand in hand to accomplish this same end for their joint benefit.

Under such circumstances, is it practicable, and, if practicable, is it equitable, to enact one set of laws for labor when engaged in commerce, and another set of laws for capital when engaged in commerce? An examination of the facts will show how emphatically this question must be answered in the negative.

The first effective scheme employed by large corporations to exclude competing goods from the market, and thereby destroy the supreme rights of the consumer, was to secure advantageous rates and rebates from the railroads, so that the extra cost of transportation imposed upon competitors would be so burdensome as to make their competition impracticable. To further this scheme the railroads agreed to raise competitors' rates to such an extent as might be necessary to overcome competition, and the same competitors were told that they must either sell out to the trusts or see their business ruined on account of this discrimination. The country finally arose against this injustice, and in 1887, after years of long-suffering, and the repeated frustration by capital of all attempts to legislate against this abuse, created an Interstate Commerce Commission to secure equal and impartial service for all shippers. As a means of preserving domestic free trade and equal competition among manufacturers, against the detestable system of rebates and unfair discrimination in transportation, this commission seems now to have become a permanent part of our industrial fabric.

Organized labor, like capital, has recognized the dependence of industry upon transportation, and understands only too well that if it is allowed to prevent the

transportation of merchandise or strike breakers for companies it is fighting, all industry will be in its hands. In 1894, under the leadership of Eugene V. Debs, it attempted to wield this power by calling strikes upon all railroads hauling the Pullman cars, in order to compel the Pullman Company to grant the demands of its striking employees. The United States government, in order to meet this situation, sued out an injunction which, according to the testimony of the labor leaders themselves, was the only effective means of breaking up this combination, and the United States Supreme Court, in sustaining that injunction, rendered one of the greatest judicial opinions it ever announced. That opinion sets forth principles as essential to our commercial interests as laws against theft and assault. Yet so blind and uncompromising is organized labor in these matters, that it even condemns that case, and, supported by the unanimous recommendation of the Federal Industrial Commission, peremptorily demands that this and all other legal precedents placing restrictions upon the right to strike, be wiped out. For a decade or more the American Federation of Labor has besought Congress for legislation which should abrogate such restrictions and permit labor to defeat the sovereign will of the purchasing public, by excluding rival goods from transportation and the public market. If this is to be the law of our land, it will inevitably follow that organized labor will institute strikes on railroads to prevent the transportation of strike breakers to a factory, and the carriage of open shop merchandise to dealer or consumer. It would be a repetition of the same practice adopted by capital, of forcing railroad discrimination against competitors until their goods were driven from the market and their business thereby ruined. Can anyone doubt that if the Debs case had legalized strikes on railroads to prevent the hauling of scab cars, in the decades which have followed this method of attacking employers would have been utilized more and more extensively? The

only difference in this regard between the practices of lab and capital is that capital persuaded the railroads to in pose higher rates upon competitors, while labor, throug strikes, would prevent the hauling of competing non-unic goods at any price. Both sought to deprive the consumir public of its right of commercial suffrage — the right decide which of the rival articles it should buy. Even t day there are attempts by unions to prevent the loadir or unloading of hostile goods from trains or vessels, and prevent the hauling of such materials by public drayme or truckmen. Transportation on the Pacific Coast is no threatened by a demand of the longshoremen "that no o shall be allowed to work on the water front unless he b longs to a labor union; that no merchandise or freigh wherever it comes from, will be received or handled Seattle or shipped from Seattle to any other part of th world, if the longshoremen say it came from a non-unic shop or factory, or is being shipped to a non-union co signee."[1] I have before me now a photographic copy of permit issued by a union in San Francisco on June 29t 1916, permitting a teamster "to remove bananas from Pi No. 30." Without this license, the shipment could n move.

The same deadly parallel applies to other practic utilized by both corporations and unions to destroy con petitors, through so-called combinations and conspi acies in restraint of trade. The trust or monopoly usuall sought to exclude the competitor's goods from the mark by bringing pressure to bear upon jobbers, retailers an other distributors. If these distributors did not hand the goods, they would not reach the market, and comp tition would end because the public could not buy them it chose. If the goods did reach the market, the monopol was broken, and it was merely a question of competin efforts to win public favor and patronage.

[1] Quoted from a recent report of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce.

To accomplish his result, the monopolist employs a variety of devices. He makes special contracts with the customer to handle his goods exclusively; he threatens to cut off the necessary supply of these and other articles from the recalcitrant dealer or to furnish a neighboring dealer with goods that shall be sold at ruinous prices. To make doubly sure, he bribes railway employees, or employees of his rival, to disclose details as to his rival's shipments, and may cause agents to call upon the consignees and demand rejection of the shipments and a countermand of the orders. Retailers are visited and their stock examined, and those who persist in their benighted ways find spies upon the trail of their customers, and their business broken up. It is immaterial how the monopolist proceeds in this effort to exclude his competitors from the market: for the particular method is suggested by the circumstances, and the only important point is to see that the objectionable goods are abandoned.

Now labor is doing the same thing. It has bribed confidential employees of the manufacturer it is fighting, in order to ascertain the employer's shipments, and then directs its representatives in various localities, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to call on the respective consignees and demand rejection of the shipment. It visits the dealers, demanding the right to examine their stock, and, if particularly lenient, permits retention and the sale of the non-union stock on hand, upon condition that no more be purchased. To safeguard this arrangement, the non-union stock is tagged by the union to satisfy the next investigator. While the union cannot easily sell union goods at cut prices in special localities, it does send its agents into the particular territory where the victim is selling competing goods, and there makes a local fight against his customers. Like the oppressive and illegal trust, it is not satisfied with the mere advertisement and exhibition of union label goods, but in these and many other ways endeavors to exclude competitors' goods from the market,

and beyond the reach of the consuming public. The advertisement of the union label, like the activities of the Consumers' League, should not be criticized, for it is an appeal to a free public suffrage, and an effort to harness public sympathy, to the end that labor conditions may be improved. But despotic and dangerous are efforts to deprive the public of all opportunity of choice by preventing dealers from offering the rival goods on the market. The dealer owes a duty to the public to carry the best articles, and, in the absence of interference, self-preservation looks to the performance of that duty. Any effort by labor or capital to interfere with the dealer's economic service in this respect, and to pervert the natural forces which guide his freedom of choice, is against public policy and industrial liberty. The distinction which many courts have drawn between the primary and secondary boycott[1] is fallacious and unsatisfactory, and the real distinction is whether the agitation is merely an appeal to the public to bestow or withdraw their patronage, or whether it is an attempt to deprive the public of the opportunity of choice, by preventing all commercial distributors from handling the goods, and thereby driving them from the market. One is a democratic boycott, in which public opinion rules; the other is an autocratic boycott, in which the rights of the people are denied.

Labor protested against the application of the anti-trust law in the Hatters' case, insisting that the law was designed only to remedy the evils of capital, but it failed to realize that the practices condemned were not only fundamentally the same, but were similar in detail, as those employed by the capitalist. The Hatters' Union knew, despite $30,000 spent annually to advertise its

[1] A secondary boycott is where an attack is made or threatened to be made against a noncombatant because he continues business relations with the boycotted company. A primary boycott is limited to persuasion of the company's customers. Either method may succeed in depriving the public of an opportunity to purchase some desirable line of merchandise.

label, that the public would buy the hats of Loewe & Company if they reached the market. To succeed, they must keep the goods from the public; the channels of distribution must be closed. That is the reason that jobbers and retailers were attacked until they abandoned the interdicted goods. It is unimportant whether this impairment of the public's right of choice arose from the activities of labor or capital. For the very purpose of the law was to remedy all such evils. He is blind indeed who thinks the Supreme Court could have fairly held otherwise. It is no wonder that it felt obliged to say that "every person has individually and the public has collectively the right to require that the course of trade shall be kept free from unreasonable obstruction." Opposition to such practices must continue, "to the end that the enemies of the freedom of trade may be known and shunned by all honest men," as was declared by the crusaders against the trusts.

The practices of the Cigarmakers' Union, which issues union labels on about thirty million boxes of cigars each year, and also spends large sums of money in advertising, are eloquent on this point. In this country there are from ten to twelve thousand cigar manufacturers, most of them small, using the union label under an agreement with the Cigarmakers' Union, which fixes a uniform minimum price at which cigars shall be sold. Surely the methods of the hunted and hated trust were never more clearly imitated. But the parallel goes farther. This union endeavors in various communities to prevent dealers from handling goods which do not bear the union label, and to thereby compel the public to buy only cigars made under the price-fixing arrangement. In a case tried in Syracuse, in the spring of 1916, where a large non-union competitor sought an injunction against the cigarmakers' boycott, the union secretary testified that their purpose was to prevent all the dealers in that city from carrying these goods or exposing them for sale.

And the unions resort to fraudulent competition. If it be an unlawful or an unfair method of competition for producers of mercerized cotton to sell their article as silk, it is because they win trade for themselves and take it from their rivals through misrepresentation. When the Cigarmakers' Union advertises that certain rival brands of cigars are rolled in the mouths of "niggers," ninety per cent of whom die of consumption; or when the Garment Workers' Union advertises that certain rival goods are made under sweat shop conditions which spread disease, or when the Hatters' Union advertises that Loewe hats are made under conditions worse than prevail in Siberia, they are all seeking to destroy the true principle of competition, by deceiving the public, and the practice is objectionable both from the point of view of the individual who is libeled, and the public whose right of choice is thus defeated. Such extravagant misrepresentation by labor unions is one of the commonest features of industrial conflicts. If capital, through the Federal Trade Commission, is to be enjoined from fraudulent competition and from all interference with commerce by misrepresentation, then equity would seem to require that the same remedy should be employed against labor when it endeavors in this way to interfere with honest commerce.

In all these cases of unfair interference with trade, whether it be capital or labor which feels the pinch, the identity of methods as well as the similarity of the evils produced, would seem to be sufficient argument for equality before the law. It is not a question of capital against labor, but the producer against the consumer. Class distinction is impracticable as well as inequitable: for capital too often finds itself working hand in hand with labor in carrying out plans to destroy non-union competitors. If capital when acting by itself is not allowed to interfere with the commerce of competitors, but may do so whenever it employs a labor union as its medium, then inevitably labor will be utilized more and more

frequently as the most effective instrument for securing a monopoly. Such arrangements are now all too common. In the Hatters' case, it was suggested that some of the unfair circulars issued had been sent out by union manufacturers to the customers of the non-union trader, for the purpose of destroying the non-union trade. The coal operators of Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois demanded that the United Mine Workers should protect them against the competition of West Virginia, by calling strikes against the West Virginia coal mines, and employing the methods usually available to organized labor, to cut off this rival supply. In parts of New York City the union manufacturers of wood trim have secured a monopoly by arrangements with the union to call strikes on all buildings where the open shop products of their competitors are utilized; and in order to reap the full benefits of their position as boycott beneficiaries, these manufacturers have from time to time employed spies or detectives to watch the railroad yards and shipping wharves for all importations of the open shop products. Through a similar arrangement, Chicago will allow no power switchboards to be used unless they bear the local union label. These are but illustrations of the many ways in which labor and capital are members of the same combination, seeking the same end. To condemn one as a lawbreaker, and uphold the other as a law-abiding citizen, would be not only unjust but impracticable. It suggests Mr. J. P. Morgan's remark as to the difficulty of unscrambling eggs.

The conclusion is apparent. All devices for excluding goods from the market, either through fraud or coercion or artificial restraints of trade, are objectionable both in law and morals; they violate the new commandment of the Federal Trade Commission Act — that unfair methods of competition must cease — and in most instances constitute a violation of our anti-trust laws. Mr. Gompers' criticism of the Supreme Court for applying the Sherman Act to the Hatters' boycott is superficial. He contends

despite the record to the contrary, that Congress did not think of labor when it passed that law, but he fails to realize that fundamentally no law which forbids certain practices in the interests of the public welfare can be a respecter of persons.

The markets of the nation must be open to the products of all: for the public is entitled to the benefits of the service of all. So far is this true that the law will not even permit a man for money arbitrarily to contract himself out of industry in order to leave a monopoly to others. The right of a free market, which means the right of the consuming public in every state of the union to purchase and enjoy the products of all other states, is paramount. To maintain it against the artificial barriers and discrimination which the respective states had raised against each other, was one of the principal objects of that part of our federal constitution which took from the states and bestowed upon Congress the power to regulate interstate and foreign commerce.

No community is allowed to surround itself by a Chinese wall in order to encourage unions or home industry. It is intolerable that New York or Boston, centers of trade by land and sea, should through artificial arrangements exclude the open shop wood products of Wisconsin, or that Chicago should bar its doors to power switchboards which do not bear the local union label. Granite cut in the union quarries of Maine should not be rejected by the workingmen of our cities because they want that work themselves. Interstate commerce is like a navigable stream under the jurisdiction of the federal government; it flows through all states and territories, at the service of every individual in placing his goods on the markets of the nation for the selection of whoever desires to purchase them. For any clique to preëmpt or block that stream, or by artificial arrangement to prevent or obstruct the natural transmission to these markets

of any line of goods, is an economic heresy so palpable and an injury to the public so substantial as to command universal and instant condemnation. Special interest in other phases of these problems which at times destroy our focus and our judgment must not mislead us into any position which would qualify this fundamental principle: for not until we have passed through the transitional stages of public opinion upon this question, and held labor itself up to these righteous standards, can we approach the problem of industrial peace. Nothing short of domestic free trade for the commodities of all who dare to navigate the channels of interstate trade is consistent with industrial democracy. The sovereign right of the consumer to determine what he shall buy, which is the very suffrage of commerce, must never be obstructed by unfair practices: for it is one of the essentials of industrial democracy. Any limitation upon this right or any impairment of this principle, whether emanating from capital or labor, is a step toward monopoly and despotism.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TERRORISM

The Religion of Thor

TERRORISM (*Terrorismus, Schreckensherrschaft, Schrecklichkeit*) means cowing opponents. It is the deliberate commission of whatever horrors are necessary to rob the surviving victims of any desire to resist. Through the body it attacks the soul: aiming not to overcome enemies, but to transform them into abjects. The invasion of one personality by another reaches its limit in terrorism.

For many years past, German war-theory has included *Schrecklichkeit* as a cardinal feature. General von Hartmann was laboriously explicit in 1877 (*Deutsche Rundschau*): "So soon as the symptoms of popular warfare (*Volkskrieg*) assume any marked dimensions, a terroristic procedure becomes a military necessity." According to reports, the German Emperor in 1900 expressly enjoined terrorism upon his soldiers leaving for China. His quoted words, in translation, are these: "Just as the Huns, a thousand years ago, under the leadership of Attila, gained a reputation in virtue of which they still live in historical tradition, so may the name of Germany become known in such a manner in China, that no Chinaman will ever dare again to look askance at a German." Mr. Kipling thus describes the German theory of war: "It is of the essence of that system to make such a hell of the countries where her armies set foot, that any terms she may offer will seem like heaven to the people whose bodies she has defiled, and whose minds she has broken of set purpose and intention." The German soldier seems faithfully to have carried out this programme in China, as he has since in Belgium and France. His atrocities in the present war have a professional merit possessed by none that the Allied forces may have practised, in that

they have not been infractions of discipline, but observances of it.

At first blush, this German war-theory excites contempt, as well as abhorrence. We are tempted to call it a stupid as well as a wicked course to extirpate the desire for resistance only to implant the desire for revenge. Are not the apostles of *Schrecklichkeit*, in their infatuation with military success, making impossible the return of that civil administration toward which military success looks? So the philosopher Kant seems to have thought. "No State in a war with another shall permit itself hostilities which must render reciprocal confidence impossible upon the return of peace." [1] What possible reciprocal confidence can spring up between torturer and sufferer?

Yet it is not to be presumed that the German theorists of war are ignorant of their Kant; and it is easy to foresee their reply. Kant assumed hostile citizenships of fairly equal capacity. His argument does not apply between beings on a different plane — as the case of man and the lower animals abundantly shows. Resent their injuries as they may, animals are powerless before the address of man. Man can tame even the lion by the white-hot iron and the whip; and even the eagle by clippings its wings, and cutting its talons to the quick. Were there a race of men as radically superior to others as man is superior to the lower animals, it could terrorize the rest of humanity as effectively as humanity has terrorized the brutes. The corner-stone of the German philosophy of terrorism, without which it falls in ruins, is the dictum that a race approximately fulfilling this condition now exists. It is the German race. The German war-theory rests on the implication that the mission of Germany among other peoples is akin to the mission traditionally ascribed to man among other forms of life. This mission

[1] Immanuel Kant: "*Zum ewigen Frieden.*" Art. 6. "*Es soll sich kein Staat im Kriege mit einem andern solche Feindseligkeiten erlauben, welche das wechselseitige Zutrauen im künftigen Frieden unmöglich machen müssen.*"

is to domesticate those that are willing to serve the German purpose, and exterminate those that cross the German path. Not amicable relations with other peoples are to be desired, but rather hostile relations. In order that succeeding generations of Germans shall maintain their present superhuman form, they need rebellious non-Germans to break to their will, as they break their colts to harness and their cattle to the plow. Thus is *Schrecklichkeit* vindicated.

The belief of the Germans in their own racial superiority is no mere tacit assumption of their theory of war. It has been as boldly stated by their thinkers as its corollary of *Schrecklichkeit* by their warriors. The words of the philosopher Eucken — "To us, more than to any other nation, is entrusted the true structure of human existence" — echo today the address of the philosopher Fichte to the Germans of a century ago: "It is you among all the modern nations that have in special measure received into your keeping the seeds of human perfection." We learn that Professor Stein calls Germany "the fountain head of culture"; that Dr. Lasson exclaims: "We are morally and intellectually superior beyond all comparison as to our organization and institutions"; and Professor Leyden: "The Germans are the salt of the earth." After two years of war we hear Professor von Stengel of the University of Munich to like effect: "The nations, and especially the neutral nations, have only one means of leading a profitable existence. It is to submit to our guidance, which is superior from every point of view. . . For we not only have the power and force necessary for this mission, but we also possess all the spiritual gifts to the highest degree, and in all creation it is we who constitute the crown of civilization." Quotations might be multiplied.

This self-consciousness of superhumanity, this conviction of a radical superiority of nature, has been a heavy handicap on recent German intercourse with other peoples.

Conversation, if in good faith, implies a certain parity between the interlocutors. From superior to radically inferior, it is no longer carried on in good faith, but serves an ulterior purpose; as when by flattery we induce a dog to lay a forbidden morsel at our feet. The recent talk of Germans to those who, as Maximilian Harden confesses, "do not think as the Germans do," advertises their sense of superiority by its accent of bad faith. This it is that gives the German diplomats in the White and other papers the air of sharpers among gentlemen, and that has made nearly every German *apologia* since the war began an insult to the reader.

It is with the most profound regret that many of those who had learned to admire the German people have been at last awakened by the war to their resolve to form a race apart from others. We who have passed happy years in Germany, had good German friends, studied under revered German masters, and loved the German art and literature of the past, have mostly remained in ignorance of the later progress of *furor Teutonicus*, because we could not bring ourselves to acknowledge the unwelcome fact of its growth apace. At most we have fallen out of sympathy with modern Germany, and recognized the trend of its Kultur as a moral decline, without realizing it as a political threat. Yet we have had warnings enough. Let the mention of two suffice.

Eighty years before the present war was declared, Heinrich Heine wrote as follows: — "The scientific philosopher (who followed Kant and Fichte) is to be feared on account of his connection with the primitive forces of nature, of his ability to evoke the daemonic powers of old German Pantheism, and waken that joy in fighting which we find among the ancient Germans, and which fights neither to annihilate nor to subdue, but solely for the pleasure of fighting. Christianity — and this is its noblest merit — has somewhat tamed this brutal German oy in combat, though unable to destroy it; and if once

the restraining Talisman, the Cross, goes to pieces, . . . then will the old stone Gods raise themselves from their immemorial rubbish-heaps, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes, and Thor, with his giant's hammer, will at last spring forth and smash the Gothic cathedrals to bits. When you neighboring children of men, you French, hear the tumult and the clash, take heed to yourselves and do not try to mix into the business that we are accomplishing in Germany. . . At the sound of it, the eagles will fall dead from the air, and the lions in the farthest deserts of Africa will droop their tails and creep into their royal lairs. A drama will be played in Germany which will make the French Revolution seem like a harmless idyll. . . You have more to fear from a free Germany than from the entire Holy Alliance and all the Croats and Cossacks put together. . . Let what will happen in Germany, let the Crown Prince of Prussia or Doctor Wirth come to power, keep yourselves always armed, stay quiet at your posts, with musket on arm. I mean well by you, and it really frightened me to learn lately that your Ministry proposed to disarm France. Since you are born classicists, in spite of your romantic school, you are familiar with Olympus. Among the naked Gods and Goddesses that amuse themselves there, notice one Goddess, who, although surrounded by all this joy and merriment, nevertheless always wears a coat of mail, and keeps her helmet on her head, and her sword in her hand. This is the Goddess of Wisdom." [1] The history of our time has verified Heine's dim forecast even in detail. The Prussian instinct, inspired and armed by science, brought forth first a struggle within Teutonic borders; then a Teutonic union which afterward battled with France and now battles with the world. The latest German philosophy declares the Cross no Talisman; Gothic cathedrals lie in ruins from German shells; airmen, the

[1] From the concluding paragraphs of *Zur Geschichte der Religion und Philosophie in Deutschland.* 1834.

eagles of today, fall dead from the sky; the British lion cowers in his lair in a faraway desert; the Cossacks fight beside the French.

Fifty years after this remarkable prophecy was uttered by a German, another German, Professor Friedrich Paulsen, beginning a course of lectures on Ethics at the University of Berlin, spoke of the extraordinary lack of any noteworthy contributions in Germany to the theory of morals during just this period. "Even the very words Virtue and Duty," he said, "have an antiquated (*altfränkisch*) sound in our ears"; and the quiet laugh that ran round the hall at the phrase "*Glückseligkeit des Menschengeschlechts*" — happiness of the human race — punctuated the speaker's remark.

Small wonder that these young Germans of thirty years ago laughed at the idea of "the happiness of the human race," while the words of von Treitschke promising it *Schrecklichkeit* still rang in their ears. Morality seemed indeed antiquated to those who in a neighboring room, electric with enthusiasm, had just been taught a religion — the religion of the God Thor. An ancestral religion, moreover, and one newly based on biological science. To the present generation of Germans, the wonderful rise of their country to power, its proven fitness to survive, has become at last the unmistakable sign of the blessing of nature upon their race. Against this consciousness of strength, what could avail the doubts that other peoples might throw upon the superhumanity of the Teuton? True that truculence is in itself a blemish. The swaggerer is apt to be a second-rate person. True, also, that from time immemorial German manners have been found gross; that Tacitus already described the Teutons as "*dediti somno ciboque*" — given to sleeping and eating; and that Dante called them the gluttonous Germans, "*Tedeschi lurchi.*" True also that the entrance of Germany into the current of modern culture dates only from about 1750, centuries later than that of other peoples; and that the

greatest German writer, two generations afterward, called Germans still barbarians, and predicted that centuries more must elapse before they could become a cultivated society. True, also, that the German language is a factitious speech "*eine gemachte Sprache*" — a trap for muddy thought. True, also, that the feminine half of the German people has been less the companion, and more the servant, of its men than the women of any neighboring nation. To all other peoples these facts and many like them are proof positive that the Teutonic race, great as are its countervailing merits, is not the superhumanity the race itself claims. But the Germans, who truly do not think as other people do, maintain it doggedly nevertheless, resting their case ultimately on their capacity to survive, on the efficiency born at once of their muscular and nervous strength, and of their "abandoned passion for the Rule," as a clever Frenchwoman once phrased it. While the rest of the world holds that those who think always of "saving their bacon" have nothing but bacon to save, and continues to revere the memory of Joan of Arc sacrificed in France, and of Yoshi-Tsune, vanishing defeated in Japan, Professor Mommsen in Germany, thinking as the Germans do, carps at the self-sacrifice of Vercingetorix, and scoffs at the Celtic nation, whose greatest hero was "only a knight." Those who are able to master the world are its choicest breed. These are the Germans. To believe otherwise would be to deny the doctrine of biological necessity, to commit apostasy to the God Thor.

A hard-headed war-theorist like von Bernhardi, in a grapple with the theory of survival, reminds the logical critic of an infant bewitched by the glitter and the ticking of a watch. He can neither leave it alone nor make it out. The truth is that fitness to survive is no mark of excellence whatever. The theory of survival, reduced to its simplest terms, is the statement that under existing conditions, a certain form of life lasts longer than another.

Under different conditions the other form might prove more durable. Hence there is nothing to choose between the two forms, except as we choose between the two sets of conditions, actual and possible. In itself considered, the fact that a form of life does survive is no evidence that it ought to survive. The doctrine of "biological necessity" is an empty bogey, one of those lapses in logic to which the dreamy involution of German discourse is peculiarly exposed.

Survival becomes a criterion of merit when, and only when, we have made a decision as to the worth of actual conditions compared with possible conditions. This simple principle has been a maxim of worldly wisdom for twenty-five hundred years. According to the Analects of Confucius [VIII., 13 (3)] "When a country is well governed poverty and a mean condition are things to be ashamed of. When a country is ill-governed riches and honor are things to be ashamed of." Likewise, if we believe the world divinely ordered, survival is a badge of distinction — health means holiness. If we believe the world demoniacally controlled, survival is a mark of dishonor — whom the gods love die young. If we believe the world is a mixed system of good and evil, offering the right only a fighting chance of victory, survival is a dubious mark of merit — captive good attending captain ill about as often as the opposite. We may fancy that von Bernhardi himself would hotly repudiate the theology in reality underlying his supposed "biological necessity" — as a novice in woodcutting might saw off the limb whereon he sits. But the mass of Germans, less skeptical than their war-theorists, yet equally weak in logic, instead of suppressing their ancestral faith, use it to beg the question of their right to rule. The *petitio principii* runs: "The Germans ought to survive; this is shown by the fact that they do survive in a world divinely ordered. Further, that the world is divinely ordered is shown by the fact that the Germans do survive in it, as they ought

to do." Like the doctrine of "biological necessity," so the religion of Thor is an empty bogey, demonstrative of nothing but its own fallacy, and possessing no content beyond the German *fiat* decreeing divine honors to the German race.

The Religion of Christ

The religion of Thor rests on this principle:

Certain individuals have the right to act according to their own sole option, and without seeking to share in the desires of others whom their acts concern. According to the faith itself, these individuals are the elect of Thor — namely, the Teutonic peoples.

A principle exactly contradictory is the basis of Christianity:

No one has the right to act according to his own sole option, and without seeking to share in the desires of others whom his acts concern.

Neither the German Emperor, the Teutonic peoples, nor any other person or group, has the right to exploit others in its own sole interest. Mankind itself has no right to exploit the rest of animated nature in the sole human interest. Martians would have no right to exploit Teutons, or any other sentient beings, human, subhuman, or superhuman, in the sole Martian interest. No differences of endowment extinguish the rights of individuals. This moral law is stated in human terms in the Golden Rule. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye — whoever ye are — even so to them — whoever they are." In extinguishing individual right in favor whether of the Teutonic peoples, or of that brain-spun make-believe called the over-individual state, Thor reveals himself as one of the protean shapes of Antichrist. The doctrine of Christ declares that an action is absolutely right only when the doer seeks to project himself into all other individual minds concerned, weighs their desires on equal terms with his own, and decides

between them all, as he would between conflicting motives in the solitude of his own soul. It is wrong if he deliberately chooses to neglect any. The Golden Rule is inexorable. Wherever there resides another will which our act touches thither it calls upon us to penetrate; be the dwelling as low as the depths of the sea, or as high as the Milky Way. Christ is the prophet of all-encompassing care; the Antichrists, Thor and every tribal god among them, the deities of finite care and infinite indifference, of a vanishing centre of sensibility, and a boundless circumference of apathy.

The result of weighing our wishes against one another is the choice of some to the exclusion of others; and the result of weighing the wishes of others among themselves and against our own is the same. Sacrifice, whether of ourselves, or of those who oppose us, is of the essence of Christianity. The Cross is the symbol of its conquests. The pitting of life against life, the war of man against hostile organisms — against bacilli, against carnivora — and the wrath of man with his fellow man, are implied, not forbidden, in the teaching of Christ. Greatheart, the happy warrior — he whose heart is great enough to take in every being with whom he has to do, and who wields his sword by the blended commission of them all, whether against others or against himself, as von Winkelried did and Nogi did — this is the veritable gospel hero. Only in his spirit may those, whether Germans or germs, who pursue their own ends regardless of others, be resisted, and if need be, destroyed. Christendom has the identical right to fight the Teutonic plague that it has to fight the bubonic plague.

The tribal god has seemed the Lord of all to his worshippers in every age, the Teutons of the present not excepted. Nietzsche, it is true, poor weakling enamoured of strength, gloried in his anti-Christian indifference to the fate of the ordinary man. But most apologists for Germany profess a species of hyphenated Christianity

— *Thor-Christenthum.* They apologize for *Schrecklichkeit* as the French supermen of the Revolution for the massacres of the Terror. Listen to a fancied argument of 1793. "Inspire within me," cries Evariste Gamelin, in *Les Dieux ont Soif* of Anatole France, "together with the love of mankind, the ardor of their regeneration. . . Punishment is due the vicious, and to deny them is to wrong them. . . They should themselves desire their sufferings as the sole means of expiating their faults." So the Germans of 1914. "Germany, thanks to her capacity for organization," declares Professor Ostwald in the *Dagen* of Stockholm, "has reached a higher stage of civilization than other nations. . . War will one day enable them to participate in a higher civilization under the form of this organization. . . Germany wishes to organize Europe." "Have faith in us!" chorus the ninety-three Intellectuals, goose-stepping in the face of neutral horror over Belgium. In spite of appearances, so runs their plea, believe that we serve the interests of all. Had you our insight, you would justify our deeds. *Schrecklichkeit,* so far as we practise it at all, is the severity of the world-surgeon who in humane love is lifting the rest of mankind toward the German level. *We do unto others as they would wish to do if they were we;* and is not this the Golden Rule? No! ye deceivers and deceived, it is not the Golden Rule, but its impudent reversal. The Rule reads — *Do unto others as you would wish to have done if you were they.* It commands the effort to make one's self realize how others think and feel; your caricature, the effort to make others realize how you yourselves think and feel. This is not the Rule that Christ imposed upon every soul that does or ever can exist, but its diabolic opposite, in which the Prince of Darkness seeks to appear as an angel of light. In place of the Christian injunction, "*Put yourselves in others' place,*" ye gropers in the shadows offer its direct contrary, "*Let others put themselves in our place,*" killing the will to sympathy,

substituting for the centrifugal substance of Christ's teaching a centripetal counterfeit, and turning its pure and radiant gold to malodorous and tarnished brass.

Christian Duty

A terrible disillusionment awaits the German people. By two axioms, one dull — that Germans are supermen — and one base — that supermen may disregard all others — their misleaders seek to justify *Schrecklichkeit;* and by a travesty of Christian precept, dull and base at once, to give their misdeeds the odor of its sanctity.

All Christendom has one plain duty in face of the present attempt of the Teutonic governments to fasten a tribal god upon the world. It is to resist — when necessary unto blood, — and either to win or to die.

ERRATA AND CONTINGENT SUBJECTS

OWING, as he himself says, to an "erratum" on the part of one of the staff, the slip pointing out an error on page 219 of our July number was, in part of the edition, marked "errata," although there was but a single error corrected. The perpetrator knew better, but in the connection, he had seen the plural a hundred times where he had seen the singular once, and he unthinkingly followed the deeper impression.

And, Horrors! in the same number Mæcenas was spelt wrong, and di was used instead of de' in the name of the great Lorenzo. And, what's worse, perhaps, the scholar who called our attention to the latter error (?) can't explain or account for what he calls the correct usage.

Well! these dreadful matters have led to a few reflections which may be worth printing. If we use Latin (or Italian) we want it to fit. If we put on frills, we want them fitting frills. There is nothing more vulgar than an ineffectual attempt at elegance. But can an accepted thing be a frill? Unquestionably. We (*qui facit per alium facit per se*) needn't have said "errata," or even "erratum": the plain English "error" would have answered every purpose. *Every* purpose? Would it? Would the knife as a means of conveying peas to the mouth answer every purpose? We say "peas" for two reasons — first because they roll off, and so illustrate that the use of the fork, like most conventions, probably arose from utility; but second, for the perhaps still better reason that, in the connection, peas remind us all of Thackeray, and anything that does that contains elements of salvation.

Now in one respect "error" would *not* in this connection, do as well as the knife for peas: it wouldn't remind us, as the peas remind us of Thackeray, of the pleasant vistas

of scholarly usage which the Latin term opens up; and when we attempt to open them up by Latin, and use a plural where a singular is required, we use the knife for peas. We hope the depth of our apology will be gathered from its sincerity.

Now if we ask whether the use of Latin in such a connection justifies the long preparatory labor of those who use and understand it, and the chagrin that its mistaken use must now and then cause those who are responsible, and also the perhaps still greater chagrin that it must now and then cause those who are ignorant, we open at least two subjects which just now happen to be of special importance — the desirability of conventions, and the desirability of culture. They are closely allied, being both largely the product of tradition.

As to conventions, the largest claim we can make for them, we do not remember ever seeing made; and yet it must be that we do not remember because it is so obvious that the making of it did not impress us. It is the claim that conventions are the outposts of morality. And we must very properly make morality include everything good — even elegant living: for conventions are more obviously, though not more effectively, the outposts of it, than of even more important things. The two gentlemen, even if mythical, who on going ranching together, decided that they must dress for dinner every evening, or revert as far toward primitive savagery as their neighbors, spoke a deep and important truth. Even horrible conventions have had their uses — that of burying the king's retainers with him tended to keep his life and government secure; the suttee tended to repress the oriental impulse to dispose of inconvenient husbands; and the relics of inhumation and suttee, in sad garbs and retirement, while often carried to excess and even insincerity, protect the really grieved, and help to reflection often salutary.

The value of the conventions that protect against sex relations destructive of civilization, are obvious to all except the current wild crop of wild women and their feeble adherents, who are too ignorant to know, or too stupid to recognize, the patent fact that civilization rises and falls with monogamy. An episodic word however may be excused to call attention to the fact that contemporary with the shriekings of these maenads, and perhaps partly on account of them, the young people of to-day have largely thrown away the sex conventions of their parents: they are no longer to each other "young ladies" and "young gentlemen," but simply boys and girls, and where their parents were Miss and Mister, they are now, at their second and third meeting, Jack and Jill. Pace with all this has been kept by the activity of the divorce courts.

Now what excuse is there for associating with these fundamental things, the conventions of scholarship? Once when we were taking our family to town after the Summer, dear old Mr. Bigelow happened into the car, and among other wise things said: "If we lived in the country the year around, our grandchildren wouldn't know how to read and write." Like the expression of many other good things, this was wisely exaggerated. Exaggerations which do not provoke opposition impress the truth. In most parts of the United States our grandchildren would still know how to read and write, but they would show the differences which mark off the oaf from — John Bigelow. And one of those differences would be obliviousness to the distinction between *erratum* and *errata*.

The fundamental trouble in showing anybody the importance of knowing such things, is that you can't readily show it unless it is known already. To do so requires the sort of genius that educated Helen Keller, though not necessarily so much of it.

The vast majority of young people who don't see the use of Latin, and want to get it (including *errata* slips)

out of the way, are bitten by the two fallacies which account for the madness of most revolutionary doctrines — that what is, is wrong — and that the proposed substitute is better. The first of these fallacies is specially insinuating because the grain of truth at the basis of it is bigger and more obvious than the grain at the basis of most fallacies. In an evolving world, whatever is, when compared with what is to be, *is*, *ex vi termini*, wrong. But we don't often know what is to be, and until the demonstration of what is to be, is virtually conclusive, what is, is better than anything we are apt to substitute for it. The second fallacy of the proposer of the remedy — that his particular substitute would be better than the existing thing — while worth calling attention to, is hardly worth comment.

A Harvard junior to whom we unbosomed our chagrin over the *errata* blunder, and who has studied no Latin and Greek except for his entrance examinations (and has forgotten most of that, because there was not enough of it to turn the scale toward permanence) proposed to relieve the world of the danger of more such chagrin by doing away with the whole classic business; and his sister, whose principal occupations are dancing all night and sleeping all day, expresses the authoritative opinion that there is a great deal that can advantageously be substituted for the classics — possibly the activities just indicated.

Now the young gentleman has lately slipt up, in entirely legitimate conversation, on *caveat emptor*, *corpus vile* and several other expressions which, to his father's classmates, are as clear as English, and which, less than two generations ago, were simply part of the current coin of conversation among educated people. And his brother, who graduated a few years ago, could not translate *lis pendens*, even the second word, which lacks only one letter of being identical with its English equivalent.

These young gentlemen would not have slipped up so often if their father had not occasionally quietly gone a little out of his way to illustrate how the classical languages are woven into our literature and science — especially into the Law, which concerns the average man more than even Medicine or Theology. The father did this to make the boys realize that shutting a man out of a classical education is inevitably shutting him out from an important part of that "best which has been said and done" which constitutes culture. It is as if Jack Horner's pie were short of plums, or rather as if Jack's thumb were too short to make their acquaintance; and as if, in consequence, Jack were unable to take part in conversation on the highly attractive subject of plums. For plums, substitute many of the world's best shibboleths, and you have a little of the case for the classics.

But don't waste time, as was so egregiously done when the classics were last in the ascendant, over rules that are only of use for speaking or writing them. For reading or remembering the roots that are of so much advantage in learning and using sundry modern languages, English included, what's the use in knowing, for instance, how many prepositions govern the Dative, or Accusative, or Ablative, and what the respective prepositions are? The time so wasted shocks too many into thinking of time spent on the more useful portions of the subject, as wasted, and has had much to do with the lack of cultivated men in the new generation.

ENGLAND'S PLACE IN THE SUN

OUR anti-imperialists, and the Germans, refuse to believe that the British Empire is founded on any deeper principles than commercial avarice and lust for power. The little-Englander feels that imperial domains are inconsistent with the love of freedom professed by his island. The German is convinced that the professions of benevolent regard for the rights of subject peoples are merely the virtuous resolves of the conqueror who can best defend his possessions if wars of imperial conquest cease. The assertions of high principle by statesmen and imperialists are thus regarded as evidence of hypocrisy; the more sinister because the hypocrite has become so habituated to its deceptions that he is not conscious of playing a part. In the *Man of Destiny* such hypocrisy is declared to be the chief characteristic of the Englishman — the basis of his greatest achievements in war and in commerce.

"When an Englishman wants a thing," says Shaw, "he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have the thing he wants. . . " "He is never at a loss for an effective moral attitude. As the great champion of freedom and national independence he conquers and annexes half the world, and calls it Colonization." Empire is declared to be founded upon avarice and lust for power, "with the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers." Such at least is the view of the cynic, and unfortunately these cynical revelations of the "true" motives of statesmen always have the appearance of sophistication and profundity. Only those who are wise in the ways of the world, forsooth, can

know the full measure of human wickedness; so the disposition to impute sinister motives to all men is evidence of wisdom. The cynic believes his statements to be true because they are disagreeable.

Until the appearance of this cynical school of thought, there seemed reason to believe that we would not again be wearied by the naïve attempts to find explanations of historical events in back stairs intrigues. No one denies, of course, that there are many discreditable episodes in history, but there is no ground for attaching large significance to them. The significance of the great movements cannot be expressed in terms of sordid selfishness. In order to endure, the settlements of complex historical problems must offer some measure of advantage to all parties, and thus lead to a more general recognition of the fundamental solidarity of human interests.

In national politics, this truth is becoming increasingly evident to all, even to practical politicians. They know that the minority has a power not to be trifled with, and that the majority must studiously avoid any abuse of its control. This respect for the politically weak, for the minority in a democratic country, is clear evidence of the essentially ethical character of political action. This democratic ideal is well expressed by the phrase used in the Massachusetts Body of Liberties, — "a government of laws, not of men." It may be that we still fall short of our ideals, but it is the conscious aim of English speaking peoples to eliminate if possible all opportunity for arbitrary exercise of governmental authority.

When the authority of government is extended to a colonial domain, and, above all, when sovereignty is assumed over tropical peoples who can never be assimilated, respect for the rights of the politically weak must be wholeheartedly recognized. Substantial accomplishments have been founded only on that respect for minorities which must needs be the foundation of all secure governments.

Many assume that trade follows the flag, that dominion is worth while because it stimulates trade. If this were true, the motives underlying such imperialistic development would indeed be questionable. But such is not the actual course of empire. The place in the sun was not deliberately chosen by statesmen, appropriated, and then opened to the trader. England's empire is the result rather than the cause of her industrial and commercial expansion. Sovereignty has been acquired, and protectorates declared, when commercial contact has created legal and social difficulties that could best be solved through an assumption of power. It may be that trade continued to grow, but it would be wrong to attribute the development to the newly acquired authority. Few colonies, least of all tropical colonies, are actually sources of net profit. Even if the gains of the traders are large, the administrative expenditure, in most cases, exceeds any possible income. Since the American Revolution, the reluctance of the English government to accept colonial responsibilities has been largely due to the keen realization of the cost. When adventurers in India or Africa thought only of the "glorious" imperial future, the Secretaries of State in England thought of the burden that must be incurred for administration and defense.

Once outlying possessions have been acquired, strategic needs arise. Foreign jealousies, too, give special significance to the acquisition of certain lands. But these elements are incidental. The cause of the increasing domination of the tropics by the European races must be sought elsewhere, and neither the glory of empire nor the gains of trade are an adequate explanation. The gains of trade would of course be greater if no administrative outlay were necessary. The glory of empire would be utterly empty if the wars with natives in these distant lands were mere aimless fighting without cause or purpose. Colonial empire is an outcome of commercial

contact, but it is not a means of increasing the commercial importance of the European nations.

It is not difficult to realize the need of European control in regions whose inhabitants have not progressed beyond the looser forms of tribal government. The need of control in tropical countries which possess organized governments is not so clear. There is much to suggest that it is a work of supererogation. The natives do not always accept the foreign authority with acquiescence, and the subjection of an entire people possessing an organized government is apparently inconsistent with the principles of international law as applied in Europe. Until the present war, at least, we had come to feel that national existence was guaranteed even to the small states. The difference of principle with reference to tropical countries must needs be admitted. It is in part an outcome of the medieval distinction between Christian and non-Christian states. Throughout the period of the expansion of commerce in the East Indies, this fundamental assumption dominated political thought. The rights of native rulers were recognized after a fashion, but they were not placed upon a par with the rights of Christian nations. The forms of negotiation and treaty-making were observed, but the substance of treaties with these native rulers was different, usually involving the grant by them of privileges which would never be granted by any European country. Such a distinction would hardly arise to-day on these same grounds, but there are racial and cultural reasons for treating these non-Christians in a different manner. Contact with Europeans almost of necessity involved some grant to them of sovereign powers, because the European traders could not be subjected to native law. In Europe and the Americas there is sufficient similarity of social organization to make it possible to adopt the idea that every individual must recognize the law of the state within which he is resident. In India and Northern Africa, this theory cannot be applied. As

in the days of the Germanic invasions of the Roman Empire, each race must be governed by its own laws. Contact with Europeans thus involved the establishment of an *imperium in imperio*. By a process of purely spontaneous growth, the European jurisdiction has ultimately absorbed all the functions of government, administering European laws for Europeans, and native laws for natives. In none of these states has there occurred anything that can be called usurpation. The Europeans, English in India, French in Algeria and Morocco, merely seek to give native institutions the definiteness and certainty of form that naturally suggests itself to European political thought. Although it seems somewhat fanciful for the King of England to be crowned Emperor of India at a great Durbar, the entire ceremony was a striking illustration of the reality of the succession of the English to the great traditions and titles of the Moguls.

The transition has necessarily been gradual, extending in the case of India over two centuries or more, and it has been a spontaneous development, calculated to secure mutual benefit. The East India Company gained its control of Bengal because the native prince found it useful to secure the aid of the Company's troops against his enemies. The possession of a standing army soon became connected with the power of the purse. The Nabob gave the Company the right to collect his revenues, and conferred upon the Governor the usual title, "*Diwan*," or minister of finance. After the first assumption of this title in 1765, the English in Bengal really enjoyed a two-fold authority — over the English officials by reason of the Company's charter, over the native subjects of Bengal by reason of holding an important office in the native state.

The mutual benefit of this amalgamation of authority is writ large on every page of the Reports of the Committees of Secrecy that sat during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The most characteristic single illus-

tration is afforded by the disturbance of native trade through the abuse of certain exemptions from internal customs that had been granted the East India Company. Because the goods of the Company could not properly enter into the local trade of India, the native princes had granted almost complete exemption from customs. The officials of the Company bought goods on their own account, passed them by the customs barriers as goods of the Company, and then offered them for sale in the local markets at prices far below any figure that could be set by a native trader who had paid heavy duties. It will be evident that the law could be enforced against the officials of the Company only by some English authority, though the chief offense was committed against the laws of the native state. The inevitable complexities of this dual jurisdiction could not be successfully met by officials accustomed to the laxity and corruption common in all oriental states. The maintenance of any substantial government required courts and administrative officials inspired by the highest ideals of honor, and capable of exercising effective control over Europeans. It may well be that the English have made many mistakes in India, but there is evidence in plenty to show that the native princes could not have carried on any organized government in the face of the difficulties created by commercial contact with Europe.

The acquisition of dominion is most evidently justified when rights are assumed by Europeans only as a necessary result of long established commercial contact. English power has developed in such a manner; slowly, and under evident pressure of circumstances. England has frequently avoided assumption of sovereignty, and undertaken merely to direct the foreign policy of the native state. This slow growth toward dominion has been due to the absence of rivalries among European nations, and to physical and economic obstacles that made it impossible rapidly to develop extensive commerce with the

remote interior of the lands open to European influence. Within fifty years the underlying conditions of economic expansion have changed. The industries of Europe have developed so rapidly that new markets are now eagerly sought. The development of large steam freighters has so lowered rates that distant markets are open to many types of merchandise whose shipment was formerly restricted by cost of carriage. It has become possible to construct railroads without undue expenditure, even in the most remote regions, so that the volume of trade with the interior districts can expand without encountering serious physical obstacles. The only limit to expansion is the purchasing power of the population, and as this is frequently diminished by oppressive taxation or civil disorder, there is an added motive to make an end of native misrule.

In Africa, even if continental Europe had remained relatively indifferent to commercial expansion, the changed conditions of contact between Europeans and natives would have led to the rapid extension of European dominion. The so-called "partition" of Africa is no doubt largely a result of these new economic conditions. But neither France nor Germany has been indifferent. Their ambitions have created keen political rivalries. The economic basis of expansion can easily be misunderstood, and the incidental character of acquisition of dominion is obscured. There seems to be a lust for power, sometimes as an end in itself, sometimes as a means to commercial development. The boundaries of spheres of influence become a perennial source of political tension, and intrigues to secure favored positions create an atmosphere of suspicion. Northern Africa and the Persian Gulf have thus become important regions in world politics. Economic interests have been obscured by the struggle for power, which can be compared only to the struggles of the Dutch, French, and English in the East Indies. At such times, political power seems the fundamental basis

of commercial development, but the history of the English colonies points unmistakably to the opposite conclusion. Neither in the Spice Islands nor in India did England display much capacity in intrigue or in imperial politics. Her ultimate successes were largely due to the staying powers derived from the economic strength of the English East India Company. Complexities of European politics did in a measure protect the English interests in the Spice Islands. Holland was sufficiently dependent upon English good will in Europe to make it impossible for the Dutch East India Company to destroy the English factories in the Spice Islands, though they had by far the stronger armament.

German colonial policy has been different in principle. The acquisition of dominion, or of political privileges just short of actual dominion, has preceded economic development. German imperialism is thus attempting to create an imperial domain by means which have never as yet been successfully employed. In Northern Africa, in Turkey, and on the Persian Gulf, Germany is seeking to secure a "place in the sun," not because her trade naturally carries her to such markets, but because dominion over tropical lands is presumed to be valuable in and of itself, — a means to commercial expansion and a present evidence of power. In each region, Germany is discovered to have "economic interests," actual or contingent. These ambitions are thus assimilated to the form of development that has been characteristic of most European colonization.

In Morocco, German interests were most substantial, and the entire situation is undoubtedly complex. In Turkey, German commerce could hardly have created any necessity for the thorough penetration of German influence in the government that was revealed by the present war. The Bagdad Railway was, of course, in form an economic enterprise, but the details of the scheme

suggest that the most immediate purposes in view were military. The great wheat fields of the foothills north of the Syrian desert were not touched by the railway, because it was cheaper to build the line across the desert, and the Turkish government had guaranteed interest payments on the investment. Similarly in Mesopotamia, the line is located where it will be of least immediate economic advantage. The military value of the main line is of course unimpaired by these details of location. One might argue, too, that the great energy displayed in building the line towards the Egyptian border by way of Jerusalem was indicative of military rather than economic aims.

On the Persian Gulf, German "economic" interests were similarly used as a pretext for the attainment of political and military ends. In 1896 Wonckhaus and Company of Hamburg established an agency at Lingah, an obscure town on the Persian coast. They bought pearls and mother of pearl for export to Europe. The following year a Vice Consulate was established at Bushire, to care for the interests of six German subjects and an amount of trade that constituted less than one per cent of the total traffic in the Gulf. The prosperity of Wonckhaus and Company increased with remarkable rapidity. They acquired new offices in a more important town, and became known throughout the Gulf. German officials visited the Gulf in search of a terminal port for an extension of the Bagdad Railway. In 1905 and 1906 projects were brought forward for a "scientific development" of pearl fishing. The Wonckhaus Company appealed to the Sultan of Turkey for leases of islands on the pearl banks, and, though the Sultan had no clearly established rights over any portion of the coast or adjacent islands, leases were granted. The Company received from Turkey exclusive jurisdiction over the most important islands on the bank, so that the entire pearl fishery would have been under their control. The English

resident prevented the fulfilment of these schemes, bu despite this interference with the full development o scientific pearl fishing, the Hamburg-American Lin established a monthly service to the Gulf, presumably with the assistance of a heavy government subsidy.

The rapid unfolding of these schemes inevitably create suspicions. It seemed impossible that this should be a spontaneous growth of trade. Coupled with an eviden disposition to revive the vague claims of Turkey to th sovereignty of Arabia, these projects were inevitably interpreted as attempts to secure control of these coun tries, with only incidental regard to economic develop ment. These enterprises are to be judged primarily as a part of the Germans' attempt to secure a settlement of th Eastern question in accordance with their own interests The justification of this type of interference in the do mestic affairs of oriental countries is a problem in th ethics of diplomacy. No one can object on principle to a Germanic alliance with Turkey, but it is difficult to give the affair the aspect of a defense of German commerce. The economic interests of Germany in the near East are so largely prospective that it requires much imagination to appreciate the iniquity of England's alleged conspiracy to "throttle German commerce." One is reminded of the famous occasion in the Irish Parliament before the Union, when an enthusiastic orator charged Great Britain with the "murder of ten thousand children that have never been born."

To German statesmen, however, these ulterior eco nomic purposes are definite enough, and those statesmen's conceptions of the economic significance of the near East are comprehensible enough in the light of current events. Once connection with Turkey is assured through Balkan alliances, the great league of Central Empires would have at their command such varied resources that there could be little possibility of injuring them by maritime blockade. They would not only separate Russia from her European

allies, but would have at their command the products of every climate in substantial abundance. The general character of the entire plan is now evident, but it is also clear that the development of Turkey's economic resources is still a project to be realized only in a distant future.

This strange blending of political and commercial motives in German policies finds no real parallel in French or English history, and it cannot be ascribed to the general change in the rate of progress towards actual dominion, for German political domination precedes economic development. The political purposes and ideals of England are inevitably misunderstood in Germany. Her statesmen cannot believe that the English empire has developed spontaneously. German policies are as difficult of appraisal by English thinking peoples. They are so unique in all respects that it is idle to endeavor to judge them in the light of the history of English colonial enterprise, or even in terms of what we may call the theory of maritime colonization. Time alone can decide. It may be that Germany's great experiment in deliberate calculated imperialism will be a triumph of constructive statesmanship. It may prove to be a colossal piece of folly based upon a philosophy of force. At present, the significant fact is the absolute difference in the fundamental ideals of German and English statesmen. Under the spell of cosmopolitanism we had begun to feel that the barriers of nationality were slight. We presumed that languages differ merely as external symbols of thought. More and more clearly is being borne in upon us the truth of Schopenhauer's saying that a foreign language is in fact a foreign world, in both life and thought.

TANGO–TIME

THE history of the world slips, at a distance, into great wide epochs. In such and such a period men felt and thought broadly thus and so. The Eighteenth Century, for example — not to look too far away — was different from the Victorian period. Looked back at, these epochs appear sharply defined; but in reality they of course were not. They began slowly and died gradually. In literature — to say nothing of the other arts — you see each foreshadowed before its birth, and echoed after its disappearance. The form of Gray's poetry is of the Eighteenth Century; its spirit approaches that of the Romantic Revival. Landor's form is romantic; his spirit is often that of the vanished classicism. The periods were all wide and distinct; but their edges were blurred.

History is but a succession of such epochs; and nearly always each lasted a long while, fading gradually, gradually, and all but imperceptibly at the time, into the next. So that one was, no doubt, many years on into the new period before he became aware of the great and ever growing change. And when the new period was at its height, when average mortals could begin to understand it, even the fringe of the last was already far away, three or four decades off, so that the old era appeared legendary, unreal, something to be laughed at, or admired, or both, but not possibly to be felt. In 1910 we were already hopelessly out of touch with what we called Mid-Victorianism. ("'*Mid*-Victorianism' just to show that we felt how tattered were the skirts of the period.")

And so it is that people living consciously in one epoch cannot *feel* the epoch just past.

But sometimes there are great men who have lived to be so old that at the apex of one period they remember the apex of another. Titian and Voltaire were such.

And then, I am sure, people gather quietly about them, and sit at their feet, and listen to personal stories out of that different departed time. But such men are rare. For they must be great men. The reminiscences of the average octogenarian or centenarian consist chiefly of assertions that he has lived to be so old because he has never smoked tobacco or drunk wine, or because he has always done both. At best, you hear that he remembers seeing soldiers march off to the Mexican war.

Nearly always, I repeat, two successive periods are far, far apart, the boundary between them vague; and always they are very different one from the other. It was as hard for us in 1910 to project ourselves in feeling into Mid-Victorian England, France, or America, as into Greece of the Fifth Century before Christ, — harder, perhaps. The drollest thing I have ever seen anywhere was a brilliant *revue* at a small fashionable theatre in Paris, in which spectacle the action — such as it was — was supposed to take place in a French salon during the Second Empire. At one point the house rocked with laughter. I have never before or since heard such laughter; I have never laughed so hysterically myself. And the cause of it all was neither an ingeniously ridiculous situation, nor any absurdity of dialogue, but the solemn singing, to a guitar accompaniment, of an interminable song — about a flower and a little bird — that the grandmothers of those present in the audience used to sing in all honesty.

But to us of today a terrible miracle has happened. We were living in one period that was only a little past its apex, when in one blinding moment we were hurled into another, the next, totally different. The transition was sharp, bitter, immeasurably painful, like the change from life to death, or from death to life. It had an exact date that we can name: — August, 1914.

What the full emotional meaning of the new period is to be we shall not know for ten or twenty years — or more. I am no prophet, and I have not set out here to

prophesy, nor shall, except to say, as so many hundred others are saying, and as so many thousand others are thinking, that with all my heart I believe the fresh epoch is going to be fine, deep, noble, and sincere, with less of laughter — somewhat too little of laughter, perhaps — but more of heart. At any rate, here we are in it for good and all.

The change came like a stroke of white lightning. Consider its effect on literature alone. The great who were already old, like Monsieur Anatole France, for example, ceased writing at once, feeling, as he felt and practically said, that what they had written before was quite wrong. So it was, to express the new period into which they had been projected. Not — all honor to them! — as an expression of the past epoch. Or, rather, — no! The best of what men like Monsieur Anatole France have said is not wrong from any point of view. It is only that the angle of vision is different in different periods. It can never be the same henceforth as it was three years ago. Adieu to the little men; but the great may look back serenely upon their words.

Perhaps in the literary world — since I happened on that as an example, though any other world of endeavor would do as well — the change fell most brutally on young men just entering the age of achievement. Boys of twenty were yet mentally unformed, old men had said their say; but these others in the thirties or the early forties were stunned. For, consider! All their training, all their experience, all their manner of thought were of an age that had disappeared. Some of them were suddenly mute; others — they were mostly the novelists — went on with their delicate lengthy psychological studies, and the resulting novels appear as faded and old-fashioned as stories by Maria Edgeworth. Alike to their readers and their writers all the heart has gone out of them. For when one period of history is quite definitely finished, and another quite definitely begun, whether, as nearly

always, the change has come gradually, or, as in our case, with a brutal swiftness, a veil is dropped between the two; we can discern the past epoch only mistily, as from an immense distance. The world before August, 1914, seems now a world that existed ages and ages ago.

It is wonderful to have lived in two epochs and to be still young. Doubtless we shall appreciate the miracle increasingly as time goes on. For the present the effect is a groping confusion. We cannot see ahead at all; we can see back only dimly. The world before the war is like a dream to us. But, at any rate, it is our dream. And, just because it has fled so far away, we can, straining our eyes, look back to it, and appraise it, as we never could when it was not a dream but a reality, and we were of it.

Tango-Time, by your leave, I call it, — the last years of this dead epoch. The name is felt, not thought; but it seems to fit.

"The last years," I have said. For while each period is, looked back at, one, with its special tendencies, special point of view, special achievements and failures, it appears, when scrutinized sharply, to have various facets, various phases. What I mean by Tango-Time, I suppose, is the last phase, the last ten or fifteen years, of the period that ended so abruptly in August, 1914.

Nothing, perhaps, is clearer to us now than the decadence of that vanished time. Decay was eating toward its heart. The best of it was past. And so it was, for all its glittering gaiety, very tired. Strong stimulants were necessary to stir its jaded sensibilities. And, as it was an opulent age, indolently ready to pay for what pleased it, and as sensations did please it supremely, the stimulants were lavished upon it. Jarring "Bulgarian" colors in dress; cubism in painting; harsh startling cacophonies in music; crime, disease, strange passions in the drama; — blandly they were spread out before us; blandly we accepted them, rejoicing politely if now and then they fur-

nished us with a small thrill. On the programs of the Grand Guignol at Paris you read that doctors were present to attend on any spectators who happened to faint; and ladies were always hoping they would faint. At least, I suppose they were. A most charming one of my acquaintance did faint at the diabolically skillful horror of *Les Trois Messieurs du Havre*, and was, I think, secretly proud of it. Sensation for sensation's sake,— the age cried out for it! For individualism had become hedonistic, perverted, existing for itself alone.

Individualism is a high and noble thing. No faith is possible in any system that is not founded upon it. To France and England, with all their faults, our hopes turn, — not to Germany. The individual *is* the unit, and a unit with a soul. You cannot make the state the unit; and the attempt is dangerous, for the artificial creation is soulless. The ruler of Erewhon issued an edict abolishing all machines in his extraordinary country, because, he said, they were getting so great and complex that some day they would develop souls; which would be horrible. He was wrong. The ghastly thing about machines is that they can never have souls. It is impossible to believe that any enormous number of individual Germans would commit the despicable crimes they have individually committed, were they not under the sway of a false artificial conception, — the conception of the state as a unit, outside of individual morality.

But individualism is not valuable *per se;* it is valuable only as a basis on which to work, the sole basis on which the world can work. One of the greatest achievements of these two tragic years has been the bringing back, with courage and ideals, of a true, sane and ardent individualism that works for things outside itself.

In Tango-Time individualism had grown corrupt and futile indeed. Not the development of self so as to aid other selves, but the development of self at the cost of no matter how many other selves, was its doctrine. (As if

self could ever really develop in that manner!) Nietzsche and Nietzscheanism! The super-man! Faugh! Scores of novels had heroes, hundreds of novels had heroines, who insisted blatantly — and meaninglessly — on the "right to express themselves," — naturally at the expense of other individuals. The result, of course, was not only anarchy, a lack of all harmony, but also sterility. For what had all these Ann Veronicas, with their cult of reckless self-expression, to express? Nothing at all! This was not individualism, but sheer riotous egotism. Tango-Time itself saw through the absurdity after a while and raised its eye-brows languidly. Thereupon the novels subsided somewhat, since Tango-Timers would not read them; and the passion which, like most others of the period, had never been much more than a literary passion, died down. The sterility remained. Selfishness and heartlessness, what except decay do they ever spell?

The period was beginning to rot away. Confused rumblings presaging a different epoch were audible. What else were the spread of socialism, and the fierce clashes between labor and capital? "Social unrest," people called it — carelessly, or admiringly, or with a little vague fear. Seldom in history had the finger pointed so steadily to a change, hardly even in the last years before the French Revolution. For in those days the aristocracy were playing charmingly — among themselves — with the delightful literary ideals expounded by Monsieur Rousseau and others, — pretty notions about the goodness of man in a state of nature, etc.; and these sparks dropped down upon the great oppressed common-people beneath, and roared up into flame. The French Revolution had a noble ideal behind it, — no less noble for being false.

But in Tango-Time the disintegrating force was less of the heart, more of the mind. Both at the top and among the people there was a great deal of very deliberate thinking. "Why," demanded the workingmen, "should not we be able to disport ourselves at cabarets, and drink

champagne, and have automobiles?" The economists labored to show them that most of the wealth which paid for these things was made not by the men who did the physical work, but by those who with their brains taught them how and directed them; but the economists were not listened to. With an increasing volume of sound, the workingmen repeated their question. For — though in schools and settlements and people's lyceums grave voices, uncharacteristic of Tango-Time, could be heard urging other ideals — champagne and motor-cars and cabarets were the age's conception of happiness.

No, the threatening unrest in the period was not like that in the France of a century earlier, where a submerged people paid all the taxes, and those at the top none. For the most part, it was the rich now who paid the taxes, — paid them often twice over. Vastly more people had good things than ever before. Not suffering, but a universal growing appetite was at the bottom of the disturbance.

Sooner or later something would have come of it; the age would have crumbled away beneath the pressure. But not yet. Tango-Time seemed to have many years of waning life ahead, — when it was suddenly strangled.

I have said the worst of Tango-Time at once. If this were all, who could regret it? But hand in hand with the decadence — as they always do — danced elegance and grace. And these, weakly, one misses today. Whoever has witnessed the first night of a Parisian comedy in the old days, or any night of the Ballet Russe at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, when Nijinsky's grace was set off by the grace of the audience; whoever has been in London on New Year's Eve, or during the summer season, when radiant dresses worn consummately by tall lithe women softened the city's grayness; whoever has driven in the Pincio or sat in the *pesage* at the horse races in Rome at Easter; whoever, even, has dropped into Doney's in Florence on any spring afternoon and heard the easy chatter, — cannot but feel a little foolish regret.

How petty it all sounds! And I have chosen my examples from so unimportant, irresponsible a class!

Well, so it was; so I have. But the truth is hidden just in that.

This class was not a really aloof aristocracy, immeasurably distinct, as in the Eighteenth Century, from all other classes. Any one with manner and money could achieve it, — and no questions asked. It was the crown and apex of Tango-Time, for and toward which all things worked. It *was* Tango-Time. Why, even in the littlest room at Doney's, which is so very little that it will hold but ten or twelve people — empty enough it is now, — there would invariably be found an American or a Brazilian of quite unknown birth, together with Italians whose family was of yesterday, or, at furthest, of the day before yesterday, mixed indistinguishably among Florentines of hoary nobility. And do you imagine that the elegant audience at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, whose glamour was hardly surpassed by the Bakst *dĕcors*, was pure Parisian? Heavens, no! Every race on earth was represented — but with an air! Money and manner! As for the London season, it has been said a hundred times that any one with evening dress could go pretty much everywhere if he proved himself amusing.

Exoticism — cosmopolitanism — was the key-note of the time. That is why I have called it Tango-Time. The tango itself, that swept over Europe like flame or laughter or a pleasant passion, and stirred even the kindly aged Pope's curiosity, came from the Argentine.

All nations were at home everywhere. I have been in Italian drawing-rooms when conversations were going on indiscriminately in three, sometimes in four, languages, with the hostess and guests shifting swiftly from one to another, so that, but for the fact that nothing of much importance is ever said in a drawing-room and that the hodge-podge was so charming, one would have wondered why they did not deliberately settle on one language and

stick to it. Rome, Vienna, London, Paris, — they all seemed equally home to thousands, home with an added tang of romance. Alas! it was not internationalism, for it was not founded on a common humanity, only on a common pleasure; but it was very delightful while it lasted. Today it has all gone out like the flame of a tiny candle in a great wind. Not even a little smoke rises from the singed wick. Nothing is left of Tango-Time.

The materialism of the age was depressing. The only faith left was the faith in machines. Really the ruler of Erewhon was not so far wrong; for, though machines cannot have souls, they can make the souls of their masters dwindle and grow hard. The souls of their masters had grown very small and very hard. System and Efficiency, machine attributes, were about all that men any longer believed in. The faith that can create mighty cathedrals and noble works of art was absent. The world was petty and materialistic.

This — for I have been looking back somewhat more deeply into the period — was what Tango-Time, the last phase, had to build upon. Little enough, heaven knows! It is wonderful that so much was done with it.

One outcome, given this basis, might easily have been predicted long before it arrived, it was so sure and logical, — the cult of the body. And the cult of the body, indeed, we had with a vengeance. Not sanely and reasonably, as in ancient Greece, but wildly, savagely almost. For, since the body was all there was, the cult was the cult of the body without a soul. And "that way madness lies." The complicated care of the body was a passion — the only passion. Nothing mattered but youth, and, next to that, the appearance of youth. Middle-age was a tragedy, old age a curse.

Yet the result was strangely beautiful, — with the beauty, however, of something at its height, without a promise for the future, save of decay. It achieved almost a delirium, — so that when the Russian Ballet (whose

faded, but still lovely, re-embodiment we have lately seen in America, like the shadow of something from another century) burst upon the western world, it was as an exalted symbol of the time. Unconsciously all felt it so, and worshipped, spell-bound. For there, in truth, one had the whole period, — its cult of the body, its licentiousness, its color, its conscious perfection, its elaborate loveliness, its *finished* quality, its beautiful spirit of rhythm, its deliberate abandon. It is far from my purpose even to appear to sound a note of censure of the Russian Ballet; for I am yet enough of Tango-Time myself to feel that beauty is always and anywhere a welcome ecstasy; and surely no one can deny that, whether in the virginal archaic love of "Daphnis and Chloe" or in the almost insane physical passion of "Scheherezade," it was ever beauty that the Ballet sought — and often found.

That was the virtue of Tango-Time too, — that it did seek and find beauty. But, alas, ephemeral surface beauty, soulless, without hope or future,—

> . . . Beauty that must die,
> And Joy whose hand is ever at his lips
> Bidding adieu. . . .

Ideals, faith in any force making for continuity, belief in spiritual beauty, — these things were not. It is fruitless to search for them in the self-expression of the period. Literature was deeply, ironically skeptical, too skeptical even to be bitter; painting, amazingly skillful, sensitive to every nuance of color, tended ever more steadily to become delicate decoration; sculpture, except for the creations of one great anomalous genius, was soft and languid; music — I am thinking of French music, which at this time was the best, and perhaps the only music not emptily echoing the past — was subtle, wistfully exquisite, intellectually emotional, perfect; but no great wind blew through it, to sweep away the clouds and leave

the souls of men bare. It was an embroidered fabric of strange beauty; with the vast underlying passions and aspirations of human life it had no concern. Romain Rolland in his fine novel estimates this music well and artfully by depicting the annoyed, admiring attitude toward it of his hero, whom Monsieur Rolland makes — and makes convincingly — a great creative composer, burly, elemental, magnificent, like Beethoven. But Jean-Christophe is a character of fiction. In Tango-Time there was no mighty creator. Yet, though it wandered fragilely through shadowy feelings, grew, as it were, on the surface, and cast no roots down painfully into men's hearts, this music was very lovely. Debussy, Dukas, Ravel, and the others, have left us pages of dreamy, shifting enchantment that act upon the mind like some old sorcerer's spell, evoking, in place of phantoms, moods. Indeed, in its music Tango-Time was at its finest, its loveliest, its most perfect.

Fineness, loveliness, — in short, approximation to perfection, — this is the best of Tango-Time.

Toward perfection it was already far nearer than that earlier phase of the same period, the Eighteen-Nineties. Who in Tango-Time wished for anything so crude as to *épater le bourgeois?* Who delighted, with the breathless elation of being bad, in Catulle Mendès' deliberate pornography? Who found Oscar Wilde's brilliant epigrams audacious, or his enumeration of strange vices and exotic jewels anything but childish? Crude, my masters, juvenile! You heard the machinery grind' Too obviously conscious!

Tango-Time, more nearly perfect, was far more conscious, — so conscious that it concealed its consciousness. It is hard to demonstrate that the smooth simplicity which became the ideal in all the arts, save possibly music, was anything other than the true simplicity for which great creators strive in all ages. Yet it was, and you may see that it was by considering the minor artists.

At all epochs the great men, the giants, have achieved a mighty simplicity; for they expressed universal undying things. From them one learns of life, but relatively little of the special life of their period, — something, of course, of its point of view, but not essentially its foibles, tricks and fads. Shakespeare, Milton, and Shelley, for example, are all very different one from another; in a broad sense each is of his period; but they are more truly for eternity; none of them ever feels old-fashioned to us. To get at the distinctive, ephemeral point of view of any period you must go to its little men, famous once, all but unknown today, whose music is never played now — it would make us yawn if it were, — whose paintings are stored in attics, whose volumes of verse and prose remain, faded, dusty, unread, on the shelves of old libraries. Ah, from these one can learn of a period! — its fashions of thought, its affectations, its intellectual and emotional finery. They are invaluable to the curious student. For instance — to return once more to Victorian days — in Thackeray, especially in his weaknesses, you will discover some of the characteristics of his epoch; and always, of course, he sees things from the angle of his epoch; but, since Thackeray is very great, what he sees is underlying truths, and what one mainly ponders in his pages is life, as it was, is, and shall be. To have Victorianism spread out before you like a map, read the Reverend E. P. Roe. (I am perfectly aware that the Reverend E. P. Roe was an American, and that, to make the point, I ought to select an English writer — heaven knows there were plenty! — but Victorianism was the same in England and America, and the Reverend E. P. Roe is such a beautiful example!) In his day his novels — *Miss Lou*, *The Opening of a Chestnut Burr*, etc., — were "best sellers." One reads them now with a wicked delight. There is no fault of Victorianism that they do not, all unconsciously, lay bare. Its sentimentality, its horrid prudishness, its complacency, its blind smug faith in the goodness of man

and in the general perfection of the whole scheme of existence, — I could fill the rest of this essay with a mere chronicle of the things one may learn from the works of the Reverend E. P. Roe. Let this be a lesson to us to treasure our "best sellers." Some day they will be very precious. For they are not simple. They are decked with the intellectual furbelows of the time.

True simplicity in art is a noble thing. It comes when the artist has something great to say and says it in the best possible manner. He is concerned, of course — if, for example, the art is literature — with the high beauty of his words; but words and theme are inextricably bound together; he is never guilty of fastening upon words for their own separate sakes. (I must really ask pardon for re-stating so trite a truth.) But every period, every phase in a period, has its popular words and phrases, household word-pets. (At present we are just getting rid of "uplift;" "system" and "efficiency" are still with us; "engaging" is hardly yet out of date; "synthetic" is waxing strong; "view-point" is an abominable incubus; "cultural" is — is — I cannot think of anything insulting enough to say of "cultural!") Such all the minor half-artists seize upon happily and wear, as women wear the latest style in hats. They love these words for themselves; they feel a fashionable glow in employing them. But words are not all. They are at the very bottom of the scale. There are fashions of thought, fashions of feeling, too. These also the minor half-artists express. They could not do otherwise, for they do not see beneath them; they would not do otherwise, for they love them. The little men invariably display the trappings of their age. They are incapable of real simplicity.

Now in Tango-Time, finished, self-conscious Tango-Time, the fad was — simplicity. The Maeterlinckian school with its innocent childlike kitchen-French, and its symbolism — very tell-tale the symbolism; Paul Fort's verse pretending to be prose; the carefully brutal accents

of a group of English poets; and the familiar echoes of these things in America: — reveal at once the simplicity and the fact that it was a sham, a fad, — not a true simplicity, which is the result of deep feeling. Nothing that is a fad can be real. But to be perfectly sure that it was a trick, a fashion, a mannerism, one has only to consider the lengths to which it eventually went. Lisping one-and-two-syllable words in verse were not simple enough. A school sprang up which taught that all the complex, slowly accumulated, artistic knowledge of centuries was wrong, should be discarded; the fresh, untrained, uncorrupted mind of a child should be the criterion. And so we had futurism. (I say nothing of futurism in painting; its tenets were the same.) This was going pretty far, even for Tango-Time, and people laughed. The Italian populace, which no more than any other knows anything about the arts, but which possesses a strong innate common-sense, threw turnips and eggs at the futurists when the latter lectured. But the real objection of Tango-Time to futurism should have been — perhaps it was secretly — that by its perfectly logical exaggeration it revealed the falseness of the popular artistic simplicity of the period.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that when it was not carried to futuristic excess the knowing simplicity of Tango-Time was a very pretty pose; it was an attractive style. In the years to come we shall smile at its absurdity, unconscious of the absurdity of our own style; we shall never shudder at it. Hung up in the closet this dress of Tango-Time will not offend us, as does the faded finery of Victorianism. We shall give it a smile, but not a grimace.

Perfection, carrying with it grace and elegance, was, I have suggested, the best of Tango-Time. But it — or they — bore a flower, meaningless, and ephemeral as all flowers are, as we would have them be, but very, very lovely: — laughter. The whole world seemed to be laughing. Wit flickered in the air. Youth laughs spontaneously

just because it is Youth; but its laughter is causeless and rather stupid. Tango-Time was old, old, but it played at being young; and its laughter was delicate, discriminating, and as light-hearted — almost — as Youth's. A whole, complex, artificial system of life was essential to produce such laughter. Life was senseless, ideals were nonsense in rather bad taste, earnestness was futile, bourgeois, and uncivilised, nothing mattered enough to make one sober; but the world, if it meant nothing, was still very agreeable; and therefore one had gaiety and laughter. At least may one not regret this, only this, in Tango-Time? Today one laughs — briefly — when he reads in German bulletins that Zeppelins have bombarded centres of military importance in England, or that the "Arabic" was sunk because she attempted to ram the German submarine that halted her; but it is bitter mirthless laughter, that burns one's soul. The laughter of Tango-Time was light-hearted. In our lives we shall never know it again. I have chatted with Frenchmen and Englishmen and Italians through such pleasant night hours on the *terrasse* of many a Parisian and Roman café; and most of them were witty, and some were very witty, and none of them was serious, and we all laughed easily. When I see them again — those of them who return — I shall not be able to laugh; nor, I think, will they, — not, at any rate, in the old careless manner.

I sat one May evening, but a few days before Italy's declaration of war on Austria, in a little Florentine café, in company with an acquaintance. He was a painter, — not a great artist by any means, but infinitely clever, with a delicate sense of color, a painter of decorative *fêtes galantes* in formal gardens, — not so famous an artist as Edmond Dulac, but somewhat like him, — a man to whom Watteau might have vouchsafed an appreciative nod. He was drinking some weird beverage of that strange orange-red hue known as Tango.

"But, my dear friend," I said lightly, "you truly should

not drink anything of that color! Don't you know that Tango-Time is dead?"

He gazed at me pathetically.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, as though hurt. "Don't say that! I hope not. It was so pleasant a time!" ("*Era un tempo così simpatico!*")

I had not the heart to insist; and where would have been the good? I really think he looks for Tango-Time to return — when the war is over. But it never will.

Nor, I am sure, would we have it return. We would not even exchange for it this phase of pain and horror through which we are passing: for now courage, faith, self-sacrifice, and a great purpose are abroad in the world. Still less shall we dream of going back to Tango-Time when the new period has reached its height. But I fancy that ten or fifteen years hence, when, for instance, we wander through the Luxembourg Museum and stare — from such a distance! — at the paintings by Aman-Jean and Gaston La Touche, and at the Boucher statues with their fragile grace, we shall say to ourselves: "Meretricious stuff, false to the core, and debilitated, but we could not do it today," — and then sigh, ever so lightly.

"*Era un tempo così simpatico!*"

IN PRAISE OF NURSERY LORE

NOT long ago I had the pleasure of dining with a college-mate who is the father of two as beautiful children as I ever saw, Harold, aged three years, and Henry, aged, I believe, eighteen months. When I entered the house on the evening of the dinner, my ears were immediately saluted by the loud, though distant wails of Henry — wails which, to my untrained bachelor ear, seemed to be cries of genuine anguish; so that, being naturally well-disposed to the youngster, I inquired of my hostess whether there was anything the matter with him. "Oh dear, no!" was her reply, "I hope he does not disturb you. Henry is learning to go to sleep." One lives and learns. I had heard before of the new method of letting children shriek themselves to sleep without any adventitious aid from crooning nurse or story-telling grandam. I am told that the method strengthens the child's lungs and teaches him independence of character. No doubt. But what, oh what in the name of childhood, becomes of the romance of sleep? What will little Henry ever know of the land of Nod, and of the fairies and giants that people it, what of the gracious land of wonder-wander, which is as measureless as his own imagination and whose only boundaries are a mother's arms? Poor little Henry, yelling his strong young lungs out, recalled to my memory an early scene in which a boy used to be sung to sleep with "Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye." Somehow I felt that I would not change with Henry and his modern rearing by the book, for all his strong lungs and independence of character. There are compensations in having been born before the era of scientific "child-building": one acquired at least a healthy fear of the dark, and learned to love that fairy-lore which was once the inheritance of every peasant's child.

Suddenly I woke from my reverie and managed to ask about Harold. "Harold? oh, Harold is doing finely; he is learning to read." "And what," I inquired, "does he read? Mother Goose?" "Mercy, no! Mother Goose is quite out of date. What an old bachelor you are! He has nice modern books — useful books about animals and birds. He can tell a red-breasted gross-beak." Then and there I determined to found the Society for the Extinction of Birds. Poor little Harold! He is growing up in ignorance of the three wise men of Gotham (those earlier Quixotes), who put to sea in a bowl; but he has a priceless substitute in his bowing acquaintance with gross-beaks. Personally I contrived to rub through childhood without ever seeing a gross-beak. I do not think I should have cared for that bird. I should much rather have seen a Dodo, or the great roc that carried Sindbad on his back. He would have been a bird worth seeing, a thing, even in a picture, to make one tremble and believe. And again I lost myself in a reverie of gratitude that I was born in the former age when children knew Mother Goose and Grimm and the *Arabain Nights*, an age in which the great imaginings of the old world could still triumph over the "usefulness" of the modern age and the psychological *parvenu*. At last I found myself querying whether those who in childhood do nothing but "useful reading" can hope ever to attain to anything like literary judgment, or even to an honest love of poetry. If we have no love of poetry to-day, it may not impossibly be due to the fact that we have ceased to prize the old old tales which have been the delight of the child and the child-man since the foundations of the world. If you want your child to love Homer, do not withhold Mother Goose.

Even a modern psychologist ought to be able to detect the intimate relationships which subsist between the literature of the nursery and the glory that was Greece; he of all people ought to know that the imagination must

be given opportunity for healthy growth. Children, beyond all other classes, need the recreative influence of the imagination; for they have a task more difficult than that imposed upon any grown-up on this planet, the task of getting acquainted with a world. It is a ridiculous place enough, a world in which people communicate with one another by the delightful incongruity of speech, a world where one must be swathed in preposterous integuments called clothes, and be fed at oddly regulated times (instead of following the pleasant dictates of nature and eating when one is hungry) — a world of beds and baths and multiplication-tables. Must our very hours of recreation in this topsy-turvy place be crammed with instruction respecting the red-breasted gross-beak?

But as I am not a psychologist, I must, for sheer reasons of safety, get back to the literary aspect of my subject. Poetry, we are fond of telling ourselves nowadays, is a thing which is not read, but only taught in schools and colleges and talked about in ladies' clubs. Lectures are given on Shelley; themes are written on Keats. With antique authors the case is even worse. Homer and Sophocles are known to fewer college graduates year by year. We no longer ask: "Who now reads Pindar?" but, "Who could read Pindar, even if he would?" Now no mean cause of this deplorable state of affairs is the fact that Pindar was never intended for people with a passion for "useful reading." Why should poetry, that "expression of the imagination," be given to an age that repudiates the whole realm of the supernatural, and even fears to let its children feast on fairy-tales? There has never been an age in the history of the world, unless it be the mid-eighteenth century, when men were less concerned with the proper and normal development of the imaginative faculty. There was a similar dread of "overheated fancy" in the Age of Johnson, and poetry was taken from it. Men had to learn the whole art again, not only the art of writing poetry, but the art of reading it. They had to

rediscover the world of the imagination. They and their children had to outgrow their blighting indifference to fairy-tales; they had, rather painfully, to win their way back to a faith in ghosts and goblins and fay-ladies. If a child — or a man — has been convinced that a ghost is only a silly delusion, is it not inevitable that he should find the third act of *Macbeth* and the first act of *Hamlet* silly too? If Shakespeare loved fairy-tales, might it not be well for his readers to cultivate a similar love? I have met college-students who were trying to like *Cymbeline*, without having first loved *Snow-White*, from which it is in part derived. The author of *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest* and of Mercutio's speech on Queen Mab (which is applauded even to-day) believed in fairies — in more senses than one. As a boy he had loved the folk-lore of Warwickshire, and as a man, he could still shiver at the thought of a witch. Those who will not shiver with him may well leave at least one of his tragedies alone.

What is true of Shakespeare is full as true of the classic poetry of Greece. How is anybody to read the *Iliad* with joy if he has no love of the supernatural? The tale of Troy divine is a fairy-tale, as wild as any in Grimm, which, like the history of the world, begins with an apple — an apple cast by a goddess who is quite as malignant and incredible as any witch in folk-lore. Upon this tale are based scores of the dramas and lyrics of Greece. To scorn the fairy-tale is to scorn the very source from which they all are taken. It is to despise the very atmosphere of Parnassus.

The value of fairy-tales as an introduction to the world's great literature I may perhaps be excused for illustrating by a personal anecdote. I well remember the Saturday afternoon, many years ago, when I finished my book of fairy-stories, and wept because there were no more fairy worlds to conquer. By way of comforting me, some thoughtful elder handed me a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*.

I fastened eagerly upon it. Here was a wondrous new story of a man who lived in a very dangerous city upon which some terrible doom was presently to fall; I could not well understand what the nature of that catastrophe might be, or indeed why it was to occur at all. But it was all at least as reasonable as the enchanted woods and wells with which I had become thoroughly acquainted. The hero, who was cursed with a terrible burden on his back that was not to be shaken off till he had undergone strange journeyings, was in normal accord with the best traditions of the supernatural world. He reminded me dimly of the prince who had one swan wing of which he could not get rid. This hero, with the unusual name of Christian, was presently engaged in a most fascinating fight with a goblin, who straddled quite across his way, and threatened there to spill his life. A very Jack in the Beanstalk, this Christian! I had reached this point in my tale when a grown-up descended upon me and took the book away because twilight was falling, and I must go to supper and to bed. My howls of remonstrance presently extracted the promise that I should have the book again ere long, — indeed, on the morrow. A book of fairy-tales on Sunday! Here was a new revelation of the inconsistency of grown-ups. One must not read Grimm on Sundays, but *Pilgrim's Progress* was apparently made for the Sabbath. My sister and I debated the matter long, but could make nothing of it. The next day it was explained to us that the book was a treatise on the Christian life, and the passages of edifying doctrine which it contained, and which we had already learned to skip, were the really important thing in it. But it was too late to kill the merely narrative interest which the work had already elicited, and we followed our hero through his miraculous career until he ended, quite properly, by reaching the Celestial City and living happily ever after. If to-day I possess any ability to recognize the force of English prose at its simplest it is due to an instinctive

love of straightforward narrative, *simplex munditiis*, engendered in me by that book.

It would be interesting to know how deep was Bunyan's acquaintance with the folk-lore of central England. It would be interesting to know whether, under all the layers of his Puritan dread of the merely beautiful, there lay a deep and abiding instinct for fairyland. His was that unconscious art of the peasant, which is even ignorant of the necessity of concealing art, and which tells its tale for the mere love of the telling. When all the novelists and spinners of elaborate fictions have been read and judged, we shall find that the peasant and the nurse are still unsurpassed as mere narrators. They are the guardians of that treasury of legend which comes to us from the very childhood of nations; they and their tales are the abstract and brief chronicles, not of an age merely, but of the whole race of man. It is theirs to keep alive the great art of telling stories as a thing wholly apart from and independent of the art of writing stories, and to pass on their art to children and to children's children. They abide in a realm of their own, in blessed isolation from that world of professional authors and their milk-and-water books "for children." Their patron is and ever will be Mother Goose in spectacles and cap.

Once upon a time, scholars in their madness undertook to explain the eternal mystery of Mother Goose. They proclaimed that she was an old lady who lived in Boston in the early eighteenth century, and that her rhymes were first given to the world by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet, a publisher. Such a view is almost blasphemous. She is a more shadowy personality than Homer. She is more than woman. She is the grandmother of the race, now become a name, that

> aged crone,
> Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
> As spectacled she sits in chimney-nook.

Every lover of fairy-tales will recall the shock of sur-

prise with which he learned that Grimm's *Märchen* were merely the production of a German philologian; for worse than giving Mother Goose a local habitation and a name, is the realization that the great story-teller, with the hideously suggestive name of Grimm, was a dusty lexicographer and writer of grammars. The spirit of childhood rises in protest, and the protest is justified by the discovery that the Brothers Grimm were merely the medium through which the peasants of Hesse and Hanau were able to become story-tellers to the world at large. The great scholars had the sense to record what they were told and nothing else, "altering nothing, omitting nothing," and the happy result is that in their book we are in touch with the very ideals of primitive folk, with stories which are the creation of the human race, and which have survived the drums and tramplings of many conquests. Can you wonder that the story of Cinderella, which runs through half the literature of Europe, and has delighted whole continents, should fascinate your child?

Are there, I wonder, still parents who fear that these stories will give children a false conception of life? Do they apprehend that their offspring will wish to don glass slippers or end by marrying a frog? To many a prosaic parent who will not put his fears into such concrete form as this, it must seem far safer to put into the hands of children books which set forth useful facts about the five continents, and narrate the habits of poor boys who became famous. Life, unlike literature, is made up of learning such facts. The books which exist to glorify them can but take their place in the dull equipment for business and the routine of life. But what will develop that instinctive love of the things of the imagination which are the very life-breath of literature? I know a man who was reared on such useful books. He is to-day a professor of some eminence, a conspicuously industrious and admirable man; but he has no *open sesame* for the great

storehouse of art, and the Nature whom he worships has closed the eyes of his soul. Great pictures and statues are, to him, anatomical studies. I was once present with him at a song recital by the greatest living mistress of the *bel canto*, and he discoursed to me, between the numbers, on the construction of the vocal organs. It was an illuminating conversation. I discovered that he had never read fairy-tales as a boy. He read books on how to make useful things. To-day he knows more about the turtle skull than any man in America.

This friend of mine is the one who gives his children useful books to read, books which teach them to be "little men" and "little women." Poor children! I have met many a boy who longed to be a man, but never one who aspired to be a "little man." Certainly the wise old nursery tales minister to no such ambition. The rôle which children play in the fairy-tale is unique; in a sense they are not children, for they have the rights and the powers of grown-ups. Fairy-tales appeal to the healthy human desire to grow up. The princess may be only a child, but she is old enough to marry a frog-prince; Jack is a boy, but he is stout enough to slay the giant. Dr. Johnson was fond of pointing out to indignant mothers that "babies do not like stories about babies." "They like," he would say, "to be told of giants and castles and of somewhat which can stretch and stimulate their little minds"; and of the useful books, the safe and admirable stories, with a purpose, "Remember always that the parents buy the books and the children never read them." Wise old Johnson. Children's games, in which boys play at being pirates and girls at being mothers, show well enough what children like.

There have been, I suppose, children who have fastened upon useful reading with the same avidity that others have shown for fairy-tales; and it is certainly true that there must come a time when a child is to discover the exciting fact that a reader may store his mind as well as

divert and expand it within the pages of books. Rollo and his blood-relation Dotty Dimple had, perhaps, their *raison d'être;* but it is significant that the child whom the world of readers received into its arms and imprisoned there was not Rollo or Dotty, but Alice, the wanderer in wonderland, the child who knows that even a pack of playing cards is a series of speaking likenesses of a reality that is just beyond our horizon, and that a looking-glass is a mystery which blasts the wisdom of this world. The utilitarian books "for the young" are, one suspects, popular chiefly among parents and nurses, and are consumed, if at all, only when the gross appetite of childhood is denied a richer fare.

When one has outgrown the taste for that pre-digested food which is served up in the name of children's reading what is to become of the reading habit? Is it likely that a child will pass from the useful to the imaginative? It is because the imaginative faculty in so many has died of inanition that what literature we have seems likely to stagnate into naturalism or sink to the level of an economic tract. In the creative realm, a ruling passion is the desire to create the world anew; and it is the desire of seeking other worlds — the golden realms of art — that I should most enjoy waking in a child.

It would be proper to end with an analysis of the immortal truths behind these immortal stories, and to cite *The Frog Prince* as revealing the sacredness of a vow, with the princess playing a rôle not unrelated to that of Jephtha's daughter; or to point out the blood-relationship of Jack of the Beanstalk and that David who slew Goliath. Much might be said of the prime importance in life of the slaying of dragons. But in fact the less that is said of the lessons of fairy-tales, the better: for though the truths are there, they exist by divine right, and not as a golden text. They must be taken in their setting, with all their wildness and all their humanity upon them —

the folly and the glory of romance. Children will prefer them to the nourishment of "useful books," as they prefer a flower to a vegetable and a sweetmeat to a pill. They will partake of that love which all the world has felt before them and will feel for ever, a love which will be extant long after the crimson-breasted gross-beak has become extinct.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

IF woman were not perennial and inexhaustible, we should have wearied of her long ago: for in spite of frequent admonitions upon classic authority as to "the proper study of mankind" we find *man* in his restricted sense generally neglected and ignored, while the wisest and wittiest, keenest and kindest tongues and pens lavish their eloquence upon the eternal woman — for exhortation or satire, eulogy or abuse. And in this unanimous appreciation of her importance, the modern woman is for once fully in accord with man.

It was indeed a fateful hour when Adam, his eyes rudely opened to a knowledge he had not sought, shut the Garden Gate behind him, and stepped forth with Eve into the pathless "Wilderness of Sin." Thenceforth this inseparable companion has been the most insoluble of all his enigmas — a mystery disconcerting, exasperating, alluring, precisely as the clue to her has been difficult to find. But no! I am wrong there, reading too much of modern sophistication into primitive minds. In those earliest times man did not *think* about woman at all, accepting her along with other natural phenomena as part of the great miracle of life — ascribing her strange alternations of mood, her apparently irreconcilable composite of simplicity and cunning, wisdom and folly, courage and cowardice, to the same occult powers that had ordained the inexplicable but stimulating succession of cold and heat, light and dark, sunshine and shower — to the gods, in a word, who in clothing her with mystery, had endued her with a final and irresistible charm.

Her own interpreter woman has never been — never at least until our own day — withheld in part by an imperfect mental equipment, in part also by a self-defensive instinct of secrecy and caution. Or, it may even be,

silenced and overborne by the generous egoism of man, who has willed so passionately, so persistently, so fatuously often, to see the woman in the light of his hopes and fears, of his preconceived ideas of what she ought to be, and therefore inevitably *was*. He has been so sure that he knew and understood — why should she deny and protest overmuch?

But if we may judge by signs and portents, woman's hour of Revelation at last has struck. As an entity distinct from man, a great collective idea, Woman has begun to come into her own. Freedom of speech and of movement is hers, and all the education she can be persuaded to take. She is armed with the new sex-consciousness, the *esprit de corps* which accepts as its axiom the fundamental antagonism between woman and man, and she enters upon her great campaign, not with the aim of civilizing the barbarian man — that she renounces as impossible even if desirable, but with the declared intention of re-organizing, readjusting (if indeed she shall not see fit to destroy it) this rusty old social mechanism, to meet her newly recognized desires, ambitions, and necessities. Such at least, so far as the lay mind can presume to interpret it, is the program of the Feminists.

The student of Feminism will be struck in the first place by the lack of anything approaching an original philosophic basis for its doctrine. It is frankly imitative in its nature, and in every country takes chameleon color with surprising facility from the national character and institutions. In America, for example, the movement has had to encounter on the part of women in general a very marked indifference to politics and to all public affairs, unless some great moral or humanitarian issue happen to be involved. Here, too, by what appears like a survival of pioneer and early settler standards which made of the few women obtainable something precious and apart, American men seem still to look upon their wives and daughters as *objets de luxe*, costly and charm-

ing but not meant to resist wear and tear. The growing cosmopolitanism of our people, however, and especially of the women, is rapidly changing all this. For some years Feminism has seemed to go forward by leaps and bounds, and as its best known representatives have often been women of distinguished gifts and the highest moral ideals, and have uniformly pursued methods of reason and moderation, their arguments have usually met with a respectful hearing, even from their opponents, while it must still be said, I think, that their influence, great and increasing as it is, leaves the vast majority of men and women quite untouched.

In England on the other hand the situation is different. England is *par excellence* the man's country. The whole of its social and domestic life has been deliberately contrived to protect (at the woman's expense) masculine rights, privileges and pleasures. And yet in England the indirect power and influence of woman are considerable and freely used by politicians and parties, with the unforeseen result that the leaders of militant Feminism, in their recent violent outbreaks, have had the advantage of a thorough acquaintance with the tricks of the trade. Their propaganda of force, their arguments, apologies and defences have in them the old familiar ring of hypocrisy, egotism and self-deception learned from the policies of men.

No doubt the stupid and mediæval injustice of some English laws is egregious indeed, and may explain, palliate perhaps, but never justify the women's defiance of law and order, their ruthless and unintelligent revolt. For these Feminists who set so high a valuation upon their services to humanity through the ages, whose claim must be always, in the last analysis, the right of weakness against strength, of meekness against pride, of gentleness against brute force — by what strange warping of reason and logic have they brought themselves to take up the weapons of anarchy and violence, seeking to demonstrate

by their fierce onslaughts on policemen and doorkeepers, by burning of ministers' houses and mutilation of works of art, that in them the forces of peace, civilization, and morals find their surest bulwark and defence? Long ago the greatest of English critics, speaking in the name of culture, pronounced the decisive word concerning those who break the law in the name of a higher right, a paramount good.

"This opinion of anarchy we can never forsake," wrote Matthew Arnold, "because in a state in which law is authoritative and sovereign a firm settled course of public order is requisite, if man is to bring to maturity anything precious or lasting now, or to found anything precious or lasting for the future. . . Thus in our eyes the very framework and exterior order of the state is sacred, and culture is the most resolute enemy of anarchy, because of the great hopes and designs for the state which culture teaches us to nourish."

France has long been the nursery of new ideas, whence they are wont to emerge purged of their absurdities, pruned of their excrescences and grotesque extremes, and ready to fall into line in the proverbial great march of human progress. No wonder we look to her with special interest, to see the form that Feminism has there assumed, and the defenders it has won. As so often happens among those happily constituted Latin races, the French of both sexes are able to be interested in the feministic idea, without losing either their heads or their tempers. It is safe to say that when a man of the eminence and dignity of M. Emile Faguet takes up his pen in defence of a movement, the lips of the mocker are unsealed at his own risk. Safe also to add that only from a Frenchman with all the prestige of profound scholarship and admirable style, could such radical doctrine as his come with real impressive force.

And yet — even M. Faguet! If I were a Feminist I should not pin my faith to him, however thorough-going

and consistent his advocacy of that cause may appear. In theory, his doctrine of the open door everywhere would carry us very far indeed; but on the other hand, we dare not lose sight of the man himself. Without questioning his good faith we must make large allowance for M. Faguet's love of irony and paradox, and there is grave doubt that the feministic sense of humor would be adequate to the interpretative process required. "O yes," he exclaims, "men and women are indeed equal (with certain reservations), not because they are equally strong, but equally weak; not that one is as intelligent as the other, but that the minds of both are equally limited; not that they are equally virtuous, but equally depraved." I do not see the Woman's Political Union affixing its signature to that article!

But, however modified by racial characteristics and personal idiosyncrasies, Feminism always shows certain cardinal defects — certain glaring inconsistencies which counteract whatever elements of strength and sanity may lie at the heart of the movement. Most obvious to my mind among its fallacies is the attitude of the new woman toward civilization — toward humanity's hard won victories over the world of matter and force without, and over the ravening wolves of brute instinct and passion within. What hope in this modern world has any doctrine which finds its inspiration and ideals in the legendary prehistoric past? With homesick longing the Feminists turn their eyes back to that golden age when the extreme simplicity of living, the besetting perils of the primitive race, obliged the man to associate his companion with all the bitter struggles and toils of his existence; when it was hers to mount guard over the camp, to sow the stony fields and reap the meagre harvest, while he went forth to pursue and slay his foes or else chase the wild beasts, which in turn came back to her hands to be converted into food for his famished appetite or into garments for his chilled and

wearied limbs. The elevation, the progressive emancipation of the man, has in the Feminist's eyes entailed the growing debasement of the woman, since his triumphs over nature have gradually removed her from a direct share in his difficulties, responsibilities, and sufferings, making her no longer his companion and helpmate, but rather the slave of his developing vices, the parasite and plaything of his growing luxury and greed.

Is this a true reading of history? I do not know. Even in fancy, I find it hard to transplant myself to that "dark backward and abysm of Time," and to share the thrills of the marvelous cave-woman, type and ideal of her sex, who, we are bidden to believe, exulted in the toils and hardships of her lot, because forsooth, in confronting them she knew herself the equal of the man. But whatever her advantage in that hypothetical state, is it not a strangely perverse and poverty-stricken imagination which would seek, in these modern times, the true basis of sex relationships in a mere community of physical toil? There is, it would seem, no lack of common ground upon which men and women can stand and labor side by side; but the Feminist will admit but one kind — they must both plow the same field, both lift an equal load, and tread with an equal stride the same stony path till the sun goes down. Were not the leaders of Feminism animated by a passion for equality that rises almost to monomania, it would seem as if they, too, must be repelled by the unrelieved dreariness of the prospect they unfold.

But one object at least has been attained by this most ungracious theory. By maintaining that the man's gain is and always has been the woman's loss, the sexes are effectually arrayed the one against the other, and the campaign of sex antagonism is begun. Woman as a class, we are told, has at last revolted against the age-long tyranny of man; and at the appeal to evolution, the deadly parallel works its will upon the unwary. But the fundamental mistake of Feminism strikes deeper than this.

Even if the internal disputes and heresies of the movement were adjusted, and its followers could present a solid front to the world, they must still leave unanswered one momentous question — the only one that reaches the root of the matter. *Has* the woman been always, ever since the race rose to self-consciousness, only "undeveloped man," slowly and unevenly evolving, unfolding and girding herself for an irrepressible conflict? Upon our judgment of this, our entire argument must rest: for if this be true, then the whole process and history of civilization is founded, as the new woman contends, upon shifting sands. All error, fallacy, injustice — the righting of which must involve the complete reorganization of society! — a wrong inflicted by one-half of the race upon the other, so deep-seated and irreparable that the only hope of redress is to throw wide open the great arena of world-conflict, and urge the woman to leap in — to stand or fall according to her strength and skill.

This summary of the Feminists' position is by no means mere hyperbole or paradox. If it be possible to attain their goal, the woman of the future will cast away the old loves and hates, the old ideals and standards, as a garment outworn, that her new career may be unhampered — her race for equality unobstructed by any landmark or tradition of that old life which she is resolved to have done with once for all.

And would it be irrelevant to wonder, in passing, how far man is sensible — he the tyrant and oppressor — of all the incense unwillingly, perhaps unconsciously, offered to his nostrils by the feminine campaign of imitation? It is, so far as appears, the woman's passionate single-minded desire and determination to undo the work of the centuries — the old slow world-processes and world-history, and to remake herself in his image. His apparent blindness to the overwhelming tribute implied accuses him, no doubt, of almost incredible obtuseness, which is

an ancient charge; but it may also be offered as evidence of his modesty and good faith — qualities even more in need of defence in these dark days than his intelligence. When he contemplates the new woman's pretensions and aspirations, any involuntary thrill of gratified vanity must be quickly suppressed by his growing sense of bewilderment and dismay. So far as he can see, she is asking not only equality, but a full *identity* of tastes, pursuits, pleasures and duties — claims which if granted would make her his competitor and rival in his own field. Nay, the extreme form of the doctrine goes farther yet. By precept and example her new guides would teach the woman to look upon her domestic interests and occupations — her home and her children, as an altogether insufficient vocation — one tending toward restricted views, diminished freedom of thought and action, and to be entered upon, if at all, temporarily, grudgingly, partially, as it were; the best of her talents and energies meanwhile to be preserved for some outside productive calling, to which, just as soon as the children shall be grown up and out of the way, she may hope to devote her full time and ability.

This is the Paradise of feministic aspiration! Perhaps it is not the fault of its creators that to the lay imagination of man or woman it should appear so arid and dreary a waste. "Give us labor and the training for labor" demands a famous Feminist, and we stand incredulous and amazed, that in a world like ours, with the "little done, the undone vast," such a petition should issue with any urgency or deep sincerity from the hearts of the heavy-laden mothers of men. "Give us a task and a duty" is the concluding prayer of a great convention of new women; and we ask ourselves aghast, if humanity has indeed come to such a pass; if beauty and love and joy have so utterly vanished from the earth, that even our desires should take no higher flight. And the reward they have to offer — these prophets of a new gospel — in exchange for

all the treasures the woman must immolate in her progress — treasures of sentiment, tradition — illusion, too, if you will — is it indeed so glorious a prize? Their rhapsodies, their prophecies, their promises, may all be reduced to the one bleak prospect — that woman shall one day be like man — shall perform in a somewhat less efficient fashion the work that men do — shall be in effect a second-rate man.

For that women shall ever do the really characteristic and distinctive work of men as well as men do it, is a pretension that needs only to be stated to prove itself absurd. The inevitable mental and physical handicap of the woman is not less effective and controlling because it is obscured by rhetorical figures. During all the golden years of youth and maturity — nay even to the confines of age, while the poet and the artist are embodying in imperishable forms the substance of their dreams; while the scholar in his library, the man of science in his laboratory, unravel little thread by thread, through nights and days of unrelenting research and application, the mysteries of life and death — during all this period the woman, whether she choose the trodden path or elect to walk alone, is paying in a hundred ways, the price of her immemorial lot as the mother of all living.

How indeed could it be otherwise? If Nature or Evolution through uncounted ages has been differentiating, adapting, refining upon its rudimentary processes, never for an instant losing sight of its great aim — the perpetuation of life, how can that half of the race, singled out and fashioned for the dangerous, difficult, supremely important function of motherhood, escape some counterbalancing limitation or deprivation, intellectual as well as physiological? Such a restriction would seem as well justified in theory as it is indisputable in experience.

And till the dawn of our restless reforming age, the woman, with rare exceptions, has made no effort to deny or evade a disability carrying with it so many immunities

and compensations. Here and there, it is true, thinly scattered across the centuries, some woman has emerged endowed for good or evil beyond her fellows — a poet like Sappho, a statesman and builder of empire like Elizabeth or Catherine, a warrior-saint like Joan of Arc, or a seer of visions like Teresa de Ahumada. For each of these her place was found, her way was opened, and her glory was won; but neither to them nor to their contemporaries did it occur to propose their special work, mission or achievements, as the rule of life, or the goal of ambition for their sisters — still less did they preach revolution in the old theories of woman's position.

We are far indeed, as yet, from any exact science of the vexed question of sex, from any infallible rule for measuring the quality or quantity of sex difference. There are many hypotheses to choose from, representing every shade of opinion — from that of the critics who see in woman a perpetual minor, to the claims of her most ardent advocates, in whose eyes it appears merely a preventable accident that Shakespeare was not a woman. But between the supreme creative genius at one extreme, and the incorrigible child-woman at the other — between Shakespeare and little Dora — there spreads a wide expanse peopled by all sorts and conditions of men and women of every mark and shade of intellectual endowment; and for these at least it should not be impossible to construct a theory of compromise. In the long process of differentiation and adaptation, the slow molding and shaping of the woman's flesh and spirit for the great function of motherhood, she appears, according to biologists and psychologists, to have lost, or rather failed to develop to the highest degree, certain extremely specialized intellectual faculties and powers. Powers these are which are presupposed by the highest forms of scientific generalization, the rarest and loftiest exercises of the creative imagination; and in themselves they imply, very often, a loss of balance in their possessors, involving so

severe a tension of body and brain, a strength spent so unsparingly upon concentrated thought, solitary meditation or reckless adventure — spiritual or material — as to be rarely compatible with the normal life of mankind.

How careful of the type is Nature, how careless of the individual life! To one man only among the multitude is accorded the great gift, the ultimate vision, toward which whole generations have striven in vain; but, so far as history informs us, the great creative minds have hitherto belonged to men — Shakespeare and Michael Angelo, Beethoven and Dante, Newton and Pasteur — their feminine counterparts do not appear. Daughters we know have always been disposed to exhibit conspicuously the mental and physical traits of their fathers, but their inheritance falls short of the supreme gift. And as for the other familiar plea — of education denied, of encouragement and opportunity stinted — we have only to open the lives of so many men of genius, and read again the stories of poverty and ignorance, of difficulties and oppression encountered and overcome by the very greatest of the sons of men, whether like Dante or Buonarotti, his lot were to stand before kings or only like the Scottish farmer's lad, to

> Walk in glory and in joy,
> Following his plow along the mountain side.

Have we after all a truer measure of the essential quality of man and woman than their power to meet face to face a bitter truth like this? Yet I have heard it said that to those who do not turn from the encounter, there comes a spirit of high detachment, of fine penetration, which by far outweighs the pain of bubbles pricked and illusions lost. Certainly the most original and distinguished (though not invariably the soundest) thinker produced by the feministic controversy does not shrink from the fullest and frankest concessions on this phase of the problem.

"In the one hundred thousand years at least in which woman has practiced the physical maternal functions, the spiritual attributes essential to motherhood have been so strongly developed by her that this has had and still has as its result a pronounced difference between the feminine and masculine soul. Not till several generations of women have exercised their inventive and creative faculties can we really know whether the present inferiority of women is a provision of Nature or not — whether her genius was only hampered in its expression or whether, *as I believe*, it is ordinarily of a different kind from that of man. . . All human qualities lie latent in each, but they have been so specialized by the division of labor, or on the other hand so suppressed by it, that they now appear in varying proportion." But I have heard a woman, a good and eminent woman, protest that the being of a wise and beneficent God seemed to her irreconcilable with a course of discrimination against one-half the race, such as would be implied in Miss Ellen Key's conclusions!

So many questions fine and subtle and taking hold on the deepest issues of life, are raised by the theory of Feminism, that by their side the subject of the ballot, oftenest on the lips of the Feminist-politician, seems to lay undue emphasis on the lower aspects of the problem. If the vote were all, we might resign ourselves in time to the anomalies of suffrage; but if this be but the beginning of feministic agitation and aspiration — the weapon only of further aggression — what then?

He must be very brave and firm in his conviction, who would to-day plant himself in the path of this determined forward march, lifting his voice to warn the enthusiastic pilgrims that the goal they now pursue may not prove a Paradise Regained; affirming above the shouting and the tumult, that the woman's traditional lot may be, not only good and desirable in itself, but also, for the great

majority, the only lot which fully meets and satisfies the demands of their nature; holding out promises, rewards, incentives — different, but not less honorable, substantial, attractive, than those which appeal to the man. For in cutting her off from some few of the highest imaginative and intellectual achievements, Nature would seem to have left, as it were in compensation, all the woman's various powers, gifts, and faculties more completely interfused — mind and body, heart and brain, would seem in her to be more harmoniously attuned, so that the immemorial conflict between the higher and the lower nature, the immortal Faust legend, will for her haply always lack the note of tragic realism which it has for the man. This more intimate union of flesh and spirit may, perhaps *must*, through the relative incapacity for detachment — for complete spiritual isolation, which it implies, make the highest creative activities unattainable. But may we not see in this very limitation a source of strength for humanity as a whole? Nature pursuing unhurried, undeterred, her single aim, imposes a check, lays a fetter ever so light, upon the woman, mother of the race, and thus holds her (and the man with her) to the firm and wholesome earth, and safeguards, in ways incalculable, the sanity, health, and happiness of the offspring.

And thus, as has often been noted, in all organized social life, complex or primitive, the woman furnishes the principal element of conservatism, due not so much perhaps to her superior sense of reality, as to an intuitive dread of change. Her physical constitution is less hardy, her temper less aggressive, than the man's, and her nomadic taste and spirit of adventure must have been far more easily tamed and wonted to a settled existence. Of course she did not then — and luckily, for the most part, does not now — subject her impulse to rigid analysis, but the division of labor which more and more definitely assigned her to the camp and the children, while the man went forth to the battle or the chase, and took from her slenderer

hands the harrow and the scythe, was in all likelihood accomplished as silently and inevitably as the progress of the seasons. The Feminist speaks of the enslavement and degradation of the sex; but let us remember that "sex warfare" is a modern invention, and that unless man and woman throughout the ages, had lived together in tolerable amity, civilization, nay life itself, would have been impossible upon the earth. And why, since we, like the Feminists, are left largely to inference and conjecture in this matter, — why should we not rather believe that the woman let fall the heavier, rougher implements of war and agriculture with a relief directly in proportion to her intelligence, that she might build up a kingdom of her own — a strong if humble house of life, destined after all to outlive the armaments, empires, and fortresses upon which her adventurous mate has wasted so much of his imagination and force?

We are learning now to deny and despise the elemental pains and pleasures of home, but (let us hasten to affirm it while still it is true) from its walls radiate forever a light and warmth and sweetness that reach far beyond its own narrow bounds, ministering to the great ends for which civilization exists — for promoting human happiness, for creating and preserving a source of "joy in widest commonalty spread." And without this ministry, the sacred fire in the heart of mankind which kindles all great thoughts, all noble endeavor, all heroic sacrifice, would but too surely go out. In its beginning, doubtless, this little sanctuary of home was thought of primarily as a place of safety for the woman and her children, and we may well believe that its existence furnished to primitive man, as it has to his descendants, an incentive to effort, self-denial, and humanity, compared with which the woman's presence beside him on the battle field would have been weakness indeed. For this woman, this creature of a limited horizon, of definite small hopes, ambitions and desires, of manifold little gifts and facul-

ties, has carried with her always not only the hope of the race, the promise of the future, but the secret of joy, the source of happiness and reward, and without her the man's magnificent if one-sided achievements, his limitless aspirations, his infinite capacity for endurance, would yet leave him a forlorn and homeless wanderer upon the earth he has subdued.

And the progress of the ages has not, I maintain, changed essentially the respective rôles of men and women. Wherever, in any vocation or pursuit, women have risen appreciably above the level of mediocrity, it has been (with exceptions so few as to be negligible) in the exercise of her distinctively feminine powers. She is still, in a hundred senses more or less sublimated and enlarged, the mother, the home-maker and keeper, the joy bringer of the race.

It would seem that the Teuton, be he Saxon or Prussian, has always had a heavy hand, and some things fragile and precious crumble in his grasp. Undeniably the Anglo-Saxon culture, so favorable to individual initiative and political freedom in men, has had less satisfactory results in its handling of women. Moreover, with all its short-comings, the so-called Latin race, and in particular the French branch of it, though they have sometimes loved woman not wisely but too well, and fostered in her those very faults to which her own nature is most prone, have nevertheless best understood her, and best known how to develop and utilize her genius for her own advantage and the good of the world.

The modern French people, inheritors in a modified form of the Latin love of order, symmetry, and proportion, have applied these qualities to the common and casual contacts and associations of everyday intercourse. They are past masters in the handling of the lighter side of life. By an almost unbroken tradition they belong to a civilization older than their own national consciousness, and if their long experience has cost them some facile opti-

mism, some transparent illusions, some unreasonable pretensions, they yet owe to it their delicate touch, sure taste and sense of measure, as well as a certain openness of mind and susceptibility to ideas found among no other modern people. To them society means not only a channel of agreeable and humanizing intercourse among men, in their hours of leisure, but still more a powerful agent of general education, of illuminating thought, and directing opinion, as well as of refining manners and maintaining a standard of decorum. And for the accomplishment of these ends, the Frenchman early discerned that the woman's mind was an instrument of incomparable temper, flexibility, and resistance.

The position of women in France has always been much more powerful and influential than is at all apparent to the foreigner. In the Latin code the family is the irreducible unit of civilization, and the reverential attitude toward the mother proclaims her in very deed the corner stone of the house. It is impossible to read French literature or associate with French people without being continually impressed by the mother's authority, the daughter's influence, and the wife's prestige. The far-famed institution of the Salon, then, was a more natural development — a less revolutionary innovation, in France than might be supposed.

In the early years of the Seventeenth century, Mme. de Rambouillet, looking around on the comfortless interior of her Paris hôtel — stately, conventional, unhomelike, put her clever wits at work to contrive an arrangement which, by setting her guests physically at their ease, would invite and dispose to conversation. Ever since her famous *chambre bleue* emerged with its sky-colored hangings, its flower bedecked tables and luxurious chairs, the triumph of her skill as hostess and as domestic architect, the woman's kingdom in France began to enlarge its boundaries and make good new prerogatives. With Mme. de Rambouillet begins the great tradition of

famous women of letters who were also women of the world — a series scarcely interrupted for two hundred years.

In the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, to the Frenchwomen of the upper and even of the upper middle class, this school of the Salon was a veritable higher education. Here those distinctive gifts of hers, neither purely intellectual nor purely physical, but as it were, hovering on the border, and dependent for their evocation upon a certain harmony and interplay of flesh and spirit — here these delicate and evanescent things were prized and fostered as nowhere else. And on the other hand, the severe moral system of a Pascal or a Nicole, the majestic eloquence of Bossuet, the irony of la Bruyère, the aristocratic cynicism of la Rochefoucauld, were interpreted by the authors themselves or their disciples, and the woman's lighter, more unstable spirits were disciplined and fortified by contact with the highest and austerest thought of the age.

And she was by no means a merely passive guest at the great banquet, nor were the benefits of this stimulating intercourse exclusively on her side. Of her graces — her sweetness, sympathy, and charm — she gave abundantly, as well as of her loyalty and enthusiasm. Who that has read Mme. de Sévigné can fail to see how great a part was played by her and her scarcely less gifted friends in *humanizing* and, so to speak, *socializing* the great thoughts of their teachers and guides?

The woman's roots struck deep into this rich and varied soil, and she was free instinctively to take what was hers and reject the rest; and here, without pressure, without grinding competition or unnatural concentration, some of the rarest and most precious qualities of the feminine mind reached their most complete development and most perfect expression. It may be a hard saying, but I believe it is true nevertheless, that the burden of long-continued, unrelenting investigation and research, and the spiritual solitude that such intense application implies, too often

leave the woman's brain exhausted, her real originality blunted and blurred beneath the load of alien substance. Or in those rare instances where an exceptionally vigorous intellect does resist — does flourish even under the discipline of highly specialized and exacting studies, how often is it that the body rebels, paying the penalty of a balance disturbed, and we see a brilliant intelligence, a profound scholarship, a luminous spirit, handicapped, if not warped and perverted, by a too fragile physical organism. All the children of men need, no doubt, a certain share of sunshine and freedom, but it would appear that the man with his hardier constitution can forego the fostering light and warmth with better prospect of impunity than the woman.

Moreover, despite their audacious talking and thinking — in the early period, and in the best and most typical society of France — these representative women lived on a moral plane which was, all things considered, relatively high: the balance and healthful versatility of their powers were still fairly maintained, and even their faults and frailties were touched with a certain simple naïve humanity, that wins our pity if not our pardon. And famous Frenchmen have acknowledged obligations inestimable to the Salons and their hostesses, have expressed gratitude for all sorts of favors, ranging from the loan of money to the launching of a literary masterpiece or a successful campaign for election to the French Academy. The real difficulty, becoming increasingly apparent as time elapsed, lay in the very uncertain and usually meagre rewards which fell to the lot of the great *salonières*. Did they find it in the long run, entirely worth while? Their lives were absorbed, their fortunes exhausted, their family life destroyed, in the service of their famous but fickle friends; and the intense emotional and intellectual excitement in which most of them lived must have been an atmosphere far from salubrious to body or mind. Indeed in this period of decadence, these remarkable women —

and precisely in proportion to their superiority — seem to have become profoundly cynical, disillusioned, unhappy. For with the woman, when the balance is lost, when the intellectual and esthetic interest has overborne and smothered the moral and spiritual, there seems little left save a mood of hard skepticism and reckless bitterness, bearing fruit in desperation and sin.

Perennial she is and inexhaustible and — with apologies to Virgil — essentially unchanged and unchangeable. The pressure of a commercial age seems now to be warping and narrowing the hearts of men, and diverting into lower channels the interest and solicitude they once, in happier times and lands, devoted to the woman and her social realm. The Salons are as much beyond our reach to-day, we are told, as the Parthenon or the cathedral of Rheims. And checked in her normal expansion, the modern educated woman too often lapses into frivolous luxury or breaks out into those extravagant fads and hobbies that bring her notoriety rather than fame; while some of the noblest of them find in philanthropy or the support of a "cause" an imperfect compensation for their poverty-stricken personal lives.

But the change is on the surface — is in conditions chiefly. Now, as always, the woman's nature, the urge of her deepest desires, drives her toward the development and enrichment of her individual life — toward power and fullness of personality, and that inner freedom that no man taketh from her. If she will but live by the law of her own nature, and not in defiance of it, her gifts shall come, I believe, to their fullest and most fruitful exercise. The salt of her humor, the fire of her passion, the savor of her sacrifice, shall no whit of it be lost, but passing little by little into the hearts of her children and of those who touch her as she goes on her way, shall return into the very fibre of her own soul, and in time be recognized as the most priceless of humanity's spiritual treasures.

THE WAR AND THE PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE

I SPEAK as a professor to professors, though perhaps some others may overhear.

There is a rather natural feeling in this country that the war is giving us a great chance. Europe by her own folly has got herself into a mess: why should not we, who are safely out of it, grab what we can from her? Our press has actively incited to this chivalrous enterprise. "America over all — who are down!" Enthusiastic editors have urged the glorious motto upon American traders, money-lenders, poets, educators. I desire here to make humble answer for the last named only, and in one single branch of their activities, the teaching of literature. I would ask, does the war offer us teachers of literature in America a chance to exalt our subject and ourselves?

Why not, — when those of our foreign rivals who are not aged are cannon-food? When the survivors, if they pick up again the broken threads of scholarly interest, must find themselves among people impoverished, enervated, more hard driven to find food for their bodies than their minds? In the country of the blind, as the Spanish say, the one-eyed man is king. At least, what should prevent our becoming the one-eyed master in the school-room of the blind?

Well, for one thing, there may not be the intellectual blindness in Europe we expect. To the surprise of doctors, the men in the trenches have thriven on exposure, privation, strain. Perhaps the European intellect will have grown stronger through spiritual devotion and sacrifice. Teachers and scholars surviving may bring back to their classrooms and studies some vital spirit

of the open and the deeps to enrich their learning with a wisdom beyond our capacity. At least, it is prudent to admit the possibility.

In such case, there can be no question of one-eyed mastery. We shall need more than ever both eyes of the mind, — the eye of understanding, and the eye of imagination. It takes two eyes, I believe, to see things in the round. The one eye of him who has learning without imagination reports only surfaces.

Are we American literary scholars one-eyed in this sense? Is our learning at all lacking in imagination? I ask the question; for common prudence suggests looking into one's own equipment before undertaking any offensive. I ask the question; but have not myself imagination enough to answer it fairly. Evidences of imagination in the greater part of our learned writings escape me; but the defect may well be mine.

A more certain flaw in our armor, as I see it, is the lack of high seriousness. Of course, I do not mean solemnity, which we exhibit to a degree. Also, we exhibit on occasion a kind of flippancy that may be called professorial, for having something forced and conscious about it, like the forced impudence of a bashful man. What I mean is that a good many literary professors seem inclined to depreciate their work. The modern professor is acutely aware of the outside world. Realizing that it refuses to take his preoccupation with remote writers very seriously, he would forestall its smile at him, by smiling at himself. The defensive attitude is natural, but dangerous. Habitual self-depreciation tends to depreciate the self. The dog that gives himself a bad name comes not unlikely to deserve it.

Besides this defensive pose against popular indifference to literary scholarship, there is another. Many literary professors — not merely youthful ones — feel that a diviner fire than of learning burns in them. They languish in scholastic meadows like Ruth "amid the alien

corn"; for they came not to criticize literature, but to create it; and want, spiritual and material, not will, keeps them where they are. Serving *Alma Mater* as Dante the *donna pietosa*, his lady of consolation, they deprecate as earnestly as he that anybody should take her for their first choice.

And naturally, these "hyphenates" cleave, within bread-and-butter limits, to the higher and secret allegiance. With Longfellow they sigh: "This college work is like a great hand laid on all the strings of my lyre, stopping their vibrations." To hide the menial livery of cap-and-gown, they put on cap-and-bells. They lecture by epigram, and will mar sense to "make the unskilful laugh."

To this last, even the soberer academic sort is tempted. Every profession has its special danger. The danger of the literary professor is in the seductive responsiveness of the immature mind, his daily target. In sterner patriarchal days, the pedagogue dominated, and became, by excess of quality, the pedant. In this day and land of equality, when "youth will be served," he placates. He becomes an entertainer. Already the "movie" has been introduced into the classroom. Youth — literary youth — has a keen palate for spiceries of phrase; and to titillate that imperative taste, there has evolved a peculiar wit, — peculiar, I would say, to academic lectures. This manner of wit — to define and illustrate at once — prefers the paradoxology to any plainsong, is a second classroom facetiousness, a spot-lighter vein of hypercriticism, devoted to splitting hairs on the temples of truth, and putting the sob in sobriety. Or, for an actual specimen, take this from a learned periodical. The writer wished to say that, in renaissance opinion, a poet is inspired, yet must perfect his gift by labor and learning. What he did say, was: "To put it Elizabethan-wise: it is true, *poeta nascitur non fit; ergo*, once *nascitur*, it devolves upon him to *fit* himself." Well, no doubt the

original classroom smiled, — grimly, but smiled. And any classroom smile is precious.

There is a larger scale temptation for the professor to commit adulteration on sober speaking. Lengthened across our broad land, the stony-eyed classroom front is the front of the American public. Only recently, in the *Atlantic Monthly* an American professor of literature has told us again how crude we are, how cruder still we are bound to become. "In the thorough-going democracy of the future, to which all the signs are pointing," he says, "literature, in this sense" (he has just defined its true sense), "seems likely to be an anachronism." For, he says, the taste of the masses will rule, and what Walt Whitman calls the "divine average" will give the one universal standard. Personally, I doubt the depressing forecast. We seem increasingly ready to surrender our average or collective judgment to experts, and we follow the leader gladly, — when he appears.

But temptation to play to the gallery undoubtedly exists. There is the sanction, too, of that "broad human appeal," of leaders, intellectual or other, who ever keep their ears to the ground to hear how the cat jumps. There have been academic drummers that hawked about cheap, machine-made samples of half-learning, and exploited to the extent of their moderate abilities the gullible female mind; or, beating loud tom-toms in the classroom, have attracted the æsthetes and "such small deer" of the student-herd. Sometimes, one of them by sheer "publicity" climbs, and, like Milton's "wary fiend,"

> As in a cloudy *chair*, ascending rides
> Audacious.

But the academic stakes are beneath the notice of any real get-rich-quick-Wallingford. Such commercial small-fry as may survive in universities is negligible.

> Let us not speak of it; but look and pass.

There is subtler temptation to cater to the philistines. In all instruction there must be what theologians call an economy of truth. One must not talk over people's heads, or cram them to mental indigestion. The principle is as right as charity, but it covers a like multitude of sins. Knowledge can be made too easy. Wholly predigested foods are as little sustaining as foods indigestible. And what anyone who runs may read, is scarce likely to be worth reading. I remember a lady, who has since cut some figure in certain literary circles, telling me with enthusiasm some years ago that she had at last found her true spiritual guidance in Bergson. Being interested and ignorant, I asked her about him. And she brought me forthwith her own source of enlightenment, — a column and a half in the *Literary Digest*.

Now the joke is not altogether on this sister of Hermione, as we call the type in New York. What about the professor, who in classroom and in print feeds out such sugared and sublimated pillules of theory to half empty and wholly untrained minds? Victor Cousin once asked Hegel for a brief statement, in French, of his philosophy. Hegel is said to have replied that his philosophy could not be stated briefly, nor in French. The latter fact might be taken by the French as a compliment, but the futility of any brief statement is not to be gainsaid. Knowledge by summary only is as satisfying as swallowing a pumpkin-seed for a Thanksgiving pie. We are amused by the crudely uncritical "accommodations" of medieval writers, transforming for instance the elegant poet-courtier Virgil into a solemn and pious doctor. But I am not sure that worse misunderstandings are spread by putting Virgil in a cassock than by putting Bergson in a nut-shell, — especially, if the meat must be made soft for any teeth, and palatable.

Easy learning means unreal knowledge. A clever writer in this Review has called a benevolent dealing out of

unrealities, "soft sentimentalism." Academic "soft sentimentalism" appears in "snap courses," in Sunday supplement and Chautauquan circuit and "extension" lecture. But there is also, as the Unpopular Reviewer adds, a "hard sentimentalism." This too dispenses unrealities, but in a spirit other than benevolent. And it manifests itself in certain kinds of academic teaching and writing, which reject all spirit of accommodation. They explode erudition like shrapnel, but aim — not infrequently — at men of straw. In their monographs, these hard sentimentalists proceed with labored precision to a ponderous inconclusion, lightening their solemnity only with gestures of ironic scorn for all past and possible contradiction. Far from catering to the many, they successfully repel even the few. Not Brunhild in her fire-ringed sleep, was more unapproachable; and valiant is the spectacled Siegfried whose paper-cutter flinches not.

Doubtless, abstruse and technical subjects may demand abstruse and technical treatment. I am not thinking of such, but rather of a certain snobbism of scholars who confuse difficulty of understanding with depth of meaning. Or, they disdainfully empty out their notebooks at us, leaving us as best we may to bring order out of the dusty chaos. They attack with hordes of undisciplined facts, unmarshalled by any General Staff. They are the barbarians of scholarship.

Naturally, their example perverts their students, who are made to feel that multitudinous information is the one thing needful. The most esteemed Ph. D. examination I ever attended must have sounded from without like a continuous popping of corks, — question, answer, question, answer, tic-tac. The candidate was as highly charged with the facts of literary history as a bottle of Bock beer with gas. He fairly went to our heads. Among his facts were, of course, formulas and "isms." I don't know whether they meant anything in particular for him or not.

Formulas and "isms" are, as it is well known, effective things to conjure with. Students find that out early. I used to be astonished at the ease and apparent accuracy with which they juggled them in examination-books. But one year I tried an experiment. Instead of the usual written examination, I gave each student an oral quiz in the Socratic manner. The affair was painful, but it paid. The particular students were not stupid or ignorant. Many were strong in matters of fact. The trouble was that everything almost had become for them a matter of fact — to be remembered, not to be thought about. For instance, if I asked what Platonism was, the answer usually came that Sidney was a Platonist, or Spenser, or Shelley. But — *Platonism itself?* Well, Platonism was a religion of beauty in woman. *Did Plato himself say anything like that?* No, sir, you did. *Yes, but would Plato?* I — I suppose so — in principle. *What do you mean by "in principle?"* Why — er — the logic of his ideas. *And that logic is?* I never had a course in Plato, sir.

Well, this conversation is not strictly historical, but neither is it parody. These students, I repeat, were conscientious according to their lights. They were listening, reading, taking notes. They had little or no time for close-grappling with the ideas they were listening to or reading about. Of convenient formulas they made mental note, and could attach them as labels with curious parrot-like precision.

Naturally, they carry a similar spirit into their own research. Their dissertations, before doctoring by instructors, almost always show industry, and the abundant information that comes of industry; almost never close thinking and orderly presentation. They lack composition. I mean logical composition, not correct English or effective style. These last are indeed "another story," on which I forbear to dwell. We have heard too much of "atrocities."

The worst of it is, these same students — for I am speaking of graduate students, nine-tenths of whom are intending teachers — are, to use Dante's picturesque term, *ombriferi prefazii*, cloudy prefaces, of us professors. Our formulas and "shop" phrases — *disjectissima membra scholæ* — are carried off in their notebooks, to serve as a very present help in time of trouble. Their students will, I suppose, repeat the process, and their students' students. Talk of the *aurea catena* of the Fathers!

But, it may be replied, our lectures are but a small part of our courses. Our students work when we are not talking. That is true, and there is comfort in it. But at what do they work? I am dealing in generalities. And I believe it to be true, generally speaking, that nearly all the time of graduate students of literature is perforce given to reading what are called *belles lettres*. The prescribed motto seems to be, The whole literature, and nothing but the literature. Commonly, indeed, a so-called "minor subject" is required. It is generally very minor. It is often another literature.

Now the danger of this belletristic inbreeding is not, to speak accurately, over-specialism, but superficialism. There can result from it only a neat alignment of surfaces. The lady who discovered Bergson in her *Literary Digest* certainly got only a surface. But is not literature, imaginative literature, itself also a literary digest? Does not dramatist, poet, essayist, novelist, each hold up his polished mirror to a nature and a human nature already made-up and posed by philosopher, historian, scientist? The literary mirror, moreover, rarely reflects more than the shadowy ensemble, or some effective detail, or a subjective impression. Its more insistent appeal as a work of art is that of Dante's *canzone:* Understand me or not, but

> Give heed at least how beautiful I am.

I know there are those who say that to realize "how beautiful" a work of art is, is enough. At least, not so Dante. His *canzone* frankly offers its beauty as a consolation. If you cannot reach up to my fruit, stand below and enjoy my graceful form, my brilliant foliage; but frankly, you will never so get all, even the best of me. No mere rapturous contemplation — not in this mortal life, at any rate — can grasp the fruit of any tree of wisdom. It must be climbed, slowly and laboriously, branch by branch. I have spoken of Dante. His *Divine Comedy* is popularly said to epitomize the knowledge of the middle ages. As truly, it presupposes knowledge of the middle ages. For, whatever else it is, it is a literary digest of the chroniclers, astronomers, geographers, philosophers, theologians, who in their dry and difficult pages alone can make Dante's meaning clear, definite, particular. To understand him, we must understand a good deal of them. To think with him, we must do some hard scholastic thinking. And we are content, mostly, to give our students of Dante other literary digests, more poetry, contemporary or antecedent, Italian or Latin, Provençal or French. As for scholastic thinking, they have scant time for any thinking.

For the student of *belles lettres* alone, those letters spell knowledge in a simplified spelling. It sounds like knowledge, but it isn't knowledge. Of course, wide reading of good literature makes for culture, for discipline of taste. It produces the amiable dilettante, the accomplished connoisseur, but hardly the deep scholar or the true interpreter. I am far indeed from doubting that the intelligent student often breaks away from academic prescriptions, and reads and thinks for himself. The irony is that his instructors insist on helping him where he is most at home — in literature, and leave him to his own unaided resources in the alien and vastly more difficult fields of philosophy and science. I sometimes think that the one subject an intending literary scholar ought not to elect in course, is literature.

I suspect and hope I am exaggerating. But I fear there is some fire under my smoke. If, as I seem to observe, American literary scholars take themselves, and are taken, with a certain lack of seriousness, it is, partly at least, for some such reasons as I have alleged. While these conditions exist, they are certainly in a state of unpreparedness to declare competitive war upon an intellectual Europe even temporarily disabled. But there is, I believe, a way of learning and teaching literature that might bring us some success in a finer competition. I mean the competition of help. When the sickness of this war is over, convalescent Europe must sorely need a moral healing power. There is such power in great literature, as once Matthew Arnold powerfully, if with cacophonous beginning, sang:

> Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind? —
> He much, the old man who, clearest-souled of men,
> Saw the Wide Prospect, and the Asian Fen,
> And Tmolus hill, and Smyrna bay, though blind.
>
> Much he, whose friendship I not long since won,
> That halting slave, who in Nicopolis
> Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal son
> Clear'd Rome of what most shamed him. But be his
>
> My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,
> From first youth up to extreme old age,
> Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
>
> Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole;
> The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
> Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.

What can we scholars and teachers of literature do for those who turn to it in that spirit? Who turn to "beautiful letters," not for any mere passing sensuous thrill, or impersonal curiosity of knowledge, but for propping of their minds in days now bad? Who find in poetry the Red Cross of the wounded spirit?

It seems to me that their need and our task are clear.

If literature is to be a real guide and support, and no mere sentimental escape from the realities of a broken life, it must be in the fullest sense understood. Arnold gave special thanks to Sophocles, not as to

> The idle singer of an empty day,

lulling him into a pleasant forgetfulness, but as to one

> Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole.

But to share the courage-giving vision of Sophocles in its wholeness, or the vision of Dante, or of Goethe, or of Shakespeare, or of even lesser prophets, means, as I have been saying, not merely to read and passively meditate their poetic digests of thought and experience, but intellectually to realize for ourselves their problem of life as it was presented to them, and in their way. When we shall have ourselves gained such insight, we may rightly offer ourselves as their interpreters. Otherwise, *traduttori, traditori.*

And it is as interpreters of literature that we are given opportunity. Since the introduction some thirty years ago from Germany of the doctorate, the emphasis of American literary scholarship has been historical. The passing generation has industriously accumulated facts. It has been evidentially establishing who's who, what's what, when's when, in the chronicle of the realms of gold. Also, stimulated by French theories of literary evolution, it has tried to trace the curves of development of literary fact.

We should be grateful for the results. We know many things unknown to our grandfathers, and the things they knew we know better. We have developed — or think we have developed — a nicer conscience. We would rather be right than interesting.

But why not aim to be both right and interesting? I mean to others besides scholars. For most people now,

the interest of literature is more than ever in its evaluations of life. Nations are fighting for their ideals; and their great writers are held great for having beautifully and movingly voiced these ideals. But it is more than ever easy to misinterpret great writers to partisan ends. The written word is indeed potent, yet nothing is more helpless. For without the sealing spirit, the letter is as malleable wax. During the past year, both sides in this conflict have called upon Goethe, for instance, to attest the right of each. Is the great poet really so Janus-faced? Or has the letter upon which his spirit set its seal been blurred by hot prejudice? Who shall answer — unless the scholar, armed with the facts, a trained mind, and a judicial conscience?

But literary professors show themselves still averse to discussion of ideas and ideals in literature. They think, no doubt shudderingly, of the vague volubility of the Mid-Victorians, — of Carlyle's ejaculations on the "immensities" and "eternities," of Matthew Arnold's acrimonious unction, of Ruskin's opinionated truculence. From all such logodaedalian vanity, they say, good Lord deliver us! Indeed, elders like myself can remember when the "dry, white light" of historical and comparative research broke upon the metaphysical shadows and hortatory moonshine in which our undergraduate minds had been groping. We felt like exclaiming with Rabelais: "Out of this thick Gothic night our eyes are opened to the glorious torch of the sun." We have been valiantly winning our place in the sun — of science. But too much sun parches a soil, and leaves it sterile. Our pastures need watering from the older critical spirit, even if with the revivifying shower come some cloudiness.

Certainly the kind of thing Mid-Victorian critics talked about is what this world-war is forcing upon the attention of serious persons. Many hold that, whichever side wins, civilization has lost to barbarism. The fear is exaggerated, perhaps; but it is prudent to be prepared.

There should be a munitioning of the spirit. Already how many old familiar assumptions are attacked, faiths shaken, conventions broken down! Questions come thronging back from the Limbo of half-forgotten debate. — What is true culture? True efficiency? Does might make right? Is patriotism a fetich? Peace a pure negation? International law a bluff? Are there more tribal Gods than one? — These are not now "academic" questions. Indeed, they have not been for some time: the academic mind — at least the literary academic mind — has regarded them as irrelevant to the study of letters. And yet men of letters have had much to say about them.

Hate, which must surely in some degree spring from misunderstanding, is building such walls between nations as hardly generations may wholly break down. As interpreters of the written word of nations to themselves and to their neighbors, scholars — especially of neutral countries — might at least help towards the correction of misunderstanding, the purging of hate. An admirable step in this direction was taken last summer at the University of Zürich. Distinguished scholars presented "serious studies of the meaning, for history and for culture, of the belligerent nations." Their lectures, commented the *New York Evening Post*, "suggest the spirit in which the world should look forward to peace; when the nations will perforce leave off their revilings of each other, and seek again to establish friendly relations upon the basis of what is best in the civilization of each."

National meanings are revealed in no way so intimately as in national literatures. Through imaginative literature the ideas of the master-thinkers spread. But the medium is bound to be colored by the personality of the poet-interpreter. According to Professor Kuno Francke, German Kultur means an institutionalizing of the ideal of absolute duty, Kant's categorical imperative. It may be so; but Professor Francke, if I remember,

makes the poets of Germany, especially Goethe and Schiller, Kant's apostles. But which of the two truly represented Kant? Could both? Manifestly, there is needed an interpreter of the interpreters, who shall weigh them with him they interpreted.

Therefore, I should like to see built up a new interpretative criticism, new in that it would respond to the interests and needs of our own generation, and would be informed by our more scrupulous learning. It would have again, on the other hand, the old human interest that has been lost in our meticulous and antiquarian research. Once a fifteenth century humanist wrote: "I fear this Italy of ours is to be torn to pieces, first by ourselves, next by barbarians strong through our weakness. But let those take thought whom it more concerns. I shall follow letters." We professors of literature also shall, and should, follow letters. "Let the cobbler stick to his last." But we may follow letters into waste places, unpeopled save by ourselves; or we may follow them into the profitable house of the interpreter. It may be remembered what the Interpreter showed Christian therein. "Then he took him by the hand, and led him into a very large parlor that was full of dust, because never swept; the which, after he had reviewed a little while, the Interpreter called for a man to sweep. Now when he began to sweep, the dust began so abundantly to fly about, that Christian had almost therewith been choked. Then said the Interpreter to a damsel that stood by, Bring hither the water and sprinkle the room; the which, when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure."

POPULARITY, IMPOPULARITY, UNPOPULARITY

IN the farmhouse where the happiest days of my childhood were passed was a good woman who had a settled grievance against the joy, and especially against the self-complacency of the world. To her there was something wrong when anyone was happy; and with her, anybody's prosperity always took on the form of a peculiar satisfaction with self which was bound to have a deadly effect upon character and destiny. For anyone who was afflicted with this fatality of good fortune she had one descriptive phrase: "Oh, he feels tur'ble pop'lar." So frequently did she use it in referring to the favorites of fortune that the impression became fixed on my youthful mind that the complacency of the happy was a doubtful reflection of the good opinion of the world.

This was indeed her intention. She desired that I should come to realize that popularity was a danger, if not a reproach; and that the snare of prosperity was that it made one *feel* popular.

What it is to feel popular I am sure I do not know, nor have I ever been able to imagine the seriousness of the risks which the moderately happy and prosperous people of that humble neighborhood incurred by their good fortune. But I do know that popularity is a matter which lies very near to our modern self-consciousness, and that its laws and its philosophy are not yet fully understood. In a republic the weight of public opinion is immense. Nowhere is the social reflection of ourselves so profoundly influential as in a democracy. On other grounds than the Puritan ones of my childhood's mentor, one may easily come to question the present sensitiveness to the winds of popular favor which are deemed so necessary to a successful and happy life. That business should be guided by

this barometer is doubtless inevitable, while Society cannot expect to be any more independent. But there will always be a few who have bowed the knee to neither, who have a glorious prospect before them. They can be as unpopular as they please. That is they can, if they only know how. It is with the hope of assisting such fortunate people that this paper is written.

In the first place it must be understood that neither popularity nor unpopularity can be created by negative qualities, impopularity alone can be. In reality the great body of people belong in the class of the impopular. Their good and bad qualities are not sufficiently conspicuous to win for them notice, to say nothing about approval or disapproval. They simply pass their days in a colorless and neutral relation to their fellow men.

Then there is now and then a happily organized individual who has the faculty of getting into instant touch with everybody and of winning universal liking and regard. Of course it is only where this quality is not instinctive, but deliberate and intentional, that full responsibility for its consequences attaches to its possessor.

Rarer still, there is the unpopular man. It is he of whom I sing: for when he is normal and therefore honest, he is interesting, picturesque, and often admirable. Gloriously positive in character, he acts as a social tonic, stimulating much that is best in literature and life. It is he who is not afraid, who does not hesitate to speak the truth, and who shocks society into unaccustomed mental attitudes and sorely needed convictions of duty. Of course his disagreeableness may be for its own sake, but even so he has his office. It was N. P. Willis who, after a long residence in the uninterrupted sunshine of Italy, found himself actually longing for a cloudy, stormy New England day. Well do I remember a lady, cultivated and refined, who once told me of a visit she made in a household all the members of which were monotonously alike in their

efforts to please each other. She was but a girl at the time, but it was all so placid and commonplace that she described the total effect on her spirits as arousing an almost irresistible desire to go away by herself and use an expletive which shall not be mentioned here.

But unpopularity is associated with some of the really great things of history and life, and well deserves respectful consideration from those who are planning a career in the world. Even if they do not care to become a drastic force in society and politics, even if heroism and the reformatory spirit do not appeal to them, they may still serve their time by furnishing the contrasting types which a tame and complacent order of living sorely needs. Let them cultivate the graces of human intercourse, but let them forego all forms of insincere concession. They are under no obligation to "tell all they know," or to argue all differences. But they need not appear to agree when they don't: politeness of dissent is always possible, in a world already too complaisant for its own good.

The ordinary idea of impoliteness, however, is altogether too superficial to meet the case. It has to do with manners only, rather than with that deeper quality of mind which really sets one in opposition to popular opinion and unwholesome legislation of all kinds. The familiar pronouncement of the Presiding Officer, "Contrary-minded — it is a vote," has a way of taking itself for granted and running glibly on to a finality, as if the danger of a minority vote need no longer be taken into account. The old New England town meeting has been deservedly praised the world over: for it educated men not only in freedom but especially in fearlessness. Before the days of the secret ballot, men debated in the open, and although they warmly differed, the possibility that such difference might interfere with their business did not deter them from speaking their minds. The question whether a certain measure was likely to be passed by his fellow townsmen recently elicited for a member of a Massachusetts community the reply:

"Never in open town meeting. Not enough of the men who really want it are willing to let their customers see them voting for it."

Men had grown timid before the advent of our modern devices for securing legislation without endangering the interests of the voter — indeed it was this very timidity which brought them into use — but these have certainly tended to make us more timid still. Voting machine has come to have a sinister implication, in view of the uncertainty whether the term applies to the ballot box itself or to the man who uses it. To stand up and be counted, to be adequate to the heroism of belonging to the "contrary-minded," whatever the results may be, is surely a social asset which we can ill afford to lose.

But for those inconspicuous people who shun arenas of all kinds, there are simpler and less formal ways of getting into opposition, such, for instance, as preoccupation of mind. This is in itself an unconscious form of impoliteness, and measurably certain to get one into antagonistic relations with his fellow men. It is, moreover, well within the range of ordinary capacity, although up to the present time the Great and Good have enjoyed too much of a monopoly of it. Think, for instance, of Saint Bernard journeying all day beside the waters of Lake Geneva without once realizing the attractiveness of its scenery! When some one asked, "Did you enjoy the lake?" the Saint replied, "Lake? What lake?" Imagine the effect which this indifference must have had on local pride. The popularity of even a saint could hardly have been expected to withstand the reaction which was sure to follow. Or picture the inspired abstraction of Coleridge as he blindly walked the streets of London. Would his apologetic explanation that for the nonce he had been Leander swimming the Hellespont, have succeeded in winning him the regard of the staid citizen against whom his bulky form had collided? That worthy individual, who knew

nothing of the Providential methods of preparing poets to write *Ancient Mariners*, could hardly have been blamed for thinking that the violence of the man meant robbery, and for acting accordingly — especially as Coleridge's hand was almost in his pocket.

Then there is the gravity of over-seriousness — the weight of that peculiar earnestness which goes by the name of "deadly," and which breeds in its happy possessors an air of remoteness and superiority. Sometimes it results in a dogmatic and declamatory manner. Sometimes it is only mildly offensive, or gently depressing, as was the influence of Wordsworth, for instance, on the mind of that best of all good fellows, Thackeray. The unhappy state of his feelings can be imagined from his remark to Lowell, "Old Daddy Wordsworth may bless his stars if he ever gets high enough in heaven to black Tommy Moore's boots."

One may also cultivate learning up to the point that he becomes "knowing" and supercilious, and attains that full sense of his own capability and general importance which has the effect of making ordinary people realize their insignificance. This often results in a truculence,— an insularity of mind which neutralizes, if it does not altogether alienate, popular regard. It imparts that feeling of superiority which puts one instantly on the other side of every question, in antagonism to men and angels alike. Think, for instance, of Matthew Arnold, and how easily he set a nation by the ears just by his inability to accept its favorite thinker without limiting the sphere of his appeal; and how by his uncompromising opposition to all the social, literary and religious tastes of his time, he held his own countrymen off at arms' length, and lectured them into a fine indifference to him. And then recall the remark of a friend on hearing of his death: "Poor Arnold! He won't like God." What Guizot said of Thiers might almost have been said of him: "Thiers doesn't like the country, because the birds, the flowers

and trees live and grow without his interference, and he doesn't care that anything on earth should happen without his having a hand in it."

Perhaps the matter could not be better illustrated than by the contrasted characters of Carlyle and Dr. Johnson. Dr. Johnson once said that he was willing to love all men but Americans. "Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be satisfied with anything we allow them short of hanging." And yet all Americans love Dr. Johnson. But it is safe to say that no one ever loved Carlyle,[1] not even his wife, who so delicately poked fun at his angularities of disposition. The reason is to be found not in the fact that, as Herbert Spencer said, "Carlyle's conversation was one long damn," but in the fact that he so thoroughly despised the race that he couldn't like even himself. It was Thoreau's boast that while indifferent to the crowd, he was popular with himself. This last infirmity of great minds kept the Concord philosopher from reaching the height of unpopularity which the Sage of Chelsea attained. Dr. Johnson, too, in spite of his truculence, thoroughly enjoyed himself and his friends, and was betrayed into many an act of kindness which endeared him to the world. This, no sarcasm or abuse could wholly obliterate; and so he has remained one of the most popular characters in literature.

If to this "foible of omniscience" be added the happy faculty of minding other people's business, one will have reached a perfectly working method of unpopularity. This, it is safe to say, the man who had learned to mind his own business in seven different languages could never have hoped to attain. To reap the full fruit of this independence — in reality the only freedom possible to the individual in a state which is rapidly being dragooned into social and political uniformity — one must think in his own terms, unawed by any consensus of opinion. It is men agreeing together which constitutes that menace of

[1] —perhaps, except the editor of this Review.—Ed.

civilization, the mob. "My fine friends," says Galsworthy's Stephen More, "I am not afraid of you. You've forced your way into my house, and you've asked me to speak. Put up with the truth for once. You are the thing that pelts the weak, kicks women, howls down free speech. This to-day, and that to-morrow. Brain — you have none. Spirit — not the ghost of it! If you are not meanness, there's no such thing. If you are not cowardice, there is no cowardice."

This is the attitude and temper of that highly seasoned social product, the truly unpopular person. When I try to visualize him, I realize my good fortune in having once known a concrete illustration which meets my every need — a man who flashed across my horizon in boyhood, and then came back to shine, a steady light, through many admiring years of manhood. He had been reared in an atmosphere of conformity, and schooled in urbane ways, and for a few colorless years he was no other and no better than his neighbors. It gives me joy to remember that when at last the great change came, it was wrought by no commonplace disappointment or betrayal, and expressed in no vulgar terms of grudging or revenge, but was entirely the result of seasoned thinking and settled conviction. It was characteristic, too, that, when he declared his independence of the People, he did not retire to a cave or a desert island, but elected to live out his protest in the midst of men. The crowd is as necessary for the unpopular man as for the popular. Your stylite is always in danger of exciting curiosity, and finally admiration. But no one admired, no one liked my friend. On principle he was "agin the government", and society, with all its weaknesses and follies, was the object of his outspoken scorn. He poked fun at radicals and reformers, and treated conservatives no better. For neighbors, as such, he had no respect, and strangers did not call out his sympathy. And so he lived, alone and not alone: for men felt him, as a sting if you will, but also as a spur and

a challenge. And so he died, with this epitaph to mark his grave: "Here lies no respecter of majorities, a man indifferent to the opinion of his fellow men. Free and untrammelled he lived, and he died deserted by all who would have disturbed his peace."

Successful unpopularity depends upon its thoroughness and consistency. Beware of the sporadic and occasional kind. A little unpopularity is as dangerous and uncomfortable as a little knowledge. To achieve this fine distinction can be hoped for only by those who are troubled by no undue social consciousness, and whose spirits forever fail to register the changing weather of popular opinion. What the final result of the recent awakening to the sense of race solidarity may be, no one can tell. It seems, however, to portend a mournful decadence of individuality, and a weakening of the courage to stand alone. Soon, apparently, everybody will be thinking only thoughts of the censored variety, and there will be found no one who dares to question the "union," big or little, to which he belongs. The wit to see the essential awkwardness of every big and unwieldy "body," the feeling for intellectual adventure, these most precious things may be on the way to extinction.

"Do you belong to the Society?" I once asked of one of those fine old individualists who forty years ago gave the tang to social intercourse in Boston. "Belong?" he wonderingly repeated. "Belong? No; I never belonged to anything or anybody but myself." It is needless to say that there were social currencies and facilities which were not his, but he was a singularly well-poised and happy person, and well worth meeting on the windy stretches of the Charles River bridge or beneath the elms on the Beacon Street mall. If it had not been for a singular sympathy for boys, especially those of the poorer sort, and for a generosity toward them which had nothing of modern scientific method about it, his unpopular de-

tachment would have been well-nigh perfect. But he would persist in acting as if good times among boys were more important than any amount of social amelioration in the case of their elders. Some one once suggested as an appropriate epitaph for him: "Who will take the boys to the circus now?" And yet it was his sole ambition to "belong" only to himself.

Thank heaven, even amid the growing ease and complacency of life, there is no real danger that the unpopular causes will too often fail the race. There will always be a chance and a call for men to enlist with some blessed minority, which, whatever it accomplishes in actual results, will be as a saving salt in the tame and uninspiring substance of living. And if men cannot rise to this challenge, it will be because the higher sense of values has been lost, and Duty has become an empty word.

THE UNMASKING OF A FRAUD

I

THE Professor, small and lean and dark, sank back in his luxurious armchair and thoughtfully watched the blue smoke of his cigar curling upward.

The Doctor, large and blond and bearded, leaning slightly forward with a hand on either knee, awaited his reply none too patiently.

"My dear Jarvis," said the Professor at last, in his slow even voice, "my dear Jarvis, there are just two tenable theories. Either your patient is mad, or he lies. I have no doubt that the second theory is the correct one."

"But, Carlyle," expostulated the Doctor.

"Wait, my dear fellow, wait," said the Professor, holding up a hand of warning. "You have had your innings."

The Doctor shrugged his broad shoulders.

"This is the year 3000, man," the Professor went on, "not 2000. Scientific knowledge is not the haphazard, hit or miss affair of the ancients. I do not say that there are no questions to be solved; as a matter of fact, we know very little, but that little we know definitely and exactly. We have at least done away with the superstitions and mysticism of half knowledge, and we do know absolutely that the human senses are four, and four only — sight, hearing, touch and taste."

"So we have thought," put in the Doctor.

"It is not a matter of thinking, old chap, it is a matter of exact knowledge. Now do not interrupt again, but let me state the case, and you will see its absurdity. A patient comes to you calling himself John Anderson, of the mountain village of Tromon, in the Province of Wiz. He tells you that he is possessed of a fifth sense. He was born with it and supposed it to be universal. He did not in fact for some years discover that he differed in any way

from his companions. Later he used this gift, or sense, to mystify his comrades, but, finding that though it gave him a certain importance in their eyes, he began to be shunned and feared as something uncanny, he set himself to laugh the whole thing off as a mere boyish trick. He did not succeed. The village lads and lassies still looked at him askance. Therefore he came to the Metropolis, where no one knew him or his history, with the firm intention of letting no one know that there was anything abnormal about him.

"He found many things in the Metropolis trying to his fifth sense, but he remained firm. All went well, until he fell in love, and entered into a contract of marriage with a charming young woman. Her only fault, he avers, was that she was inordinately fond of eating onions: for the result produced by eating onions was exceedingly repulsive to his fifth sense, and in consequence their happiness was in a fair way to be shipwrecked. He came to you, as the foremost physician and surgeon of the country, asking you to destroy this accursed fifth sense for him, expressing himself as ready to work his fingers to the bone, to pay any price you might ask for the service."

The Professor paused to take breath.

"So far the case seemed a simple one. Hallucination seemed to cover it. Even after you had investigated his story and found he had not mis-stated his troubles, either with the village people or his sweetheart, hallucination covered the case perfectly. But on testing his sanity, and no one, my dear Jarvis, could be more competent than you to do that, you found him sane. Eliminating hallucination, nothing remains but fraud."

The doctor leaned forward impatiently, but silencing him with a gesture, Professor Carlyle kept on.

"You seemed to find, as you say, that this man Anderson, did possess a fifth sense. My dear fellow, you do not know how to deal with these chaps, you are hampered by your temperament. You are a man of wide reading, and,

if you will pardon me for saying so, in spite of your training a bit too mystically inclined. You found certain nasal nerves abnormally developed, and you jumped to the conclusion that you had before you a genuine case of the ancient, mythical 'sense of smell.' I say your tests were not scientific. Just where you left room for fraud to creep in, I cannot point out. But, you allowed Anderson to dictate the conditions surrounding the tests. That was fatal. The scientific investigator fixes his conditions. Otherwise the test is not scientific."

"Excuse me, Carlyle," said the doctor, "but really, you know, in the case of a sense, the laws governing the action of which are quite unknown, don't you see, we must in a measure allow its alleged possessor a certain latitude in fixing the conditions under which its manifestation is possible. I assure you that in meeting those conditions I left no room for fraud."

The professor again waved a deprecatory and slightly contemptuous hand; a rather favorite gesture with him.

"That is the way your friend Anderson put it, no doubt. Plausible, doctor, but believe me, absolutely fatal; results arrived at in that way are discredited in advance. Absurd claims of this nature have been made before, but in the whole history of mankind since it was driven across the great ice wall 500 years ago, there is not to be found one iota of scientific evidence of the possession by man of any sense other than the four we know, namely, Sight, Hearing, Touch and Taste. The moment the calm clear light of modern science is turned upon claims of this nature, they evaporate into thin air, leaving only a residuum composed in equal parts of delusion and fraud."

Professor Carlyle paused to light a fresh cigar and the doctor was quick to seize the opportunity thus offered him.

"We will grant, for the sake of argument," he said, "that there is no evidence of the existence of a fifth

sense during the last 500 years, but if we go farther back — what then?"

"Tut," scoffed Carlyle.

"Not at all," returned Jarvis with warmth. "The records in the Imperial Library are meager, it is true, but they are authentic. In all those records the sense of smell is classed with the four senses that we know — always it is referred to precisely as are those four senses. The very matter-of-course way in which it is done is the best possible evidence that the sense existed. Again, in Johnson's *History of the Great Migration* there is preserved the tradition that the sense of smell was destroyed by the extraordinary meteorological conditions against which our ancestors had to contend. We have a pretty good idea of what those conditions were, even if we are still disputing about what caused them. It doesn't matter, as far as that goes, whether the earth was hit by a comet or whether it simply blew up. There was a pretty good imitation of the horrors of the Christian Last Day. You took Jenning's course, didn't you? Yes, I remember that you did, so I needn't enlarge upon that. Very well then, the normal man of to-day has certain rudimentary nasal nerves, the functions of which are among the mysteries of medical science. Your own marvelous instrument enables us to measure and trace these nerves exactly. We call them rudimentary — but can you or any other man swear that they are not in fact vestigial?"

"Pooh!" exclaimed Carlyle.

"Pooh or not," Jarvis returned, "you know very well that you can't. And it is easy to conceive of an environment in which the possession of such nerves would be a handicap, a big handicap too. Read your Johnson if you have forgotten it, and see if he doesn't portray conditions of life under which such nerves were bound to dwindle and disappear as surely as was man's tail when it became a nuisance.

"Now in this man, I find these nerves are abnormally and wonderfully developed, they are not rudimentary, or vestigial, but well developed, well nourished, highly sensitive nerves. Their condition proves to me conclusively, that they are in active use. What is their function if it be not the one he claims? The man is not mad. I vouch positively for that, nor," continued the doctor, slightly dropping his eyes and blushing a little, "can I think he lies."

"Tut, tut, old man!" smiled Carlyle, "I have warned you that you were walking in dangerous paths, in your *Romance of Science*. Clever books, dear fellow, I grant you, but unwholesome. It is all very well, as an exercise of the imaginative faculties, to speculate on the chances of the world beyond the wall, being again habitable and inhabited, but see where too much of that kind of thing leads one. My dear boy, you are in danger of losing your grip upon realities. I suppose that you have studied the ancient records — have them at your fingers' ends?"

Jarvis nodded and answered:

"Yes, — there isn't very much, you know. The poets, Chaucer, Shakspere and a few minor lights — a couple of novels, two or three scientific and historical works, the Christian Bible and various miscellaneous fragments, — that is about all. I had to go into them pretty thoroughly in doing the books that you are pleased to praise as clever and damn as unwholesome."

"They are good books, as books," Carlyle laughed. "I have read them, every one — some of them more than once. As an author, at least, you have no cause of complaint. But to get on with our discussion. Do not all those old fellows you quote, give credit to a thousand and one superstitions, as well as to this absurd sense of smell? Do we admit the existence of magic, because ancient books and the Christian Bible give countenance to it? It is a parallel case. And traditions? It is the same thing. A thousand years ago, practically the whole world believed

in magic. Five hundred years ago, half of the world, or more, still believed in it; at the time of the migration it was dying hard, in spite of the enlightened efforts of rather a large body of scientific men of our own race. The belief in a sense of smell, belongs in the same category.

"As for the functions of rudimentary or vestigial nerves, can you tell me, Jarvis, the functions of the pineal gland? No, nor any one else at present. Need I recall to you that certain of the ancients, pseudo men of science, of our own race too, actually asserted it to be the seat of a sixth sense. 'Psychic,' they dubbed it, and a most wonderful sense it was. It required special conditions also, for its manifestation. An absolutely parallel case, Jarvis. Your patient has certain abnormal nerves. Their functions we have not yet been able to determine, any more than we have been able to determine the functions of the pineal gland. But take my word for it, whatever those functions may turn out to be, they are not the ones he has so nearly persuaded a very able, but somewhat mystically inclined, friend of mine to believe. This Anderson is a clever rascal. He knew his man, you may be sure. He had read your *Romance of Science*, Doctor, and he thought that he saw his way to make profitable use of his old boyish trick; for trick it is beyond the shadow of a doubt. He is a very clever impostor, but bring him to me, I'll unmask him, be he never so clever."

II

Late in the afternoon of the next day, Dr. Jarvis and Mr. Anderson were announced, and shown directly into the Professor's library.

Carlyle, intent and alert, scanned Jarvis' companion with keen eyes, as a good swordsman scans his adversary. He saw a young man of some twenty-five to thirty years of age, tall, well set up, and sufficiently good looking. The eye was clear and steady, and the expression of the face frank and good humored, rather than intellectual.

"Appearances are deceitful," murmured the Professor. "A clever rascal, very clever."

Before half a dozen words had been exchanged, or the object of the meeting touched upon, the watchful Professor noted that Anderson's attention seemed to wander. He was clearly ill at ease, and it at once flashed into the Professor's mind, that Jarvis had betrayed him. The man was on his guard. "Very well, then," he thought, "so be it. The fight is to be in the open." The prospect did not seem unpleasing. At the next pause in the desultory talk, he broke in briskly.

"Gentlemen, we are wasting time. Dr. Jarvis has told me, sir," turning to Anderson, "that you lay claim to the possession of a fifth sense. I can see that he has told you that I do not regard the claim as proved. I accept nothing as proved, sir, until its truth has been logically, clearly, and scientifically demonstrated. But, sir, I am an honest man seeking truth, and my attitude need not cause you the least uneasiness. You will have fair treatment, absolutely so."

While the Professor was speaking, Anderson regarded him steadily, his expression, showing at first both surprise and annoyance, changed to pure amusement at the end.

"Beg pardon, Professor Carlyle. There is some kind of a mistake here. Our friend the doctor simply told me that you were the inventor of the instrument that had enabled him to locate my trouble, that you were a great authority on lots of things, and he wanted you to make an examination before he operated. I do not care a continental, sir, if you will excuse my saying so, whether you believe in my fifth sense or not. Call it any blame thing you like, all I want is to be rid of it. As for my uneasiness, well!" and he broke into a laugh, "if you will open all the doors and windows, and tell your cook to carry that cabbage into the back yard, my uneasiness will soon be over. I never could stand the cooking of cabbage, it is most

offensive to — my fifth sense, my hallucination, my anything you choose to call it."

Professor Carlyle gazed upon Dr. Jarvis, and Dr. Jarvis gazed upon the Professor in mute astonishment. At length the Professor found his voice.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Anderson," he said, "that your fifth sense makes you aware that cabbage is being cooked in this house?"

"Certainly, Professor Carlyle, my fifth sense as you choose to call it, is most emphatically aware of the fact."

The Professor pressed an electric button, and in a moment the butler appeared.

"John," said the Professor, "what vegetables have we for dinner to-night?"

"Potatoes, tomatoes, and spinach, sir," replied the bewildered John.

Carlyle glanced at Jarvis with a look of triumph in his eyes.

"My dear Professor," exclaimed Anderson, "ask John to open the windows, and remove the cabbage. I care nothing for the potatoes, tomatoes and spinach."

"Cabbage, sir," says John, "yes, sir, the cook is bilin' cabbage, but it's for the servants' table, sir."

Again Carlyle looked upon Jarvis, and Jarvis looked upon Carlyle.

"Ah!" said the Professor, with a sigh of relief. "Ah, I see you know the ways of my cook, better than I, Mr. Anderson."

"By the Lord Harry, this is too much," cried Anderson. "Dr. Jarvis, please explain to this scientific a — scientific gentleman, that I did not come here to try to convince him of anything whatever. What he believes, or what he does not believe, is nothing, and less than nothing, to me. If Professor Carlyle can not, or will not, help in effecting my cure, for Heaven's sake let us close the interview and be done with it."

"My dear Anderson, my dear Anderson," said the

doctor soothingly, "calm yourself, I pray. In order to diagnose your case properly, the Professor must fully inform himself as to the symptoms. His methods may at times seem to you harsh, but I assure you, they will prove effective, and his final opinion will be of the greatest service to me in the treatment."

Meanwhile the Professor was whispering in the ear of Jarvis, "A most clever rascal! A most clever rascal! Detain him at all hazards. We must see more of this, —" and as the doctor ceased speaking, he continued aloud. "You must pardon me, Mr. Anderson. The zeal of a scientific man in search of truth, is sometimes blind to the conventionalities. Your case interests me very greatly, and as the doctor well says, I need full knowledge before I dare venture an opinion. The contemplated operation is both painful and, in a measure, dangerous. We do not know the exact function of the nerves that it is proposed to destroy, nor the exact effect of their destruction. We must know what we are about, as far as possible, and whether the destruction of these nerves is absolutely necessary. If your case is one of 'hallucination,' other treatment is indicated. It is only by asking questions, by casting doubts upon everything and anything, in short by a vigorous use of the scientific method, that I may hope to arrive at the truth."

"All right, sir!" replied Anderson wearily. "Go ahead, ask what you like, I'll answer as well as I can. Only do get it through your head, please, that I have no axe to grind. All I want is to be cured."

"Quite so, Mr. Anderson, quite so, we all know that." This from Dr. Jarvis.

"Now, my dear sir," said the Professor, returning to the attack, "your fifth sense, as we will call it, made you aware of the cabbage, but not, it seems, of the potatoes, tomatoes, spinach and other viands, soup, fish, meats, etc. What, pray, is the explanation of that?"

"I'm sure I don't know sir. The others did not affect me: that's all. This sense, if it is a sense, is like the other senses, I suppose, keener about some things than about others. As nearly as I can tell, it is more like the sense of taste than any other: some things, like cabbage, onions, certain flowers, and other things, affect it strongly. Some things affect it very little, and some things not at all. There is no explanation that I know of."

The Professor quietly made a note. Then —

"Is there anything else here that this curious sense informs you of?"

"Well," laughed Anderson, "since the window has been opened, and the air cleared a little, I do notice one or two things. First, I will say in passing, that your butler spends much of his time about the stables; next that you smoke extremely good cigars; and last, that somewhere in this room there is a bunch of fine roses."

"Ah!" exclaimed Carlyle, smiling, "you are quite right about the butler, and right, I hope, about the cigars. Pray try one," extending the box. "But, sir, those things were easily guessed, and might well be due to unconscious cerebration. But, my dear sir," and the smile perceptibly widened, "you are absolutely wrong about the roses. There are none here."

"Then they have been here very recently."

"No, I assure you they have not, but perhaps Jarvis has some concealed about his person. Have you, Jarvis?"

Jarvis shook his head.

"They are here," insisted Anderson, and after glancing rapidly about the room, poking his nose first in one direction and then another, with vigorous sniffs, "what is behind that screen in the corner?"

"My smoking table," replied Carlyle. "But see!" and he swept aside the screen, and upon the wicker table lay a great bunch of magnificent red roses.

The Professor picked them up in a dazed fashion, and slowly read aloud the card attached.

"With many happy returns of the day. From your loving daughter Catherine."

For some moments the Professor stood with knit brows, idly swinging the flowers back and forth.

"I had quite forgotten," he said at length, "that to-day was my birthday, but others have remembered it. A charming surprise! But for you, Mr. Anderson, I might not have discovered those roses, which would have been a great disappointment to my daughter. You have perhaps met her, and can understand how much she would take such a thing to heart."

"No, sir, I have not had that honor."

"Her maid then," suggested Carlyle, with raised eyebrows.

"Professor Carlyle," said the young man, rising, "it is perhaps fortunate for us both that my past experience has somewhat hardened me to this sort of thing. There was a time, sir, when I should have resented it, — resented it hotly, and, I may add, effectively. But now, it is not worth while, I let it pass. Before I leave you, I will call your attention again to something that you seem to forget. I did not come here to make any display of my unfortunate gift. The little I have done in that way, you have fairly forced me into doing. I wish you to remember also, that I have been consulting Dr. Jarvis and you in your professional capacities, and that you are both under the seal of professional secrecy in this matter. I shall expect you, Dr. Jarvis, to give me a speedy answer, and I must insist that you either undertake to perform the operation at the earliest possible moment, or definitely refuse to perform it. I will have no more delay, and I will assuredly not submit further to senseless badgering. Good evening, gentlemen." And with a bow, John Anderson was gone.

III

"I fancy," the Professor remarked, smiling at the doctor, "that we have seen the last of Mr. John Anderson."

"You do? Well, I am not so sure," returned the doctor.

"The last of John Anderson and his wonderful fifth sense," the Professor repeated emphatically. "For he is a clever rascal, and he knows when he is beaten."

"I am not sure that he was beaten," said the doctor steadily.

"Are you not? Then let me clear away your doubts. You parted from this man at nine thirty this morning, having made an appointment with him to meet here at five thirty this afternoon. That gave him eight hours in which to gather information and lay his plans. Time enough, and to spare, for such a man. I am much before the public, well known; it would be child's play for a skillful man to pick up a hundred details about me, my household, and our ways. He was quite sharp enough to know what he had to expect, and to prepare himself. I own that I made a mistake at the outset, in thinking that you had told him that he would be on trial with me, and that he was alarmed. I played into his hands beautifully, and gave him the ideal opening for his cabbage comedy. I had not meant to give him a chance to take the lead. I meant to keep things in my own hands, but he seized the advantage on the instant. It was skillful, most skillful, the way he handled it — his whole attitude. By Jove, he took me so by surprise that even I was staggered for a moment. But you saw how I tripped him. It takes a long, long head to play his game without mistakes. He expected to quite bowl me over with a head of cabbage, and he overlooked the dozen other things cooking in the house at the time. So instead of being bowled by a cabbage head, I bowled him with potatoes, tomatoes, and spinach. He knew that cabbage was cooking, and he knew nothing more. His informant whether directly, or indirectly, knowingly, or unknowingly, was the cook."

"But, my dear Carlyle," put in Jarvis, "are you not overlooking his explanation? He likened his sense to that of taste, which we all know is much more keen in regard

to some things than others. For instance: one would expect pepper sauce to carry farther than potatoes, and the same might be said of cabbage."

"It won't do, old man: there were some twelve to fifteen substances cooking in the kitchen at that time, including our own and the servants' dinner. To assume that but one of these affected the fifth sense, is going a bit too far. When a reasonable explanation explains, we do not take up with an unreasonable one. To continue," and the Professor settled back in his chair, "to continue: John may be seen almost any afternoon smoking his pipe with the coachman about the stables. That bit of information was not hard to come at. Neither was it a difficult task to find out what sort of cigars I smoke; the only wonder is, that he didn't give the brand and the color. That, I take it, showed the true artist — artistic restraint! The fact that to-day is my birthday, gave him a chance with the roses, and he used it skillfully, as he had used the cabbage episode. Just where he got his information, I don't know. Probably from the maid, as I hinted, but I shall not trouble to hunt it up: for there is no need of piling up the evidence. Here at hand is the proof — the test, prepared by myself before he entered the room. You remember, perhaps, that at our first discussion of this fellow's claims, you mentioned twenty-two chemical compounds, beginning with spirits of ammonia, and ending with sulphureted hydrogen, that you found particularly affected your man, though he could neither see, touch nor taste them. Well, my dear boy, your friend Anderson was seated for half an hour within ten feet of each and all of these compounds. Behold!" and the Professor with a dramatic gesture, swung open the heavy tight fitting door of the closet at his right hand, and pointed to a row of twenty-two unstopped bottles, standing on the shelf.

"Behold! He sat within ten feet of those bottles, throughout the interview, and never so much as suspected their presence. The proposition that I started out to

prove, was that this man is a fraud. And sir, I now write Q.E.D. at the end of my demonstration."

The doctor had given evidence of uneasiness more than once during this long speech, but now he seemed to be of two minds about replying. When he did begin to speak, it was with obvious reluctance.

"My old friend," he said, "I shall have to differ with you, and I quite realize that in so doing, I run a grave risk of forfeiting a large part of the respect you have felt for my humble opinion. But I think you are wrong, and as an honest man I must say so. I shall not again go into the long series of tests to which I put my patient's powers. You say that they were unscientific, because I conformed to the conditions that he laid down as being essential, though you, yourself, could not point out where I had left open a loophole at which either fraud or error could creep in. But I do say, that in view of the man's character and history, as thoroughly sifted by my agents and myself, his explanation of what went on here tonight was the reasonable one, and yours the unreasonable one."

"But, my dear fellow," cried the Professor aghast, "common sense, common sense. And the open bottles, within ten feet of him."

"The open bottles were all right, but doesn't it occur to you that the tight fitting heavy door performed effectively the same office for your closet, that the stoppers would have performed for the bottles. You violated one of his essential conditions."

"Good lord, man!" exclaimed the irritated Professor. "If you give a conjuror just the conditions he asks for, how can you, in the name of common sense, expect to expose the trick?"

Dr. Jarvis paced up and down the room with his eyes upon the floor, while the Professor beat the devil's tattoo on the arm of his chair.

"Carlyle, if Anderson comes to me, and insists upon the operation, I shall perform it. It is a severe and somewhat dangerous operation, but I shall perform it."

"He will not go near you," snapped the Professor.

"In our college days you were not without sporting blood," smiled back Jarvis. "Will you bet on it?"

"By Jove, I'll do it! You need a lesson, Jarvis; a hundred to fifty that he does not come, a thousand to a hundred that he avoids the operation if he does come. I would willingly make the odds greater, but I wish you to pay something for your extraordinary folly."

"Done," said Jarvis quietly, "I take both bets."

IV

One week later, Professor Carlyle was startled by a short death notice in his morning paper.

"Suddenly on the 5th inst. John Anderson, aged 27, late of Tromon, in the Province of Wiz."

In a moment he had put himself in wireless communication with Dr. Jarvis.

"I see by the paper that your man is dead," he said.

"Yes," said Jarvis, "a heart weakness that could not be foreseen. Shortly after the administration of the ether alarming symptoms developed. I tried everything, but it was useless."

"He came then, and you were about to operate? Extraordinary."

"Yes."

"I suppose I owe you eleven hundred, but —"

"Damn the eleven hundred," broke in the doctor, and the connection was cut.

In his study the doctor mused with his head between his hands.

"Yes," he murmured to himself, "the man possessed a fifth sense, and if a fifth sense, why is it not possible that the ancients who held the pineal gland to be the seat of the sixth sense, were right? Who knows? But to give voice

to such thoughts would mean ruin, and an abrupt end to my usefulness. The man is dead, my silence can not harm him."

The Professor's musings ran otherwise.

"I admire the man for his cleverness and courage. He played his game to the bitter end, staking life itself on the last trick. I can see now as he saw, that had he survived the operation, he would have had Jarvis bound hard and fast. There would have been nothing to prevent him from claiming that the operation had failed to produce the expected effect. With a man like Jarvis, believing blindly in him, a golden harvest would have been his for the reaping. It is not the first time that a man has risked his life for such a stake. Well, death dissolves the bond of secrecy. Out of respect to Jarvis, I shall suppress all names, but my next article in the REVIEW will not be without interest. I must set about it at once. I shall call it 'The Unmasking of a Fraud.'"

MORE HYPNOTISM AND TELEPATHY

SOME interesting psychic experiences recorded in the diary of the late William Jasper Conant have been sent us by his daughter, Mrs. Carrie Smith.

Mr. Conant died in the old Tenth Street studio building, February 5, 1915. He was in his ninety-fourth year, and in his time had enjoyed considerable fame as an artist. His portrait of Dr. M'Cosh is in the Metropolitan Museum. The sittings for his portrait of Lincoln led to a friendship between the two men which probably was stimulated by Conant's possession of superusual psychic power — matters in which Lincoln is known to have taken the deepest interest.

The extracts from Mr. Conant's diary present but few points unfamiliar to students, which will be noted in course. We give the extracts mainly as of interest to readers not versed in the subject.

Mrs. Smith prefaces her extracts from the diary with some reminiscences.

"When a young man he became deeply interested in hypnotism or mesmerism, or whatever you call it. He made many experiments on different people. Some accounts I will copy from his *Recollections*, but first I must write something he often told me about my mother. She trusted herself to his experiments so implicitly that he found her an easy subject and made some interesting tests. Among them was this: if she were talking and happened to raise an arm, he would wave his hand at her and she was immovable. Until he willed otherwise, she sat speechless, with arm extended and body rigid.

"Then he said: many times he had put on a table any number of tumblers filled with water to the same depth;

over one glass he would make 'passes' and put it back among the others, and call her into the room. He said he never knew her to fail to pick out at once the tumbler he had made the passes over. Once he willed that she should drink of that water and it should physic her, which she did, and the results were so alarming that he made up his mind never again to experiment with her or anybody else, and he never used his power after that except on crying babies or run-away horses. He was always afraid he might do something, hypnotically, that he could not undo.

"I never saw a crying fretful baby that he could not soothe. He would lay it comfortably on a pillow, make a few passes from its head to its feet, his hand never coming in contact with the little body, just hovering over it, and in a moment almost the baby would drop off into a long peaceful sleep, to awaken fresh and smiling. I have seen him do this times without number to our family babies and to strange babies we have met traveling or visiting.

"I remember when a young girl and we were living in the country, that we had two beautiful horses who were keen on running away on the slightest provocation. I recall that the coachman and various male members of the family sat up very straight and stiff, holding tight reins and driving 'with a heart for any fate' almost. Not so my father. He sat back comfortably in the seat, the reins hanging loose on the horses' backs, when we'd have a monologue after this fashion, — 'Tom, don't try to pass that horse, he isn't worth it' — 'Go slow along here.' 'Now Tom, there is something very large and noisy coming up behind us, but don't get excited, it won't hurt you.' 'Here is a nice stretch of road, if you want to show us how you can go, get at it!' — Beautiful old Tom and Pet; they would prick up their ears and look so understanding, and they always did what my father told them to do and never ran away with him!

"But to go back to the years when he was experimenting with my mother: this I will copy from his *Recollections*.

"I am reminded here of a curious psychologic craze that swept the country when I was at Gouverneur Seminary. In those days, lecturers on phrenology, elocution and mesmerism — now known as hypnotism, used to visit institutions of that sort, and on one occasion one of these lecturers delivered a lecture on mesmerism in the Seminary Hall. My French professor, whose name was Lodi, had been a soldier in Napoleon's army, but was reduced in circumstances and was compelled to teach the French language. It occurred to me after this lecture that I might experiment with the new science. Professor Lodi had a little daughter about eight years of age and I found I could easily mesmerize her. I did it time and time again, and nothing objectionable was thought of it. The idea then prevailed that persons in that state could project their mentality and vision to other places, and relate what was going on there. In my studio, which was over a store, where no one ever called and in which this little girl had never been, a picture of the head of a woman with her throat cut hung on the wall. I directed this little girl one night to enter the room and tell me what she saw there. Of course, as I afterwards learned, she knew in her peculiar state what was in my own mind; and in telling what was in that room, she shuddered and shrank, exclaiming: 'Oh! I see a woman with her throat cut!' I experimented a good deal with the new craze, and found that in the trance-like state the subject's individuality was absorbed, and that their revelations were subjects in the mind of the mesmerizer.

"At a later period, when I was living in Troy, at a boarding house where I stayed, there were several young men, among them one named Noland, about eighteen years old, apprenticed to the Starbuck Foundry Works. I heard that he had been mesmerized by somebody, so I

asked him to let me put him to sleep. He objected at first, but finally he said that on one condition he would submit, that he should be told all that happened in his unconscious state. I promised this, and he submitted, adding that I must never inquire into his personal or private affairs or his love affairs.

"At first I told him all he did while in the mesmeric state, but did not need to continue doing so, for he would come to me when awakened and, putting the tips of his fingers to my forehead, would know everything he had done and said. I asked him how this was, but he could not explain it except by saying that it came into his mind drop by drop. All I did to mesmerize him was simply to draw my finger across his face. He was a rough, profane youth, but good-hearted, and never had any refined associations.

"I wished to be certain that he had no recollection of what he did or said, while in the mesmeric state, and resolved to experiment farther to test the question. I knew he had an appointment at six o'clock one night, and it was evident that he was going to see his lady-love who lived at No. 10 Second Street. He had finished eating his supper with the rest of us, and in the kitchen he had put on his overcoat and hat and lighted his pipe and was smoking till the time arrived for him to go. 'Here's my chance,' I said to myself. I then sent him into the darkness of a trance and performed on him for two hours. Then I asked the women of the family to place themselves just as they were sitting when I sent him to sleep. I put on his overcoat and hat again, lighted his pipe, sat him down in the chair, and said 'Wake up in three minutes.' I left the room, and at the end of that time returned. He had finished smoking his pipe, took out his watch and exclaimed, 'Good gracious! where has this evening gone? I had an appointment at six o'clock.' I confessed my sin and told him the reason that I had taken advantage of him — to find out whether he

really had the slightest recollection of anything that occurred while in the unconscious state, a condition that would certainly have been disclosed in such circumstances.

"Finally my doings became notorious, and it was rumored that I treated subjects by mesmerism. I was sent for here and there, and people would ask me to give exhibitions of my power. 'If I have such power over that young man, can it be utilized?' I asked myself.

"Once I said to my mesmeric subject: 'Jimmie, not one oath do you use for two days.' Then I communicated with his companions in the foundry, asking them to tell me whether he used any profane language in the two days, and they reported that during those days he had not uttered an oath. That set me to thinking of farther possible good to be derived from such a power.

"There was a great revival going on, Elder Knapp was conducting the revival meetings, and one night I made Jimmie go to church with me, and he went readily. After the sermon the Elder asked those who wished to ask questions to come forward and sit on the front seats; and he talked with them. My will sent Jimmie up there with the inquirers, and the Elder said if they wished to say anything, now was the time. My will again compelled Jimmie to rise and say a few unimportant phrases. Then the Elder said, 'If any of you feel like praying, do so.' I moved Jimmie to kneel and pray. He made a lugubrious prayer, and of course all his words were from his sympathy with my mind. He went through with this sort of thing two nights; he knew what he was doing, but felt no personal responsibility. After continued experiment and reflection, it was my belief that if the influence could be persistently followed, a radical change might be effected in young Noland.

"One night Jimmie came to me and said: 'Send me to sleep, I want to go down to No. 10 Second Street and see

what is going on there; I think there is a fellow trying to cut me out.'

"I mesmerized him, and he sat quietly for a few minutes while I watched his face. Presently he exclaimed, with a vigorous gesticulation of his hand: 'Gracious! He can't come in, she's as true as steel!' "

Presumably teleteropathy from the girl's mind. [Ed.]

"Jimmie was an apprentice in the Quaker firm of Benjamin Starbuck & Company, manufacturers of ponderous machinery. Benjamin Starbuck, having heard of my performance with Jimmie, invited me to his house one evening, where there were present his partner, whose name was Ranney, and another gentleman and Mr. Starbuck himself. I put the boy through the usual performances, wonderful things, as I thought — but when we were preparing to go home Mr. Starbuck said to me: 'Thee has trained him well.' I was astounded. I replied, 'Mr. Starbuck, do you think that was all a trick?' 'Certainly, I do,' he answered. I thought a moment, Jimmie sitting meanwhile in an ordinary chair: for I had not yet aroused him. Then I said: 'Mr. Starbuck, do you think you three men could hold him down if I told him to get up?' He replied that they certainly could. 'Then arrange yourselves in such a way, as to make sure he cannot get up,' said I.

"The men's weight ranged from one hundred and eighty to two hundred pounds. Mr. Starbuck sat on one of the boy's legs, another man sat on the other leg, and the third climbed up on his back. I asked whether they were ready; they replied they were. I put my fingers on top of Jimmie's head and said 'Jimmie, do you feel strong to-night?' 'Yes, sir,' he replied. 'Then get up,' I commanded.

"He rose at once, throwing the three men in different directions.

"'Now, Mr. Starbuck,' I said, 'You know what must be the natural limit of the physical strength of this young man eighteen years old. *What do you think now?* He

replied that the youth never could have done such a feat in his natural state.

"I had another mesmeric subject, a man employed with Fuller & Warren (manufacturers of stoves) for one dollar and a quarter a day. This man could throw himself into a mesmeric state at almost any time. He was as gentle and simple-minded a man as you could wish to see, but somehow he acquired the reputation of being able to prescribe successfully for the diseases that baffled the skill of many physicians, and they used to come in from the country to consult with him. I found that he was an excellent subject, and often consulted with him about puzzling matters.

"There was a man named Andreas Hall, who was convicted of murder in Troy, sentenced to be hanged, and finally executed. The minister of my church was a frequent visitor to the prisoner, and gained his confidence. Andreas Hall told the minister that he used to run a skiff ferry on the Mohawk River above Troy, and that a year previous to his imprisonment he had robbed a German emigrant of fifteen hundred dollars in gold, and had buried it on an island in the Mohawk River. On the eastern bank of the river were two scraggy pine-trees leaning toward each other, and he said he had buried the money in a straight line between those trees on the island. The emigrant was gone out of his ken, and the money could not be restored to him, so Hall asked the minister to give it to his brother, who lived in Steventown.

"Hall also confessed that a year after this robbery he had gone in the night to Steventown, to a house inhabited by an old couple reputed to be very wealthy. He killed them, robbed the house, and got back with his plunder by daylight, a distance of twenty miles. The question was, who committed the murder?

"The clergyman who had ministered to him came and told me what confession Hall had made, and proposed that

I should go with him, taking a trusty man, search the island in the river and get the box of money. Hall had evidently told his brothers, but no one else knew about it. We went there, but could not find the box. Finally I took this last mesmeric subject of mine — the employee of Fuller & Warren — and told him I wished to use his power. As soon as I took hold of his hand, he said: 'You are after this money; it is there, but wait till it is all over. I tried to tell my wife, but she is a little deaf. I have seen the money.'

"I inquired of his wife privately about the matter, but she could not understand what I meant. I then asked the subject: 'Why can't I get the money now?' and he replied 'There are wills stronger than yours after that money.'

"Well, we got the brothers together, and all of us poked around the island, but found nothing. I even took my subject there and put him to sleep, but he said: 'I can not give you any exact spot; you must take geographical lines, or get it some other way.' Then I said: 'Kneel down a moment and let me put you into a deeper state.' He did so, and soon exclaimed: 'Let me up; Let me up! Come with me!' He walked very rapidly to the other side of the island, all of us following him. Then he said: 'Hall landed there, sat on that stump, and wrung the water out of his clothes:' Next he said, 'Follow me! Follow me!' turned around, and walked swiftly to the middle of the island, which was covered with weeds and underbrush. When we reached the middle of it, my subject turned off to the right, without any hesitation fell on his knees, and began to paw at the dead leaves and brush. Presently he revealed a square hole as big as a soap box. My subject said: 'Hall intended to bury the money here, but thought it would be safer on the other side of the island, so he buried it there.' "

All the foregoing about Hall's proceedings is presumably teloteropathy from his mind. [Ed.]

"Dr. Baldwin, the minister, went directly to the prison from the search, and asked Hall to tell the story of his trip to the island and of the incident, not mentioning the fact of his having been there himself, and Hall told him identically the things which my subject had told us. Some time afterward, I visited the island again, and found that a great deal of digging had been done there. Later, I heard that the two brothers of Hall had bought a farm and stocked it, and my inference was that they found the money. . ."

In connection with the foregoing, Mrs. Smith sends an account of a remarkable experience of her own after her father's death. It was of two superusual auditions which seem to be of the same nature as the large number of visions reported under circumstances more or less similar. Auditions are much rarer. With the scepticism regarding such matters until within a generation, both classes were generally attributed to imagination or "illusion." What raised the illusion was not generally stated, or the nature and psychological and physiological relations of the illusions very exactly defined: for that matter they are not yet. The experiences of Mrs. Smith given below have a special interest and presumable importance from the extraordinary hypnotic power of Mr. Conant while living under the conditions of our daily experience. They therefore perhaps suggest, more strongly than most superusual occurrences, survival among conditions outside of those of our daily experience. Mrs. Smith says:

"At last I come to the story of how my father has spoken to me since he died. The first time was as follows: He died in February, 1915, in the Studio Building in Tenth Street where he had made his home for thirty-three years. Much of that time I had spent with him. We had quite a lot of beautiful old furniture, very large, carved, and heavy. I had thought I could continue to make my home there indefinitely, but in April ill health

forced me suddenly to abandon the idea. I must be moved by May 1st. As I had no prospect of ever again having another home large enough to hold this old furniture, I decided to dispose of it at once. But this was far easier said than done; it was a time of business depression; the dealers I consulted did not care to take the furniture, on account of its size and the necessity of storing it till better conditions prevailed. Several years before, a friend, a Mrs. Wilson, had remarked that she should like to buy much of my stuff, should I ever care to sell. I wrote her and telephoned her of my intention, but both times she said she had changed her mind; the home she had hoped to put it in was still an uncertainty. I was in despair: only a few days were left in which to move. If my things went to storage, how could I ever show them? It was the last week in April; I had been staying over night with my daughter uptown, early in the morning I was hurrying through Twenty-sixth Street to take a Sixth Avenue car down home. Just then I was not thinking of my father or my furniture, when suddenly I heard father's voice saying distinctly: 'Go and see Mrs. Wilson!' I stopped, almost suffocated with surprise. I remember listening to the noises in the street, and marveling that in some different way I had heard my father's voice. However, being a very practical person, when the first shock of surprise was over, I said to myself: 'How absurd! I have written and telephoned Mrs. Wilson, and she has declined to take the things; this is a case of nerves!' I started again towards Sixth Avenue, walking about a quarter of the block, when again father spoke and said:

"'Go and see Mrs. Wilson *now!*'

"If you knew my father well, you could understand how positively and absolutely he would say that: if he was going to help anybody, there was never any doubt or hesitation about it in his feeling. So, all doubt and hesitation left me instantly. I felt so relieved and happy. I turned back, took a Broadway car to Mrs. Wilson's,

though it was early for an unexpected call. I put my case to her in as few words as possible (of course, not mentioning my father's part in the matter); whereupon she laughed and said: 'Well: I had made up my mind I did not want the things, but I guess I'll have to take them;' which she did and on my terms. I should never have appealed to her again to buy the furniture, if my father had not spoken so distinctly, and compelled me to.

"In the following September, while visiting some friends out of town, I had a severe heat-stroke. I lay for hours in a stupor. I don't know why my friends did not call in a physician: they certainly did not realize the gravity of my condition. I became conscious only when some one spoke to me, and immediately relapsed into unconsciousness. About noon I was suddenly brought to, as the country people say, by my father's voice saying: 'Carrie, remember the great homeopathic head remedy is Glonoin.' I was alone, but I asked the next person who spoke to me to look in a small case of homeopathic remedies my father always kept by him, and there was Glonoin sure enough. I began taking it, and was afforded immediate relief. It was just like father to prescribe simple remedies for anyone who needed help, and I certainly heard his voice distinctly."

The marvels already related reminded Mrs. Smith of some others worth publishing. She gives a very remarkable case of sympathetic telepathy between mother and son.

"I should like to tell you of a friend who had a marvelous subconscious mind; I don't know what else to call it. She was a most refined, religious, and agreeable New England woman. Her only child, a daughter, died, leaving six children for the grandmother to bring up; they had previously lost their father. Though the grandmother, Mrs. Boutwell (her husband was a cousin of Gov. Boutwell of Mass.), loved all the children, the eldest, Russell,

was her idol, and between them always the warmest sympathy existed. When he was 21 years old, he decided to be a sailor. He had been away from home about a year, when one day a poor woman, apparently a gypsy, stopped at the garden gate of Mrs. B's. home, and asked for a drink of water. As she returned the glass to Mrs. B. she said: 'You are anxious about your grandson at sea, but don't worry, he is all right, and will come home soon safe and sound!' 'Why,' exclaimed Mrs. B.: 'how did you know I had a grandson at sea?' The woman replied, 'Lady, I just feel it, and I feel something else, you have the same power I have to tell things too.'

"This set my friend to thinking, and she soon found that when she concentrated her thoughts on her grandson, she had strange and powerful intuitions concerning him and conditions surrounding him. She would write them and ask him if certain things had happened, and in every instance he said she was right. Once a peculiar accident happened to him, and before speaking of it to anyone he wrote her asking: 'Gram dear, have you seen or felt anything about me lately?' She answered at once: 'Yes, I saw you walking hurriedly along the deck, suddenly you fell and disappeared in a great dark hole. There should have been an iron grating there, but some one had forgotten to replace it. If you had fallen to the bottom of the hole, you surely would have been killed, but as you fell, you grasped an iron bar the grating rested on, and you swung there till you got your poise, and pulled yourself out safely.' Russell said that was just what had happened, and she could not have described it more accurately if she had been there and seen it with her physical eyes.

"Another time he was directing some work on a dredging machine at Galveston, Texas. His grandmother awoke suddenly one night and saw him standing by her bedside, dripping wet. He told her that a wave or the machinery (I have forgotten which) had swept him and

several other men off into the sea. He thought he was drowning, and when one of the men grabbed hold of him, he was sure of it; but being a powerful swimmer and 'keeping his head,' he saved not only himself, but the other men as well. Mrs. B. said this was all so vivid, she got up at once and wrote it to Russell, and he answered it was just what had happened and as it had happened.

"In course of time Russell decided, as he expressed it, to 'chuck up the sea,' and get some work to do on land. He was uneasy as to the wisdom of this course: for he had been promoted to a petty officer's position on the Naval Colliers, and finally to a junior officer's on the Ward Line. He had a younger brother named Warren, whose health was very delicate, and who brooded so over the loss of his parents that finally his mind gave way too. His case was considered hopeless. Russell was staying at my home at the time, when one day a friend called and proposed we make up a party and go over to Brooklyn that evening to hear Miss Pepper. We were very ignorant, we did not know who she was. My friend, Mrs. E. L. Arbecam of 337 Pacific Avenue, Jersey City, explained the matter and suggested that some of us should write questions and seal them in envelopes with some identifying words on the outside. There were seven of us, and we reached the church just before the services began; there was only time to place our envelopes on the pulpit desk with an enormous pile of them, when Miss Pepper appeared. After the usual simple but most interesting services, she began answering questions. She took at random a large blue envelope from the pile and held it high for all to see, calling in a loud voice, 'Russell, Russell, Russell!' He seemed to have some sort of a premonition of what she was going to say: for he turned deadly pale. With staring eyes and throbbing pulses, he staggered to his feet. Miss Pepper exclaimed: 'Your mother is here, she wants me to tell you that you have done right to change your pro-

fession; she knows all you are doing, but you and the other children do not need her help as Warren does, so she and Frank are bending all their energies to help Warren, who will recover and come out all right!'

"Russell told us afterward he had written simply 'Have I done right to leave the sea?' and 'Will Warren recover?'

"Though an intimate friend of the family, I had never heard of 'Frank,' who had died many years before, in infancy, and Russell had not thought of him for a long time. Warren *did* recover, physically and mentally, and is now in the army.

"A few weeks later, this same friend, Mrs. A., called one afternoon to tell us she had a friend visiting her, who had recently lost her only child, a daughter. She had never attended a 'spiritist' meeting — knew nothing about them: so Mrs. A. proposed we should have a meeting at her house that evening, and see if we could get a message of some sort for the bereaved mother. There was to be no regular professed medium there, just a few friends of Mrs. A., who happened to be strangers to each other. Russell and I went reluctantly: it did not promise to be at all interesting. We had sat for a short time in a softly lighted drawing room, and were chatting informally, when Russell suddenly said: 'Hush! There is an old lady here, who wishes to speak to some one in the room. I have no idea who she is, but she is very striking looking, with dark hair parted in the middle and brought down over her ears; she wears a white fichu, and on her head a peculiar white cap,' which he began to describe, when Mrs. Lamson (whom we had been invited to meet) gasped out: 'Why, that's my aunt Con!' 'Yes,' Russell said, 'She is smiling and nodding her head!' Again, Mrs. Lamson, fairly gasping, said: 'Oh! Aunt Con, is it really you?' Russell assured her it was, and 'She will answer any questions, only ask them quickly!' So Mrs. L. asked: 'Is Uncle Joe with you?' (Uncle Joe, it developed later,

was Joseph Jefferson.) Russell said: 'She is nodding her head — "Yes."' Mrs. L. then asked if her daughter was there, but Russell said she shook her head — 'No,' but still smiling so pleasantly that he felt there was nothing wrong or sad in the daughter's not being with Aunt Con.

"For more than ten minutes Mrs. L. fired questions, very personal and relating to the Jefferson family affairs and the settling of their estate. Finally, Russell exclaimed: 'She can answer no more, she is fading away.'"

Assuming all this not to have been sheer imagination on "Russell's" part, the spiritist's explanation would be that it was hypnotically, or at least telepathically impressed on his mind by a surviving "Aunt Con." [Ed.]

"Later Russell described a beautiful old house that he saw. It had an old-fashioned door-way in the center, with long wings of equal length extending on both sides. Beautiful flower beds were laid right against the walls, and over the front door a most unusual cupola, which, as he described it, threw Mrs. L. into another state of excitement: for she cried out: 'Why, that's my Aunt Con's home, she and Uncle Joe grew up there and I lived there myself!' . . ."

The vision of the house is "something easier" than that of "Aunt Con": for it could have been taken from the memories of Mrs. L. before him. For that matter it is not inconceivable, in view of parallel experiences that the vision of Aunt Con could. [Ed.]

"It was a strange experience when you consider that we were in a lighted room, no regular medium present, all strangers to one another, Mrs. L., the greatest stranger of all, for she came from another city and was known only to our hostess.

"These are only a few of the thrilling subconscious experiences of this grandmother and grandson. She has recently passed away; he is still living (in Topsfield, Mass.), but his family are not at all interested in psychic phenomena, and do not encourage him to use his wonderful gift."

We have called attention elsewhere to the fact that telopsis can be verified only when the facts superusually "seen" are in the knowledge of some verifying person. This gives room for the hypothesis that the apparent telopsis is only a telepathy between the person reporting and the one verifying.

These apparent telepathies are usually cotemporary — the reporter gives accounts of facts that are existing or transpiring, such as the woman's refusal, above, of admission to the rival suitor.

The apparent telepathy from the memory, as distinct from the cotemporary experience of other verifying persons, like that from the thief of his proceedings after the theft, is much rarer. We cannot recall a case from our reading, which, however, in this department of Psychical Research is much more limited than in some others. Where the person who had the reported experience and has forgotten it, as in some cases of multiple personality, has been hypnotized, memories of experiences in alternate states have been restored. Such was the case with Dr. Prince's Sallie Beauchamp and with the well-known Ansel Bourne.

Most cases of alleged telopsis are auto-hypnotic — spontaneous on the part of the reporter, and not, like one of those here given, reënforced by the power of a hypnotist.

The case of the hypnotized youth after regaining consciousness, reading from his hypnotizer's memory what occurred during the trance, is the first of the kind that we have met.

There are now so many well authenticated cases similar to the foregoing that there is not the same need of confirmation that there was a generation ago. We have, however, confirmatory letters from Mrs. Arbecam and Mr. Russell C. Smith named above, and from Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Smith, who were also present at Mrs. Pepper's seance; and we also have abundant testimony to Mrs. Carrie Smith's truthful character.

CORRESPONDENCE

Strong in the Faith

WE hope that among our readers there is enough fellow feeling with the writer of the following to justify giving it to them.

URWAHNFRIED, COL. GUARANY, May 20, 1916.

THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW,

NEW YORK.

Gentlemen:

I've just finished the first "inspection" of No. 10 of the UNPOP, newly arrived. In reading through the excerpts from letters of subscribers that you publish, it strikes me as a bit odd that subscribers should "be on the fence" as to whether they are going to continue their subscriptions or not. The character of the periodical seems to me so clearly defined that a decision, yes or no, is an easy matter.

As for me, in the remotest wilds of Brazil, it was a positive YES! from the day of my first acquaintance. It is not a question of whether I want to send my check or not, but a question of having the check to send. I agree fully with the man that thinks he "could better do without something else." I think my magazine rack means more to me out here than it can to anybody in the midst of Civilization, and in the course of the last year I found myself going without socks and underwear for a few months to keep my magazines going. I hope you appreciate the compliment if I tell you that when I had read through the first copy of the UNPOPULAR I should have been willing to go without a hat for a few months if that had been necessary, in order to get the U. R. lined up alongside the *Nation*, *National Geographic*, *Atlantic*, *Deutsche Rundschau*, *Göttingische Gelehrte Anzeigen*, and a few lesser stars. Unless either the UNPOPULAR or myself go through a marked change of character in the course of time, the former has a lifetime lease of so much space in the magazine rack of the latter assured.

Doubtless I shall, as others are doing, give you a whole lot of valuable advice, what you ought to do or ought not to do, as soon as I get time to think the matter over; for the present, however, I have no farther wishes. Just keep it up!

A Remonstrant

THE following letter is so well written that we hope its author will yet turn up as a contributor. Although he ceased to be a subscriber after the first year, we are glad to see he is still a reader. Perhaps he has spread the contagion by seeing, at the end of his first year, that the REVIEW was placed in his club reading-room.

One answer to his question why the world did not stop trading with the "nation of sharpers," may be that it did. Though the stopping was more sudden, explosive and dramatic than if it had taken place in the ordinary course of business, the causes were largely the same, and probably would have acted in time through commerce, if that action had not been forestalled through war.

Let it be remembered that the growth of those causes had been gradual — as gradual as the growth of German militarism from defense into aggressiveness, and that they had not time to become effective in commerce before they and their kindred causes, broke out in war.

But isn't it a good letter, even if on a bad side?

SEATTLE, August 5th, 1916.

The Editor, THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW.

Dear Sir:

The culinary department which you maintain in the rear of the REVIEW has concocted some dainty messes in its time, but it has fairly out-cooked itself in that choicest tid bit in the latest *Casserole* — the episode of the dignitary at the German settlement.

It is a wonderful little story in ever so many ways, and the most delicious thing about it is the naïvely triumphant air in which it is trotted forth. It is indescribable, that air. I know of nothing just like it. A village Hoyle slamming down an unexpected ace with an exultant bang is something like it, but only something.

"There," it seems to cry. "See the clincher. See the positive proof of Hunnism, Scrap-of-Paperism, Atrocityism and all the rest of it."

You say it "explains so many things." Indeed it does. And

the thing that it best explains is a certain type of man; a type that is always the same, though occurring, as to externals, in various forms.

Sometimes the type is rich Episcopalian, carefully suppressive of the fact that a generation ago it was poor Methodist. Sometimes it is climbing American, deploring to hard-won English near-friends the corruption, vulgarity and materiality of its own country. And sometimes it is prosperous German-American, with an eye on the social register, out-sycophanting even the most sycophant American in its upstart strivings. It is ashamed of being thought "Dutch"; it changes its name from Zimmerman to Carpenter; it discourages its children from studying German; it becomes noisily American, and sometimes, in its more mature development, even more Anglo-maniac, even more fawningly worshipful of things "English," than the most hardened member of Newport's summer colony.

I have known lots of such Germans, and I have known, too, lots of the other sort — the sort that keeps up its *männerchor* and *turnverein*, that calls itself Schmidt, that, proud of its new nationality — and, be it known, devotedly loyal to it — is sturdily unashamed of its old. And I want to say that for solid citizenship and wholesome Americanism it is the peer of any class in this country, bar none.

Now I don't know — though I have a shrewd suspicion — to which class belongs the old gentleman who bewailed to the dignitary the lapsing of his Fatherland into a "nation of sharpers." But I do know that his blatting it out the way he did — assuming it to be true — will not redound to his everlasting credit. A true German, a true American, a true man, under such circumstances, would lock his shame and sorrow up in his heart and keep his mouth shut. Let the old German and his cherished friend, the dignitary, read the last part of *Father Damien*. It may open their eyes.

And just a question here. If Germany had become a "nation of sharpers" why did the old fellow continue to go back there? There was England right in the way — without a sharper from John O'Groat's to Land's End. Why didn't he go to England? Lord Reading, of Marconi Shares fame, would have welcomed him.

But all this is not what I'm getting at. You have proved, to your own complete satisfaction, that Germany is a "nation of sharpers." Will your proof stand the test of two plus two?

When a man enters a business field and finds the greater part

of it pre-empted by rivals he must mind his knitting if he is going to succeed. He must not only give good service; he must be honest to the core. If he isn't, his rivals will see to it that the fact becomes fairly well bruited about. He literally does not dare to play the sharper.

As with a man, so with a nation.

Forty years ago when Germany began to make a stripling bid for a share in the world's business, Great Britain owned that business — body, soul and boots. And yet Germany forged ahead. She cut the very ground from beneath England's feet in region after region. People would buy her goods. They would ride on her ships. Nothing could stop her — not even the English law that goods made in Germany should be stamped to that effect. Her steel cut, her cloth wore. Her dyes stayed put. Her merchant marine furnished no Titanics or La Gascoignes. All of which, no doubt, was the result of sharperism. And yet isn't it strange that the world should go on year after year preferring sharper goods and sharper business honor, when spotless St. George was right there, eager for "tryde," with honest goods to sell, and shrieking out the tale of his rival's sharperism like a pig under a gate?

How did it happen, Mr. Editor? How did it happen that this "nation of sharpers," starting at scratch and handicapped in a dozen ways, gained and gained and gained, and that in the face of honest British competition? Does the world prefer sharpers to honest men? Does it pay to deal with sharpers — and to continue to deal with them?

Perhaps your friend, the dignitary, can explain. His "pretty little story that explains so many things" does not cover this point.

But the late H. C. Bunner's *The Story of a Path* covers the dignitary and the dignitary's brother and many other folk whose Americanism needs half-soling.

EN CASSEROLE

The Revival of Opéra Bouffe

We are very glad indeed that Colonel Roosevelt has turned aside, at least for the time, from the path of Wolsey and Julius Cæsar. In so far as he is a jollier fellow than Julius, Julius' fate for him would be more deplorable. Inasmuch, however, as Julius did first-class work, his fate was a greater waste than the Colonel could incur.

But the Colonel is, for the moment at least, off the dangerous path, and as he is approaching the years of discretion, and has had one conspicuous and, it is to be hoped, instructive failure, we may expect to have him to entertain and occasionally help us for many happy years.

At least one of his activities has not had due recognition. We mean his revival of *opéra bouffe* — a form of amusement whose disappearance many of the older of us regret: for of its niceness there was little question, and its naughtiness seldom came near to nastiness.

The Colonel's variety falls below the older and lighter type, in having a serious side, and even a more than serious side. While his Progressive Party was as ridiculous as any invention of gallic wit, it involved perfidy to a friend, and an offer of lawlessness to the proletariat in exchange for their votes. Never before did a man who had stood so high stoop so low. And yet, so complex is his character, that we are ready to believe that he fooled himself.

His latest production, however, (unless he brings out another between the writing of this and its publication), has so far developed nothing tragic, although it contained the seeds of wide destruction. We refer to his proposition to emulate and even surpass General Boum, whom some of us remember as Commander-

in-Chief of the forces of the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein.

Our Colonel's military experience consists of raising and fighting with, not commanding, a regiment of cavalry, whose only battle was participated in by less than half of them, and on foot, in a small skirmish near (not at) San Juan Hill.

On the strength of this experience, Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt asked for a major-general's commission, and proposed to lead into a war that inevitably would involve many of the enormous perplexities of modern military science, an army of twenty thousand men. And as if there were not *bouffe* enough in the very suggestion, it seems to have been seriously entertained at Washington; and so much faith has the wonderful man inspired among people of his own type, that there was a rush of volunteers, some of them considerable men, ready to risk their lives in so absurd a venture.

This was not merely *opêra bouffe* but *opêra bouffe* on a grand scale — a national scale. There have been perhaps only two greater masters of that, and they attained the international scale. One of them is now wrecking an empire for the laughter of the gods. The other closed his performances in 1815.

Sex and the War

We confess that we were a little surprised to see in a recent *Atlantic Monthly* one of those malodorous discussions by the "sexually unemployed." This one considered how the male population destroyed by the war is to be restored. They all point, of course, more or less timidly, to a reversion, more or less marked, toward bestial promiscuity. Has it occurred to their authors that the result would naturally be as many girls as boys — nay, more? — For in unions outside of regular matrimony, the inevitable general disadvantages to the mother, includ-

ing her share — often the total — of the support of a child, one child to each such union would generally end the experiment, and as first children are notoriously apt to be girls, the majority of the additions to the population from the irregular unions would be girls. So if the reversionary schemes were tried, the total proportions of the sexes would probably be affected little if at all, and the proportion of women denied matrimony would probably be as great as if the schemes were not tried at all.

In opposition to this is apt to be cited the notion, apparently originating with Deusing some fifty years ago, that an excess of boy babies makes up for the losses in war. This has not been supported by later science. There may possibly be some ground for it in a recent notion that mothers suffering privation are more apt to produce boys. This notion however, has not yet any more proved basis than Deusing's.

An Advance in Pedagogy

We have received the following from an eminent friend of pedagogy:

The anonymous writer of *The Professor of Pedagogy — Once More*, Unpopular Review, July, 1916, describes pretty accurately the status of Professors of Pedagogy in a faculty. But I am surprised that he has not heard of the discoveries of Judd: he must be one of a very few who have not listened to the eloquent and earnest words of that man of science.

Let me describe briefly the greatest of these discoveries. Owing to personal idiosyncrasies, — not yet quite stamped out, — in teachers, and to an unscientific system of grading the work of pupils, the records which go up to principals and superintendents cannot be accurately classified. Not only do different teachers grade differently but the same teacher varies by marking differently when tired and when fresh. Now it is evident that unless grading can be removed from the idiosyncrasies of the teacher

and be made a part of a general system, the teacher will retain some initiative, the system of pedagogical method has a loose cog and education is a failure.

The happy thought came to Professor Judd to take up this problem as a piece of experimental research. As a result of experimental observation and of scientific deduction, he has devised a method of marking papers and grading pupils according to universal and impersonal laws. These reports are then sent to scientific students of pedagogy and classified. Each principal has thus a perfect record of the effectiveness of what each pupil has learned and of what each teacher has taught. It is easy to see the importance of this discovery since it eliminates another phase of that individuality in the teacher which is the bane of scientific pedagogy.

I understand that Professor Judd, not content with this great achievement in the human field, is now at work designing a machine to operate according to the mathematical laws of Least Errors and Fourier's Series which will perform automatically all the functions of grading marks, classifying pupils, and systematizing teachers. If he is successful — and who can doubt it? — Pedagogy will at one bound attain to the status of an exact science. It is understood that this illuminating idea came to him as the result of an exhaustive study of the civilization of oriental peoples. Those originators of most scientific achievements have a machine which makes and systematically classifies all prayers offered to the Almighty. The advantages of this machine are remarkable as it entirely relieves Him of all embarrassment of reconciling conflicting and individualistic petitions.

Keep Your Aspirations Active

A girl who spent two weeks at the Chevy Chase Camp, where of course there were no stairs, found on returning home that going up a flight required a conscious effort.

Puzzles in Punishment

If editors were not perfect, they probably would be as much troubled as other people by *esprit d'escalier:* for instance, if we were not the editor, we should raise a couple of questions in this number which ought to have gone in the last number: namely, whether the article in that number, *Some Fallacies About Crime*, should not be supplemented by a question whether the confinement necessary in the case of dangerous criminals would not probably be as effective a deterrent as anything else. We all know that hanging folks who stole what would buy a silken cord for that benevolent purpose, was apparently the reverse of a deterrent, being accompanied by more stealing than has prevailed since that treatment stopped.

The other question that might have been properly brought up is as to how consistent and effective it is, after you have condemned a man to confinement in Sing Sing, to get an amateur orchestra of agreeable women, many of them young and pretty, and all of them in the higher social spheres, to go up and play to him, and give him, when encountered in their inspection of the prison, the benefit of their sympathetic conversation?

The foregoing belated *esprit* has been brought to the front by a contributor sending us the following. He is an old man who has seen and thought not a little. But although he has reached a conclusion in favor of determinism, his having done so does not settle all these questions; and a conclusion in favor of free will is just as incontrovertible.

Having had some experience with what are called bad people, and an equal experience with those who are supposed to be good, quite an association with those generally classed as ignorant, and also coming in contact with a large number supposed to be highly intellectual, I feel positive in this conclusion: that there is no blame to be attached to the individual for whatever act he has committed, that no punishment should be meted out for what has been done, but that correction should be admin-

istered only to prevent a like occurrence of evil in the future. I feel positive in the conclusion that every human being, up to the present moment, has led the very best life possible for him. This, however, does not change the fact that in the future everything is possible; high ideals may be reached, vast improvements made, higher spiritual living attained; but the past is past, nothing could have been different. Therefore, punishment would be a gross injustice. It may be necessary to deprive people of their liberty, but never should it be done as a punishment, but as a prevention, as a corrective.

Arriving at the above conclusions explains to me many of the perplexities of life.

We repeat: whether he is right, pragmatically, depends upon whether the confinement of those who can't be left at large is, after all, as good a deterrent as any other one practicable.

Efficiency Saves an Essay a Year

We want to save you five minutes a day: $5 \times 365 = 1825$, and $\frac{1825}{60} = 30.4$ — more than thirty hours a year! Q. E. D. In less time than that, empires have been won, and immortal essays written for the Unpopular Review — at least immortal by all tests but the philistine one of immortality, which there has not yet been time enough to apply. We not only want to save you time to write one or two essays a year (Please don't all do it) but we also propose to help you save an appreciable portion of the money necessary to keep up your subscriptions. — Please all do it.

We were about to express regret that we can render this service only to that inferior portion of our readers known as males or "mere men", but reflection at once reminded us of two of the most admirable members of the sex that once liked to be called gentle, who share between them great beauty, talent and amiability, whom also it may be our privilege to benefit in the same way.

We have no corresponding consolation, however, for

being unable to render the service in its entire efficacy to — folks who do not shave every day.

The *Evening Post* of May 20th advanced the astounding assertion that there's nothing gained by using soap in shaving, and the obvious proposition that doing it consumes double time.

We've lived too long, however, to get astounded as often as most folks, and we were not astounded this time: for we had been shaving without soap for some months, and we felt like adding our testimony to that of our grave and venerable cotemporary, in its own pages; but we soon realized that the subject contained material for one of the allocutions which some of you have been kind enough to say that you like to get from us; and that if the topic was important enough for our grave and venerable (and of course "esteemed") cotemporary, it is important enough for us.[1]

Of course if we tell you anything on the important subject, we ought to tell you "how the old thing works." The *Post* quotes a wise and actually "scientific" English philanthropist, Mr. G. Arthur Stephens, to the effect that

> The old Romans and Greeks, as evidenced by the statues, were evidently gentlemen addicted to shaving (We hope the feminists will forgive Mr. Stephens for not adding ladies), but, save for a small soap factory discovered at Pompeii, the means of producing soap in those days must have been very limited. The only conclusion that one can arrive at is that they must have shaved without soap, a practice that is, to the present day, indulged in by our Oriental allies, the Japanese, as well as by their neighbors, the Chinese.

The *Post* continues:

> From which bit of historical and anthropological research Mr. Stephens concludes that soap is a superfluity in shaving. This conclusion was further confirmed by the very various explanations of its use he obtained from laymen, "tonsorial

[1] And since this essay was written our admirable colleague, the *Atlantic*, has come out with an article on shaving. Since "everybody's doing it" naturally everybody's commenting on it.

artists," and scientists. One barber thought the soap "propped up the hairs." A scientist explained that the bubbles produced by the soap "kept the water in close apposition to the skin by the surface tension." As a matter of fact, says Mr. Stephens in conclusion, the water is the essential thing, and keeping the skin "well soused" with this is what counts. The use of plain water has the primary advantage of economy, and furthermore the skin is not so liable to irritation, the razor holds its edge for a longer time, and the time required for the job is decreased by 50 per cent.

"Ditto to Mr. Burke!" acclaim we, though we are not yet dead sure about the razor: for what we believe really started us in this business was a razor beside which all other razors we ever saw were mere bush-hooks. And since, as always, we are doing our best for your temporal and spiritual welfare, we must tell you about that. It's a little bit of a thing, only about half the usual width. When it was recommended to us, we scouted it, being under the impression that a fairly teutonic weight of metal was needed to cut down our *chevaux de frise* (or shall we say *cheveux?* Once in Antwerp we asked for a brush for our *cheveux*, and our pronunciation was so defective that we were handed a horse-brush.) But the barber at the University Club shaved us with the little thing, the first time we hadn't shaved ourself (or selves?) in over fifty years; and shaved us better than we'd ever been shaved before; and told us that the razor never required honing, but only after each use, a couple of strokes each way on the wood side of the queer strop which goes with it, and twice as many strokes on the leather side. Whereupon we handed over five dollars with as touching confidence as if we had that day first come to New York, and been accosted on the street by a strange gentleman whose kindness overcame us. Well, that was several months ago, and the little razor under the very gentle treatment enjoined upon us, or the neglect if you prefer, has been growing, if possible, better rather than worse, and has supplied the place of the numerous predecessors which for so

many decades had survived the struggle for existence and become the proud products of natural selection. We feel it our duty to you as well as to a benefactor of the race, to say that this razor bears the legend *P. F. Ferriere, New York, Honeless, made in France.* This advertisement is not paid for, except in benefits in excess of the five dollars we gave the barber for the razor and strop.

Well, one morning when we were in a tremendous hurry (Alas! We're irredeemably of that kind.) the insinuating little thing suggested that it was so bright and sharp that it was superior to the need of soap. And behold it was! We had already washed the editorial physiognomy in hot and then cold water, as our habit had been before applying soap.

For a time, however, we clung to soap when we were not in a hurry, because it marked off the unmown territory from the mown. But we soon learned that that could be better done by rubbing suspected spots with the fingers, and really a better approximation to a smooth lawn was thus secured.

While we were writing all this about shaving, we were reminded of how our grandfather hated a moustache — even *our* moustache, of which we were so proud in the sixties. When asked what he thought nature put hair on men's faces for, he said: "To keep them from getting lazy, by the need of taking it off." His tastes were formed under the fashions following the Revolution, when every man shaved clean. By the way, when he was married, his long trousers were the first ever seen in his region.

In the war of 1812, the naval officers, to judge by the pictures, wore mutton chop whiskers, and these gradually lengthened into the leg-of-mutton whiskers of Dundreary in the sixties. These gradually shortened until they disappeared, and now our boys shave clean — after stealing our razors. Well! they can have all *ours* earlier proved

true, if they won't disturb the little French one; and they can have all the brushes and soap and "paste" and "powder" too. *Eheu fugaces!* But also *Salve venientes!*

The Ego in the Essay

We are each launched in life with an elfin ship-mate — set jogging upon earth beside a fairy comrade. When our ears are clear, he pipes magic music; when our feet are free he pleads with us to follow him on witching paths. We cannot often hear, we cannot often follow, but when we do, we know him for what he is; when we sail or run or fly with him we know him for the gladdest fellow with whom life ever paired us, a companion rarely glimpsed, but glorious, for he is our own true Self. Poets and dreamers have sometimes snared him in a sonnet, but for the most part, for his waggishness and his wanderings, he demands, not the strait-jacketing of poetry, but the flexible garment of prose. It is the shifting subtleties of the essay that have ever best expressed him.

One man there was in that peopled past where friendship's best doors fly open at our knock, who knew how to catch his elusive Ego and keep it glad even on ways that led through sordid counting-house and sadder madhouse; and who knew also, better than any one since has ever known, how to envisage and investure that exquisite Self of his, sweet, quaint sprite that it was, in an essay. Ever since that time those of us who love essays say of one possessing special grace, it is like Elia's, meaning not that it imitates Lamb's style, the inimitable, but that it reveals as only the essay can do, personality.

Of all literary forms the personal essay appears the most artless, a little boat that sails us into pleasant havens, without any sound of machinery and without any chart or compass. To read is as if we overheard someone chatting with that little merry-heart, his own particular Ego. We do not stop to think what childlike simplicities

any grown-up must attain before he can hear that fairy divinity, his own Self, speak at all, for the only true tongue in which the Self speaks is joy. Only childlike feet can follow the feet of fairies. The self-annalist whose essays warm our hearts with friendship, must be one who sips the wine of mirth when all alone with his own Self. Not many such are born, and fewer of them write essays. The essay is no easy thing. The true mood and the true manner of it are rare. It is as difficult to write an essay on purpose as it is to be a person on purpose, a teasing game and unsatisfactory.

Yet the difficulties of essay-writing are offset by the delights: for there is nothing so compelling to expression as chuckle, and that is what the true essay is, sheer chuckle; it is what we felt and saw that time the elfin Ego floated in on a sun mote, and showed us, laughing, how all our life is gilded with fun. Then off we fly to write it, with the spell still upon us! The poising of a word on the tip of our pen until the very most genial sunbeam of all shall touch it, the weaving the thread of a golden thought in and out through all the quips and nonsense, the wrapping a whole life experience in the hollow shaft of some light barbed phrase! The best quality of the humorous essay is that the reader shall smile, not laugh, and moreover, that he shall remember no one passage at which he smiles: it is far better that he should feel that he has touched a personality tipped with mirth. Ariel never laughed. The fun that makes the soul expand must have in it the lift of wings and the glimpsing fantasy of flight.

More than any other of the shapes prose takes, the essay should give the reader a sense of good fellowship. Probably the writer who as an actual man is shyest, gives this comradeship best. The shy man sheds forth his personality most opulently in print, and preferably, as certain wise editors have perceived, in anonymous print. One is sensitive to having an everyday friend see one's soul in public, because the everyday friend knows too well the

everyday self, to which the elusive essay-self is too often a stranger.

That skittish elfin Ego, so alien to the humdrum man or woman who bears our mortal name, if he only came to visit us oftener, stayed with us longer, what essays we might write! A snatch of song, a tinkle of laughter, a flutter of wings, if he would only linger until I could clearly see what he is, this Ego of mine, who tells such happy secrets! Poor babykin, poor fairykin — that Ego sent forth with us to make blithe the voyage, we cannot go a-dancing with him out to fairy fields, because our feet are heavy with Other People's clogs and fetters, we cannot hear when he would whisper at our ear gentle philosophies — our own Self's and no one's else, because of the grave grubby Book-people who thunder at us from our shelves. Sometimes I catch him casting a waggish twinkle at me over the very shoulder of my blackest worry, rainbow wings and head that is devil-may-care trying to get at me from behind her sable-stoled form. Even in the thought of death I catch his cherub chuckle, "Could a grave hold me?" For is not death also a bugbear of Other People, not at all of my own Self's making?

Gay little voyager! He seems, when he visits me, to be the prince of the kingdom of fun. He does not stay long, but long enough sometimes for me to write an essay. But whence he comes, or whither he goes, or what he is, whether demonic or divine, I only know that he is mine.

Sprawling

WHAT we get in this life, we usually, perhaps invariably, have to pay for, though some of our bargains with Nature may be good bargains — that is: good for both sides, as when the labors of the physicist or chemist buy nature's forces for the good of her children, or the landscape artist perpetuates some expression of her dear face.

Well, the *anthropos* has to pay for his up-looking by pumping much of his blood against gravity — all of it

that goes to his most important organ — the brain. When the other mammals (except the camelopards, the deer and camel tribes and perhaps a few others, none of whom have much sense) are walking or swimming, nearly all their organs, including the brain, are strung along a horizontal line, and when those who live on land are reclining, the same is true, except that the brain is a little above the line, but the legs are raised nearer to it than in walking; and when they feed, the brain is usually lowered.

The same horizontality is true of the ovipers, true with a vengeance of all the lower ones — reptiles and fishes, and true of all the organs of the birds except their brains. Touching those, there is an interesting correspondence: the birds, like the men, are really *anthropoi*, almost the only ones outside of man, and the few exceptions above noted and they, with man, have to pay for it by pumping the blood to the brain against gravity. In flying and feeding, however, their heads are lowered. But they have the advantage of man, so far as concerns pumping, in having the parts of their legs which call for much blood, much nearer horizontal than man's, and so with the muscles of their upper limbs — wings. Yet this advantage is partly offset by the downflow not being so nearly vertical as man's. But take it all in all, the disadvantage in respect to blood pumping seems to be more against man than any other creature. Outside of sleeping hours, the best the modern European or the American does for himself in this regard, is to get his thighs horizontal on a chair. The Turks and Japs in addition squat both calves and feet into horizontality.

It was in deference, conscious or unconscious, to these facts that an eminent physician lately told an elderly patient afflicted with the usual sleeplessness of old age: "In any event a person of your years should be in a re-

cumbent position eight hours out of the twenty-four." Similarly a leading mathematician always reclines when he dreams his formulæ; and the other day we had a communication from a bright woman, perhaps it has got into this number, alluding to her couch as her working place. In a contrasting activity, some forty years ago, during the hygienic lifting craze, the proprietors of the establishments made each patron take a "sprawl" on a lounge, between lifts, to take away the resistance of gravity from the stimulated circulation.

And now comes the most interesting idea that has occurred to us in the connection. To what was due the astounding vitality, intellectual as well as physical, of the ancient Greeks, as compared with their descendants? Obviously, for one thing, it had to be paid for (to revert to our initial proposition) by the enslavement of enough aliens to make the effective Greeks a leisured class, which the modern Greeks are not. This is not directly a physical difference. The only material physical difference that we can see, is that the ancient Greek used to *sprawl* more than any civilized people does now. We sit on chairs, and at table not even on easy ones, but bolt upright. The Greeks used to sprawl on couches.

During the frightful heat of last summer, we got the notion that we worked better sprawling in a hammock than anywhere else, and we don't think the hammock was enough cooler to account for it. But we were pondering this subject at the time: so our impressions are open to suspicion.

In confirmation of the foregoing we have learned since it was written, that the best preserved old man we know, who overcame tuberculosis in his twenties, always has done a great deal of sprawling, especially after exercise.

The Saving Sense of the Ridiculous

THESE are not days of laughter, nor yet altogether of sobriety either: for the laughter of blood drunk-

enness is but the cachinnation of hysteria, and of true soberness there can be none with half the world in arms. True, to the man in the trenches, for whom war's abnormality has become the normal, a jest is still a jest none the less: for one cannot forever tread the clouds; yet it is not such laughter we would hear. Were mankind at large to laugh at the war as a spectacle, by that would the generation be damned: for in outright laughter there is sanction.

But could the world smile, not in tenderness, but with corrective sternness, then perhaps we might glimpse a millennium, a peep of the day long lurking in desire and belief, in which the race has pictured itself smiling upon the errors of a young and foolish world, as the gods are reputed to have smiled upon us aforetime, and even now — the sad mirth of the high gods who gaze upon naughty children: here is the true gift of salvation. Could man attain it at once, he would perforce forsake his ways.

Never such need of that smile. Were there now a respite in the fighting, it might come to the eyes of civilization: for it is a smile not worn upon the lips. Once, in that first Christmas, the reports from the front almost gave hope that a man would look upon his likeness and find a brother. It was but a promise.

For one beyond the range of rancor, the risibilities need not have atrophied. One read, for random instance, of the rich Frenchman's heroism in taking over a postman's route, that the letter carrier might go and fight; and of the self-sacrifice of those exalted ladies of Italy who undertook to care for children day by day, enabling the mothers, the women of the poor, to take the place of their men called to battle. One need not dwell above the earth to smile at the sight of men changing names of streets or capitals to dishonor the language of a foe, scoffing at the mere adaptation of foreign words — how long have the French had that delightful example, vasistas? — or forgetting that art knows no boundaries. There is royalty itself,

establishing a new year book because, forsooth, the ancient Almanach de Gotha is edited too close to Potsdam (Bias in the making of a calendar!); and we find the groundling papers of London filled with denunciation of authorities who permit, in tradition, true blue British tars to do funeral honor to the commander of an enemy's warship. And cometh intellect, in the person of a noted review editor, saying: "We do not hate the poisonous serpent or the beast of prey; we just destroy them."

But it is not such incidental mirth, a trifle wry, that the world lacks. For all effect, that is not greatly better than the empty grimace of optimism.

Hervé it was who, in *La Guerre Sociale*, dared laugh down his country's indignation at the Germans' use of poisonous gas.

"Do you not remember," he asked, "when in August the Germans were marching on Paris and the wildest excitement prevailed, what weird rumors were circulating about our Turpin power? With the greatest delight were stated the murderous effects which were caused by the asphyxiating projectiles of the famous inventor. 'Yes, my dear, 70,000 Germans have been simply suffocated; entire regiments were left dead on the spot by asphyxiation.' Indeed, what punishment would have been too cruel for people that attacked you suddenly? I remember perfectly well. Nobody protested then. But it was unfortunately only a gigantic canard. As long as one believed in the wonders of the Turpin asphyxiating powder, Turpin was the saviour."

Men like this can face the facts of war, but only when, as Shaw says, "all questions of civilization are buried." Yet what an all-embracing comedic ripple would sweep over not only such as these, but the work-a-day fellows of every camp, could they but hear and grasp such a supreme example as this — a menace to war and sway in its unconscious ludicrousness: von Bissing, anathematized as the Hun himself, prohibiting in a decree to Belgium the retention of song birds from which the eyes have

been removed, in these words: "The artificial blinding of birds is a cruelty which I can by no means tolerate."

Feeling mockery so, man collective would be near to man the individual, in choosing another arbitrament than force of arms. Humor is no friend of glamor, and without that, where is war?

The greater smile would come into its own only as the defensive panoply of those at grips.

Bernard Shaw furnished one when he told the soldiers, with forlorn common sense, to shoot their officers and go home.

If they would but look, these men arrayed, even they would find the stuff for laughter, the tragi-comedy of Whither and Wherefore. The books of many hues: in these the mighty of the earth, accusing schoolboy fingers outthrust, cry "He did it first!" Navalism raises hue and cry against militarism, alleging its own fortuitous checks as virtues; colonial conquerors call on high heaven to avenge a Belgium treated as if it were no more than a strip of Africa, and the followers of Napoleonic strategy make uproar at their foes' each innovation, as their professional forebears rail at the Corsican for abandoning the academic. Austria-Hungry rallies her peoples to a racial call, France embraces Russia, and Great Britain learns to find adaptable virtues in the machine-olatry which imagines that logic, even impeccable, can justify the sinking of a Lusitania. Germany, accused of atrocities in the West, besmirches Russia in the East, and the land of the Filipino water-cure waxes censorious.

Were they but given the power of smiling vision, these men, then might great things come forth.

As it is, the world, as always, must wait. But of a surety the war will in time bring forth its comedic treatment. Historians there will be, to quarrel and quibble the truth of the least battle beyond their eager grasp.

Yet there will come analysts, and after all, above the humor that can mock men or institutions out of being, there is the humor that, albeit sometimes wearied, can explain. A Veblen turns Respectability inside out, and it can but smile at the symbols which are its essence; a Le Bon dissects the mind of the crowd, with its poet and street boy, prelate and tapster, and reveals in patriotism and other great affairs, the tawdriness of catchwords and superstition. And even we of the crowd cannot restrain the twinkle from our eyes, the while we feel a kinship to the gods, for — it was Balzac who wrote it — "*l'ironie est le fond du caractère de la Providence.*"

An Outburst of Enthusiasm

SINCE our last issue there has been a two hundred per cent increase in the apparent interest of our subscribers in simplified spelling. Their applications for a certain gratuitous pamphlet then amounted to two. Now they amount to six! At this rate of increase — two hundred per cent each three months, it will take less than two years to interest all the readers we expect to have by that time. If, however, we assume that the trebling of the last three months must be credited to the whole history of the REVIEW, at the rate of two hundred per cent increase each two and a half years, the great conversion would be effected in a little over fifteen years. That's a short time for a great reform, even adding to the fifteen years the ten since the Simplified Spelling Board began work.

But in addition to this enormous statistical advance in the interest in simplified spelling, there has been another that may strike you a little differently. The National Education Association, at its recent great gathering in New York, voted overwhelmingly to use hereafter in its official publications the spelling "— t" for past tenses of verbs ending in " — ed" pronounced " — t", where the change will not suggest an incorrect pronunciation.

Of course the resolution could most fitly have been, but was not, accompanied by one to omit the *e* in the final *ed* unless pronounced. *Pronounst* illustrates all the points.

Moreover between the last two annual meetings of the Simplified Spelling Board fifty-nine American universities, colleges and normal schools adopted some simplified spellings, and one hundred and eighty-two periodical publications, including dailies.

In April, one hundred and nineteen American universities and colleges in which no action had been taken, tacitly permitted simplified spellings in their students' themes.

Simplified Spelling has been placed on the program of the Chatauqua Institution.

INDEX

THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW

Vol. VI

[*Titles of Articles are printed in heavier type. The names of authors of articles are printed in small capitals*]

Action, Reaction and the Scrambled Drama, 145; present confusion, 146; Ibsen and the movies, 146–153; the outlook, 154–156.
Adam and Eve, 45, 348.
American Federation of Labor, 281, 285.
Anarchy, 351.
Arbecarn, Mrs., 418, 419, 421.
Arbitration, 269.
Arnold, Matthew, 351, 376, 378, 385.
Auditions, 414.
Bagdad Railway, 318.
Ballot, 5.
Barker, L. H., 'Suffrage Sabotage,' 219.
Beauty, 328, 331.
Berlin, 82.
Berliner Tageblatt, 36.
Bernhardi, 300.
Body, cult of, 330, 331.
Boole, Emily R., 'The Crime of Efficiency,' 157.
Boutwell, Mrs., 416.
Brieux, 152.
Bunyan, 341–343.
Byron, 75.
Carlyle, 386.
Cézanne, 215–217.
Chenoweth, Mrs., 164–178, 181.
Children's books, 344–347.
Christianity, 303.
Cigarmakers Union, 289.
Circus, 211–214.
Classics, the, 310.
Coleridge, 384.
College professors, 58, 367.
Colleges, 232, 237–240; American idea, 134, 138–144.
Colonization, 312.
Colton, Arthur W., 'What do We Mean by Poetry?' 99.
Competition, 276.
Conant, Wm. J., 406.
Conventions, 307.
Corporations, 14.
Correspondence, 422.
Courage, 21.
Crime, 430.
Crime, Some Fallacies about, 116; reformation, 116–117; deterrent efficacy of punishment, 117; "criminal type," 119; mental deficiency, 120–123; recidivism, 123–124; crude reasoning, 124–125; percentage of criminality, 125–126; need of improved methods, 127; effect of punishment, 128–130; moral justice, 130; value of criminal system, 131.
Crookes, Sir William, 164.
Crowd, 249–257, 387.
Culture, 309.
Curran, Mrs., 185.
D—, Miss, 164, 178–183.
Dante, 107, 108, 374, 375, 377.
De Coppet, Edward, 207–210.
Delbrück, Hans, 32.
Democratic party, 223.
Denkmalitis, 203.
Devil, The, and the Deep Sea, 223; Republican party preferable to Democratic, 223–225; taxation, 225–228; President and labor unions, 228–230.
Diedrich, Admiral von, 34.
Domestic Free Trade and Organized Labor, 276; business regulation, 276–280; union practices in restraint of trade, 281–288; Hatters, Cigarmakers, and others, 288–292; public rights, 292–293.
Drama, 145.
Duty, 221.
Eckermann, 73.
Education, 70.
Educational Biases, 132; the German fetish, 133–136; originality, 136–137; English undergraduate system vs. American college, 138–144.
Efficiency, 234–236, 241, 243, 245.
Efficiency, The Crime of, 157; life not logical nor mechanical, 157–159; "getting things done" contrasted with living, 159–163.
Efficiency Saves an Essay a Year, 431.
Eitel, Mr., 192.
En Casserole, 201, 426.
England, middle class, 28; woman in, 350.
England's Place in the Sun, 311; commerce the basis of her colonial expansion, 311–318; Germany's colonial policy the contrary, 318–321.
English undergraduate system, 138.
Errata and Contingent Subjects, 306; conventions, 307–308; culture, 309–310; the classics, 310.
Essay, The Ego in the, 435.
Eternal Feminine, The, 348; Adam and Eve, 348–349; Feminism, 349–352; fundamental error, 352–354; imitating man, 354–356; motherhood, 356–357; man a creator, 358–359; woman a home-maker,

359–362; woman in France; Salons, 362–366; woman unchanging, 366.
Eve. *See* Adam.
Example, An, 206.
Faguet, Émile, 351, 352.
Faith, 200.
Fatherland, 38.
Fear, 241–245.
Federal Trade Commission, 278–280.
Federalization, The Spread of, 1; basis, 1–2; locality, 2–3; expansion of functions of government, 3–4; problem of simplification, 4–5; organizations influencing government, 5–8; special interests, 8–10; government ownership, 10–12; new writ, 12–13; new political lines, 14; ideal federation, 15.
Federation, European, 272.
Feeble-mindedness, 120.
Feminism, 44, 54, 348.
FLETCHER, JEFFERSON B., 'War and the Professor of Literature, The,' 367.
Flonzaley quartette, 207–210.
Force, 269.
France, woman in, 351, 362–366.
Francke, Kuno, 379.
FRANKLIN, FABIAN, 'Some Fallacies about Crime,' 116.
Free trade, domestic, 276.
Friend, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin, 164–200.
Frost, Robert, 112, 113.
Future state, 200.
Futurism, 335.
German scholarship, 132–136.
Germany, 203, 206; Colonial policy, 318; Goethe and, 73; race superiority, 296; "Sharpers" (letter), 423; war-theory, 294.
Germany and American Preparedness, 30; monarchy and democracy, 31–33; German and American hostility, 34–39; pacifist arguments, 39–42; peace, 42–43.
GILMAN, BENJAMIN IVES, 'Philosophy of Terrorism, The,' 294.
Goethe, 377, 378.
Goethe and Eckermann, 73; imaginary conversation in Elysium, August, 1916, on topics of the time, 73–90.
Golden Rule, 302–305.
Gompers, Samuel, 229, 281, 282, 291.
Government, 1.
Government ownership, 10, 12.
Great Unscrambling of 1925, The, 91; results of resolving all United States railroads into State roads, 91–98.
GRIBBLE, GEORGE DUNING, 'Goethe and Eckermann,' 73.
HADLEY, MARY HAMILTON, 'The Great Unscrambling of 1925,' 91.
HAINES, HELEN E., 'Some Reflections on Literature for Ladies,' 264.
Hall, Andreas, 412.
Hate, 379.
Hatters case, 288–291.
HAYWARD, EDWARD F., 'Popularity, Unpopularity, Impopularity,' 381.
Heine, H., 297.
Hodgson, Richard, 164, 172, 179, 188.
Holt, Henry, 184, 185, 186.
HOLT, HENRY, Comments on 'More Hypnotism and Telepathy,' 406; 'Devil, The, and the Deep Sea,' 223; 'Efficiency Saves an Essay a Year,' 431; 'Errata and Contingent Subjects,' 306; 'Example, An,' 206; 'Keep Your Aspirations Active,' 429; 'Liquor Question, The,' 214; 'Our Quadrennial Upset,' 201; 'Outburst of Enthusiasm, An,' 443; 'Pacificist and Pacifist,' 202; 'Patience Worth and the Ozark Dialect,' 211; 'Problem of Poverty, The,' 245; 'Puzzles in Punishment,' 430; 'Revival of Opéra Bouffe, The,' 426; 'Scraps of Paper, As to,' 202; 'Sex and the War,' 427; 'Shameless Confession, A,' 220; 'Sprawling,' 437; 'To the Faithful,' 222; 'What, in our Case, is in a Name,' 201.
Home, 55, 359–362.
Hubbard, Elbert, 177, 178.
Huey, E. B., 67, 68.
Hughes, Chas. E., 223.
Humor, 440, 442.
Hypnotism and Telepathy, More, 406; extracts from the diary of Wm. J. Conant, 406–420; experiments on Noland, 408–412; buried money, 412–414; auditions, 414–416; subconscious experiences of Mrs. Boutwell and grandson, 416–420; telopsis and telepathy, 421.
Hyslop, J. H., 164–186, 197.
Ibsen, 146, 147.
Illiberal Liberal, The, 215.
Imagination, 339–341, 368.
Imperator, 179, 188, 192, 198.
Impoliteness, 383.
Impopularity, 381.
India, 314.
Individual, 236, 262, 326, 388.
Industrial freedom, 276.
Interstate Commerce Commission, 91, 284.
Johnson, Dr., 386.
Joys of Being a Woman, The, 44; feminism, 44; Adam and Eve, 45–47; woman's conscious superiority 47–57.
Keats, 114.
Keep Your Aspirations Active, 429.

Kirkland, Winifred, 'Ego in the Essay, The,' 435; 'Joys of Being a Woman, The,' 44.
Kultur, 77–80, 297, 379.
Labor, 229; organized, 276.
Lamb, Charles, 435.
Latin, 306.
Laughter, 323, 324, 335–337, 440.
Levick, M. B., 'Saving Sense of the Ridiculous, The,' 439.
Life, 157, 198.
"Lionel," 179, 191.
Liquor Question, 214.
Literature, 334, 342, 344; professor of, 367; tango-time, 324, 331.
Literature for Ladies, Some Reflections on, 264; criticism of women's periodicals, 264–268.
Lodge, Sir Oliver, 164, 171, 180, 195.
Lombroso, 119, 120.
Lowell, Amy, 111.
Lusitania, 35, 36.
Lusitania Victim Speaks? 164; extracts from reports of communications seeming to come from Edwin Friend, 164–200.
Lutheran Church, 215.
McConnell, R. M., 123.
Mackensen, Field Marshal von, 20.
Masters, Edgar Lee, 112, 113.
Men and women, 44, 354–362.
Merritt, Walter Gordon, 'Domestic Free Trade, and Organized Labor,' 276.
Meumann, Ernst, 68, 69.
Militarism, 41.
Military drill, 18.
"Mills," 179–183.
Mob. *See* Crowd.
Moore, Ernest Carroll, 71.
Morality, 221.
More, Paul Elmer, 'Problem of Poverty, The,' 231.
Motion-pictures, 146–153.
Myers, F. W. H., 164, 171.
Nation, The, 67.
Nietzsche, 240, 241.
Noland, Jimmie, 408.
Nursery Lore, in Praise of, 338; fairy-tales, 339; poetry and imagination, 340–341; Bunyan, 341–343; Mother Goose, 343–344; books for children, 344–347.
Obedience, 18.
Olson, Judge, 125, 126.
Olympia in Transit, 211.
Olympic games, 212.
Opéra Bouffe, The Revival of, 426.
Originality, 136–137.
Osborne, Thos. M., 127.
Our Quadrennial Upset, 201.
Outburst of Enthusiasm, An, 443.
Overstreet, H. A., 'Denkmalitis,' 203.
P——, Mrs., 183–185.
Pacificist and Pacifist, 202.
Pacifists, 39–43.
Parker, Norman S., 187, 194–199.
Parkinson, Wm. D., 'The Spread of Federalization,' 1.
Patience Worth, 185, 186.
Patience Worth and the Ozark Dialect, 211.
Peace, 41–43.
Peace by Force, 269; individual controversies, 269–271; international difficulties, 271–273; war, 273; peace sentiment, 274–275.
Pedagogy, 58.
Pedagogy, An Advance in, 428.
People, the, 235, 244, 387.
Pepper, Mrs., 418, 421.
Periodicals, women's, 264–268.
Ph. D. degree, 137, 372.
Piper, Mrs., 179, 188, 198.
Poetry, 221, 339.
Pollock, Arthur, 'Action, Reaction, and the Scrambled Drama,' 145.
Poole, Ernest, 231–263.
Pope, Miss Theodate, 165–198.
Popularity, Impopularity, Unpopularity, 381; unpopular men, 382–383; kinds of unpopularity, 383–387; crowds, 387; individuality, 388–389.
Poverty, 231–263.
Powers, Fred Perry, 'Peace by Force,' 269.
Preparedness, 30.
Presidential election, 201.
Priest, Prof., 31.
Prison discipline, 116.
Problem of Poverty, The (a discussion of Poole's story of *The Harbor*), 231; a Platonist's views, 231–245; the plot, 231–235; Poole's philosophy, 236–237; modern university, 237–240; Nietzsche, 240–241; fear at the heart of the world, 241–244; fear of God, 244–245; an Aristotelian's view, 245–263; *The Harbor's* claims to consequence, 246–248; the author's vision, 248–249; his worship of the crowd and his "thinking," 249–254; passion for freedom of mankind, 255–257; author's manners, 258–260; inequalities of men, 260–263.
Professor of Pedagogy, The — Once More, 58; his ignorance, 59–61; teaching his colleagues to teach, 61–63; influence, 64; demand for pedagogy, 65–67; discoveries, 67–69; pedagogical bluff, 70–72.
Progressive party, 426.
Prohibition, 215.
Prose, 99.
Psychic phenomena, 164–200, 406–421.
Psychical Research, Journal of the American Society for, 164, 165, 185, 186.
Psychology of the Soldier, The, 16; obe-

dience, 18–20; fidelity, 20; courage, 21–22; comradeship, 22–24; simplicity, 24–25; religion, 25–27; faults, 27–29.
Punishment, 116.
Punishment, Puzzles in, 430.
Railroads, 91.
RAVENEL, MRS. S. P., 'Eternal Feminine, The,' 348.
Razor, 433.
Reading, 68.
REED, EDWARD B., 'Germany and American Preparedness,' 30.
Religion, Christ's, 302; soldier's, 25; Thor, 294.
Remonstrant, A, 423.
Republican party, 223.
Rhythm, 104.
Ridiculous, The Saving Sense of the, 439.
Roberts, Nathalie E., 181, 187.
Robinson, E. A., 113.
Roe, E. P., 333.
ROGERS, JAMES F., 'Olympia in Transit,' 211.
Roosevelt, Theodore, 426.
Salons, 363–366.
Scraps of Paper, As to, 202.
Self, 435.
Sex and the War, 427.
Sex antagonism, 353, 357.
Shakespeare, 341, 377.
Shameless Confession, A, 220.
Shaving without soap, 432.
Silk Association, 279.
Smell, sense of, 390.
Smith, Mrs. Carrie Conant, 406, 421.
SMITH, MRS. CARRIE CONANT, and HENRY HOLT, 'More Hypnotism and Telepathy,' 406.
Soldier, 16, 34.
Sophocles, 376, 377.
Soul, 188, 245, 326, 330.
Soule, Mrs., 181.
Special interests, 8.
Specialization, 138.
Spelling, 222, 443.
Sprawling, 437.
Starbuck, Benjamin, 411.
Strindberg, 148.
Strong in the Faith, 422.
Study, 71, 72.
Suffrage Sabotage, 219.
Taft, Wm. H., 271.
Tango-Time, 322; epochs; sudden new period of the war, 322–323; literature, 324; meaning of Tango-Time, 325; its decadence, materialism, love of beauty, 325–332; false simplicity, 332–335; a "pleasant time," 336–337.
Taxation, 225–228.
Telepathy, 185, 406.
Telopsis, 421.
Teloteropathy, 185, 411, 413.
Terrorism, The Philosophy of, 294; German war-theory, 294–296; German consciousness of superiority, 296–297; Heine's and Paulsen's forecast, 297–299; others' doubts, 299–300; Bernhardi and survival, 300–302; Thor vs. Christ, 302; Golden Rule, 302–305; Christendom's duty, 305.
Theatre, 145.
Thor, 294.
Thoreau, 386.
TINKER, CHAUNCEY B., 'In Praise of Nursery Lore,' 338.
Titanic, 181.
To the Faithful, 222.
Trade unions, 229, 276.
Tubby, Miss, 183, 184.
Turkey, 318–321.
United States' isolation, 39.
Unmasking of a Fraud, The, 390; story (A. D. 3000) of a physician, a professor, and a patient who wished an operation for relief from an alleged "sense of smell," 390–405.
Unpopular Review, letters from subscribers, 422; meaning of title, 201.
Unpopularity, 381.
USHER, ABBOTT PAYSON, 'England's Place in the Sun,' 311.
Verrall, Mrs., 193, 200.
Vers libre, 108–115.
Victorianism, 322, 333, 378.
Vocational education, 66.
War, 83, 273, 294; causes, 42.
War, The, and the Professor of Literature, 367; literary scholarship, 368–370; temptations, 370–371; easy learning, 371; abstruseness, 372; formulas and "isms," 373–374; wide reading without thought, 374–376; mental support, 376–377; facts and ideas, 377–379; values, 379–380.
War in Europe, literature, 77.
WASHBURN, CLAUDE C., 'Tango-Time,' 322.
Washington Square Players, 154, 156.
Wells, H. G., 145, 156.
What do We Mean by Poetry? 99; verse and prose, 99–100; creation, 100–102; epic, 102–104; rhythm, 104–105; its power, 106–108; *vers libre*, 108; poetry a shaping power, 109; values of verse with rhythm, 110–112; classifications, 112–114; forecasts, 114–115.
What, in our Case, is in a Name, 201.
WHITE, MICHAEL A. E., "The Psychology of the Soldier,' 16.
Whitman, Walt, 99, 109.
WIDDEMER, MARGARET, 'Illiberal Liberal, The,' 215.
Wilson, Woodrow, 224, 229.
Woman, 44, 348.
Woman Suffrage, 219, 359.
Women's periodicals, 264, 268.
Wordsworth, 112, 114, 385.
World-government, 1, 274.
X, Dr., 178–183.

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